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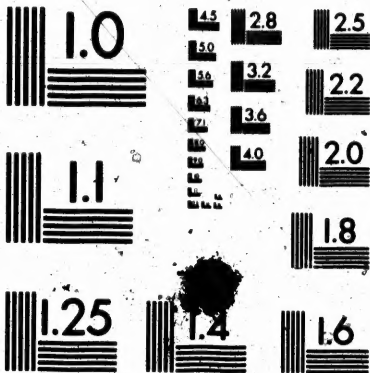
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REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.



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OR,

SELECTIONS FROM THE JOURNAL

OF THE

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

CONTAINING

SEVERAL OF MR. CAUGHEY'S SERMONS—NOTES OF HIS MENTAL EXERCISES
WHILE ENGAGED IN A POWERFUL REVIVAL AT HUDDERSFIELD, ENG.—
ADDRESSES ON HOLINESS—SAVING FAITH—BESETTING SINS—THE
DUTIES OF NEW CONVERTS—DESIRES FOR PURITY—HELPS TO A
BELIEF IN ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION—PRESENT SANCTIFICA-
TION—INSTANTANEOUS SANCTIFICATION—HYPERCRITICAL
HEARERS OF THE WORD—OFFENDED HEARERS—THE
DANGER OF GOD'S ENEMIES—REVIVALS—THOUGHTS
ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF CHURCHES, &c. &c.

WITH A

BRIEF SKETCH OF MR. CAUGHEY'S LIFE,

BY THE

REV. DANIEL WISE.

FIRST EDITION OF FOUR THOUSAND COPIES.

CHARLES H. BROWN,
WESLEYAN BOOKSTORE, LONDON, CANADA WEST.
1855.

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THE remarkable favor with which the religious public have received "Methodism in Earnest," and "Revival Miscellanies," has induced us to publish another volume from the quaint, pithy, and profitable pen of Mr. Caughey. We believe the present work to be as intrinsically valuable as either of its predecessors; and that it will be equally useful, should it chance to find as many readers. Like those works, it is quite miscellaneous in its character. It takes up the detail of Mr. Caughey's personal history where it was left at the close of "Methodism in Earnest," and follows him through the remarkable work of God which attended his labors in Huddersfield (Eng.) during the winter of 1845-6. The introductory sketch of Mr. Caughey's life conducts the reader down to that point in his history. So that the work now issued, though in one sense a sequel to "Methodism in Earnest," is, nevertheless, complete in itself. Choosing the incidents of the Huddersfield revival to be as a silver thread running through his book, Mr. Caughey has woven into it a variety of thoughts, illustrations, hints, discourses, etc., which cannot but be profitable to every earnest man who will be at the pains to peruse them. Confident of its value as a stimulant to the true religious life, we give this work to the public, believing that, when we enter the spiritual world, the fact of its publication by our hands will be among those pleasant memories of the past we shall love to cherish there; and that it will prove the means of imparting help and good cheer to many a pilgrim on his way to the Celestial City.

DANIEL WISE,
RALPH W. ALLEN.

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MR. CAUGHEY'S VIEWS OF CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

CHAPTER I.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

BY REV. DANIEL WISE.

JAMES CAUGHEY is a native of Ireland. He emigrated to America in his youth, and was converted about twenty-four years since. Two years after his conversion he was admitted on probation in the Troy Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was ordained a deacon in 1834. His first labors were not distinguished by any uncommon results, and neither himself nor his friends had the remotest idea that his name was destined to become a household word in the church on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Caughey began his ministerial life with a resolute spirit, determined to cultivate his powers by constant study, and to form his character by a close and familiar walk with God. As the flower expands itself to the sun, his earnest mind opened to every good influence, human or divine. He was always looking and listening for means of strength, wisdom, and piety. Nor did he look vainly. He learned much, gained much from many sources; but from no single influence did he reap so large a harvest as from a passage in the writings of Dr. Adam Clarke. Speaking of this passage, he says:

"From the hour I read the following striking remarks of

Dr. Adam Clarke, a few months previous to my ordination, I have never varied a hair-breadth from the *great truth* they advocate. I can only quote from memory, as the page which first presented them to my eye is many thousands of miles from me, and I cannot turn to the place in his Works where they stand recorded; but they differ little from the following: 'But all this spiritual and rational preaching will be of no avail, unless another means, of God's own choosing, be superadded to give it an effect,—the light and influence of the Holy Spirit. That Spirit of life and fire penetrates, in a moment, the sinner's heart, and drags out to the view of his conscience those innumerable crimes which lie concealed there under successive layers of deep and thick darkness, when, under that luminous burning agency, he is compelled to cry, "*God have mercy upon me a sinner!*" "*Save, Lord, or I perish!*" "*Heal my soul, for it hath sinned against thee!*"'

"I shall have eternal cause of thankfulness that the above sentiments ever came under my notice. If my ministry has been rendered a blessing to many, that blessing has been vouchsafed, through the merits of Christ, to a steady recognition of the necessity of the influence of the Holy Spirit. On the evening of that never-to-be-forgotten day in which I read the above, I took up my pen, in secret, before God, and gave vent to the emotions of my deeply-impressed heart, in language something like the following: I see, I feel, now, as I have never done before, upon this particular subject. From the convictions of this hour, I hope, by the grace of God, never to vary. I see, I feel,—

"1st. The *absolute necessity* of the *immediate influence* of the Holy Ghost to impart *point, power, efficacy* and *success*, to a preached Gospel.

"2d. The *absolute necessity* of praying more frequently,

more *servently*, more *perseveringly* and more *believingly*, for the aid of the Holy Spirit in my ministry.

"3d. That my labors must be *powerless*, and *comfortless*, and *valueless*, *without this aid*; a cloud *without water*, a tree without fruit, dead and rootless; a sound *uncertain*, *unctionless* and meaningless; such will be the character of my ministry. It is the Spirit of God alone which imparts significancy and power to the word preached, without which, as one has expressed it, 'all the threatenings of the Bible will be no more than thunder to the deaf, or lightning to the blind.' A seal requires weight, a hand upon it, in order to an impression. The soul of the penitent sinner is the wax; Gospel truth is the seal; but, without the Almighty hand of the Holy Ghost, that seal is powerless. A bullet demands its powder, without which it is as harmless as any other body. The careless sinner is the mark; truth is the ball that must pierce him; but it cannot *reach*, much less penetrate him, separate from this influence from heaven. In apostolic times, they *preached the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven*. — 1 Peter 1: 12. In our day we need an energy from no lower source, to overturn the wickedness of the vile and profane, and to counteract the formality and worldliness which are everywhere visible.

"4th. I am now fully persuaded, that in proportion as the Spirit of God shall condescend to second my efforts in the Gospel message, I shall be successful; nor need I expect any success beyond. No man has ever been signally useful in winning souls to Christ, without the help of the Spirit. With it, the *humblest* talent may astonish earth and hell, by gathering into the path of life thousands for the skies; while without it, the finest, the most splendid talents, remain comparatively useless.

"5th. The entire glory of all my success shall henceforth be given to the Holy Spirit. By this I shall conscientiously abide, as by any other principle of our holy religion. It is written: '*They that honor me, I will honor.*' To this may be added that *righteous, inalienable and unchanging* determination of Jehovah: '*My glory I will not give to another.*' "

From this time Mr. Caughey's labors were more fruitful; yet not sufficiently so to distinguish him above many of his brethren. But in 1839 he became the subject of a very singular experience, which entirely changed the current of his destiny. We will let him speak for himself on this topic. Writing to a friend, he says:

"You will remember our Conference of 1839 was held in the city of Schenectady, N. Y. That year I was appointed to Whitehall, N. Y. Shortly after, I had my library and study furniture forwarded to my station.

"It was then I began seriously to reflect upon the propriety of choosing a wife, believing that 'marriage is honorable in all men.' I had travelled a number of years, studied hard, and expended all my time and strength in winning souls to Christ. My brethren approved of my intention. But, while indulging in this purpose,—for some reasons I could not explain,—my heart became very hard. The Lord seemed to depart from me; and that countenance, which so often beamed upon me from above, and had daily, for many years, brightened my soul into rapturous joy, appeared now to be mantled in the thickest gloom.

"The more I reflected thus, 'I can see no good reason why I should be singular among my brethren, nor continue to lead this solitary life,' my heart became harder, and my darkness increased. I was soon involved in a variety of evil reasonings. My will seemed to be in a conflict with some-

thing invisible. God, who had honored me with such intimate communion with himself since my conversion, apparently left me to battle it out alone. So it appeared to me then; but now I see God himself was contending with me. I was about to step out of the order of his providence; and he was resolved to prevent it, unless I should refuse to understand why he thus resisted me. Had I continued the conflict, I believe he would have let me take my own course; nor would he have cast me off; yet I solemnly feel he would have severely chastised my disobedience.

"My distress and gloom were so great, I could not unpack my library, nor arrange my study. I began to reflect most solemnly upon my unhappy state of mind, and became more concerned to regain my former peace and joy in God, than to obtain any temporal blessing whatever. The world was a blank, a bleak and howling wilderness, to my soul, without the smiles of my Saviour. In fact, that I could not live, but must wither away from the face of the earth, without his comforting and satisfying presence. Like a well-chastised son, I came back to the feet of my Heavenly Father, and with many tears I besought him to reveal his face to my soul; that if my purposes were crossing his, to show me; and whatever was his will, I would at once, by his help, yield my soul unto it. 'Lord God,' I said, 'if my will crosses thy will, then my will must be *wrong*; for thine cannot but be *right*.' Now I cared not what he commanded me to do, or to leave undone; I stood ready to obey. I felt assured clear light from God on some points would soon reach my soul; and I was fully prepared for it. But I no more expected such an order as came soon after, than I expected he would command me to fly upward and preach the Gospel in another planet. During three days I cried to God, without any answer. On the third day, in the after-

noon, I obtained an audience with the Lord. The place was almost as lonely as Sinai, where Moses saw the burning bush. It was under open sky, a considerable distance from the habitations of men; steep rocks and mountains, deep forests, and venomous reptiles, surrounded me. Here, and in a moment, the following passage was given me to plead: 'And the Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the Lord. And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty.'—Exod. 34: 5—7. I took hold of this; many of the words were as fire, and as a hammer to break the rocks in pieces before the Lord. The fountains of tears were opened, and the great deep of my heart was broken up. I left the place, however, without receiving any light; but my heart was fully softened and subdued, and I felt assured I had prevailed in some way with God. I was confident light and direction were coming; but of what nature I could not tell.

"This was on the 9th of July, 1839. The same evening, about twilight, eternal glory be to God! when reading in a small room adjoining my study, a light, as I conceived from heaven, reached me. My soul was singularly calmed and warned by a strange visitation. In a moment I recognized the change; the following, in substance, was spoken to my heart; but in a manner, and with a rapidity, I cannot possibly describe. Every ray of divine glory seemed to be a word that the eye of my soul could read, a sentence which my judgment could perceive and understand: 'These matters which trouble thee must be let entirely alone. The will of God is, that thou shouldst visit Europe. He shall

be with thee there, and give thee many seals to thy ministry. He has provided thee with funds. Make thy arrangements accordingly; and, next Conference, ask liberty from the proper authorities, and it shall be granted thee. Visit Canada first; when this is done, sail for England. God shall be with thee there, and thou shalt have no want in all thy journeyings; and thou shalt be brought back in safety again to America.'

"The above is far beneath the dignity and grandeur of the impression. It came in a way which left no room for a doubt. A heavenly calm, a powerful persuasion, and an intense glow of divine love, accompanied the whole. It was like the breaking forth of the noon-day sun at midnight. I fell upon my knees before the Lord, my whole mind consenting to the orders, which I believed had come from heaven. O, the sweetness of that communion I then enjoyed with God! My sky was cloudless. My rest of soul unutterable. The meaning of many past providences was now explained. The possession of a few hundreds of dollars had often made me very uneasy. I doubted the propriety of laying up treasure on earth. The cause of missions stood in need of what I possessed, but still I was restrained. Now I clearly saw that God had provided me with these funds, in order to make me willing to obey the call, and to save me from embarrassment in my travels. I could perceive a special reason why I had pressed forward in my studies for so many years, and why revival texts and sermons had occupied so much of my time;—that God had been thus preparing me for a few campaigns in Europe.

"I arose from my knees under a strong conviction that God had called me to take this tour. Letters were written immediately to Canada, etc. The next day my soul was calm and happy. My books were unpacked, and every-

thing in my study arranged with a glad heart and free. Eleven months were before me, to criticize the impressions on my soul. With delight I commenced my pastoral work, visited from house to house, and had the pleasure of seeing a most powerful revival of religion in my circuit. During this period, not the least wish entered my heart to form any connection or engagement whatever that would entangle or hinder me from fulfilling what I conceived to be the high and solemn commission I had received from the Lord. I continued to resign the whole matter to God, entreating him to overrule all to his glory, and to hedge up my way if it were not his will I should leave America."

In obedience to this impression, Mr. Caughey asked and obtained permission from his Conference, in 1840, to visit Europe. Before setting out, however, he visited Canada, where an extraordinary influence attended his preaching, particularly at Quebec and Montreal. Five hundred persons were converted under his labors at these places in a few months.

Thus encouraged, he set out for England by the way of Halifax. He landed in Liverpool on the 29th of July, 1841. Having visited the Wesleyan Conference then in session at Manchester, and being cordially invited by the Rev. Thomas Waugh to visit Ireland, he reëmbarked at Liverpool and sailed to Dublin; not knowing what might befall him there. We will quote his description of his first public service in that city.

"After taking breakfast with a few pious persons, at Mr. Vance's lodgings in Abbey-street, a young brother conducted me to Henderick-street. The congregation was small. To them, for the first time in Europe, I opened my commission, from John 17: 1,—'Father! the hour is come.' The Lord touched the hearts of several, and a gracious

influence rested on the whole congregation. At the conclusion of the service I quietly retired through a door under the pulpit, and regained the street, little imagining the stir which had been excited among the dear people in the chapel. Some were saying, 'Who is he?' others, 'What is his name?' One little party were inquiring, 'Who sent him here?' and another were fully of opinion that 'this stranger should be invited to preach again at night.'

"In the mean time I and my guide were hastening back again to Abbey-street Chapel, to receive the sacrament. Two brethren, William Fielding and Richard Craig, who have since been very valuable friends to me, were despatched after us, and when they overtook us they presented the wish of the people. I consented on condition it should be agreeable to the preachers. They soon obtained permission, and that night I preached to a large congregation with a good degree of liberty. An influence from heaven rested upon the leaders; and, after a consultation with their ministers, it was resolved to hold 'special services' during the week, 'to promote a revival of the work of God.' I agreed to preach four nights, but with the secret determination to leave, the following week. I left the hotel on receiving a pressing invitation from Mr. Fielding to make his house my home. Towards the latter part of the week we found ourselves surrounded with weeping penitents. The glory of the Lord filled the house, and sinners were daily converted to God. We continued these services in this chapel during four weeks. A select meeting was then appointed for the young converts, and one hundred and thirty persons came forward to testify that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all their sins."

From that Sabbath his path opened clear as light before him, and his success was wonderful almost beyond pre-

cedent. He labored in Dublin, Limerick, Cork and Bandon, in Ireland. Then, re-crossing the channel, he held meetings in Liverpool, Leeds, Hull, Sheffield, Huddersfield, York, Birmingham, Nottingham, Lincoln, Boston, Sunderland, Gateshead, Scarborough, Chesterfield, Doncaster, Macclesfield, Wakefield, and some other minor towns, till 1847, when he thought it his duty to return to America. During the seven years of his stay in England and Ireland, nearly *twenty-two thousand persons* professed conversion under his immediate labors, and nearly *ten thousand* entered into the rest of full salvation.

Since his return, Mr. Caughey has spent his summers in literary labors at his residence in Burlington, Vt. During the winter months he has preached successively in New York, Albany, Providence, Lowell, Fall River, Warren and Cincinnati, in the United States, and in Toronto, Quebec and London, in Canada. In some of these places he has been singularly successful. In all of them his labors have been attended with the unction of the Holy One.

Mr. Caughey is a self-educated man. He has been an extensive reader, and his mind is richly stored with the best thoughts of the best English writers. He possesses a remarkably vivid imagination, which, in its ardent flights, sometimes, though not often, soars into the suburbs of fanciful regions. His perceptive faculties are superior, his reasoning powers, though not logical in the highest sense. His memory is retentive and ready; hence he has a large treasury of facts at command. His mind possesses great force; his manner is earnest and persuasive; his gesticulation natural. His voice possesses remarkable compass; if not richly musical, it is very pleasant, and the more it is heard the more it charms. His discourses bear the mark of originality. It is true they often flash with

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the intellectual jewels of great writers, but these are faithfully acknowledged. His sermons, both in thought and structure, are manifestly the offsprings of his own mind.

Such is the man whose of whose marvellous movements and personal experiences form the topic of these pages. Nature formed him a man above the mediocrity of men, but she did not endow him with the highest gifts of genius. The church has many ministers of larger powers, more highly cultivated, better read, and of higher intellectual rank, but whose successes in God's work will not bear comparison with those of Mr. Caughey. Whence, then, has his superior power proceeded? Why has he won such victories in the church of God? We must leave this question unsolved, or attribute his surprising success to the Holy Spirit, who finds his instruments among the herdmen of Tekoa, or at the feet of Gamaliel, as his sovereign wisdom may decide. To this source Mr. Caughey himself ascribes the glory of his fruitfulness. We do the same, and invite the reader to the pleasant work of tracing the influence of the Holy Spirit as displayed in his private mental exercises and public ministrations. We are assured that no candid man can peruse the following pages without feeling himself moved to become a holier man, and a more earnest laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK OF AGONIZING CONFLICTS.

IN this chapter we shall find Mr. Caughey toiling to overcome the hindrances which a spiritless church, and a state of hardened indifference to divine things in the community generally, placed in the way of his opening movements in Huddersfield. The peculiarity of this portion of his journal lies in the full *exposé* its author makes of the workings of his distressed spirit. It lays his heart open to the reader's eye, and reveals the mental agony of which he was the subject. Perhaps his soliloquies are, in some parts, too long continued; but they are so true to the experience of every Christian who knows what it is to travail for souls, we are sure the spiritual reader will peruse them both with interest and profit.

Huddersfield, December 2, 1844, Monday morning.—
Preached in Buxton-road Chapel yesterday morning and night. Had some power. The chapel is a hard place to speak in; it is large, but the difficulty is a vast compartment behind the pulpit, for the accommodation of hundreds of Sabbath-school children and teachers. All is *vacancy* behind the preacher; and if his head be somewhat vacant of *ideas*, woe be to him! But though his head be full as the rich farmer's barns of old, it avails him little, so long as that *void* in the rear quite divides his voice,—nothing to react

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and send it forward,—so “*divided it falls*” into *feebleness*, unless he puts on a strength that will quite exhaust him before he has half finished. Such a construction is a great error; but the preacher is the sufferer.

English Wesleyan chapels, usually, are the easiest edifices in the world to speak in. Their pulpits project out into the congregation. The *orchestra* and *organ* (for they are nearly all furnished with organs) are behind the pulpit, with a front sufficiently high to serve as a “*sounding-board*,”—not, indeed, *over* the head of the preacher, but close behind, upon which his voice *reacts*, and sounds forth with great power, and little effort comparatively. I have found it easier to make three thousand people hear in such chapels than seven or eight hundred in some of our American churches, with pulpit close to brick or stone wall. Buxton-road Chapel is a sad exception, for the reason already given.* A few souls were saved yesterday.

Tuesday, Dec. 3.—Prayer-meeting last night; a *cold*, *hard* time, surely; people cold,—looked as if they had been praying but little in secret, but expecting to light their torch at somebody’s else fire,—perhaps *mine*; but for some reason or other mine burned so low, there was little for anybody except *self*, and not enough at that, for I was very uncomfortable. Had the Bridegroom come, there would have been trouble in the camp, I fear. Matt. 25.—“Give us of your oil, for our lamps have gone out. Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.” Nor *did* there seem to be much *disposition* for that, either,—with one exception, a poor *backslider*, whose lamp had long gone

* For some remarks on the structure of churches, see Appendix.

out; he got *oil* from above, and *fire* to kindle it, and shined among us like a Pharos over a sea of gloom.

There is much *green wood* in Huddersfield, or I am much mistaken,—not easily kindled into a flame, indisposed to catch Gospel-fire,—as much so as the drenched wood on the memorable altar on Mount Carmel. However, Huddersfield wood is on the altar of our God. But the devil, instead of Elijah, has thrown a dozen barrels of the water of *lukewarmness* upon it. Hush, my soul! when the fire of the Lord comes down it will burn the wood, and lick up all the water. May it be so, until all the people shall cry, as of old on Carmel, "The Lord, he is the God! The Lord, he is the God!"—1 Kings 18. It is thus, my Lord, that thou dost prove the heavenly origin of revivals! Amen!

Wednesday, Dec. 4.—A gloomy time last night. No freedom. The people, too, were *somewhere else*. Satan is going to usurp upon me here. His legions are in "*the hill country*,"—veteran *fiends*, who *curse* the throne of God, and *scorn* these poor sinners, though they know it not; ay, my *weak* soul, that would snatch them from a gaping hell. In the eyes of devils I am one of "the weak things of this world;" but *my* soul knows their scorn; but devils know, and I know, that God often uses such "weak things," and things which are not, and things which are despised, to bring to naught the things which are, that no flesh, yes, and no devils, may glory in his presence.—1 Cor. 1: 27.

We shall see. With the psalmist, my eyes are unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. Infernal opposition comes over these Huddersfield hills,—doubt it not, my soul! If *angels* from heaven were my *confidences* I should fear for the result; for one devil withstood an angel sent on

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a divine mission twenty-one days,—a great angel, too,—Dan. 10 : 6,—his body like the *beryl*, his face like the *lightning*, his *eyes* like *lamps* of fire, his arms and feet in color like to polished brass, and the voice of his words like the voice of a multitude : and yet one devil *coped* with him in a conflict of twenty-one days, and how much longer nobody can tell, had not Michael, the archangel, rushed down from heaven to his assistance,—poor Daniel praying all the time. If *one devil* is so strong, what shall we say of the combined force of all those legions, of whom it is said,

“They throng the air, and darken heaven”?

Great as are the *angels* in *power and strength*, I would despair if left altogether to their aid. But with him in the Bible my soul cries out, “Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.” It was not an *angel* which Jesus promised to the church, to *indemnify* her for the loss of his visible presence, and by which to convince the world of *sin, righteousness* and judgment ; no, but the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the Spirit of truth, the third person of the Godhead. He might well tell his disciples to tarry at Jerusalem until they were endued with power from on high, promising them a baptism of the Holy Ghost not many days hence ; otherwise they would have been helpless as withered leaves before “the Prince of the power of the air, the Spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience,” and with *amazing energy*. For this Holy Spirit I wait ; no victory over *opposing powers* without his aid.

Thursday, Dec. 5.—Knocked hard and loud at the door of closed hearts last night ; but the *trio* of voices within — Ignorance, Prejudice and Unbelief — was louder and more influential than my poor voice. My heart groans within

me; my spirit is stirred. Thought best to open all the doors and windows, so to speak, of my soul, for a thorough *airing*, this morning; nor are the *breezes of grace denied*, diffusing a heavenly sweetness through all within. Walked out for a while. How sweet the reflection that by *prayer* one reaches out the hand of the soul to God! nor is it ever refused when offered sincerely in faith and love. Want of *success* is apt to be the death of *joy*, or to make it very languid. At such times one is more inclined to *groan evermore* than to "*rejoice evermore*;" especially when Satan and his fiends, and sinful men, like *Sanballat*, and *Tobiah*, and the *Arabians*, who said of Nehemiah and his keepers on the ruined walls of Jerusalem, when they were almost buried in rubbish, "What do these feeble Jews? will they fortify themselves? will they sacrifice? will they make an end in a day? will they revive the stones out of the *heaps of the rubbish* which are burnt? Even that which they build, if a *fox* go up he shall even break down their stone wall."—Neh. 4. But if one cannot "*rejoice evermore*" just now, the spirit may retain a gracious aptitude for it, like a bird on the branch, ready, on the first blink of sunshine, to burst out into a song of joy. Till then, one may *watch* and "*pray without ceasing*,"—*ejaculatory prayer*, Paul means, I suppose,—*broken fragments* of desire and prayer, *projected* upward continually to God; *arrows of thought* in soul-wishes, darting heavenward as arrows from a *bow*,—the bow of *confidence* in God,—feathered with *faith*, and *hope*, and *love*. May my *quiver* be full of them, these days!

Past 1 o'clock, P. M.—*Sadness* is a *dye*; it *discolors* everything, and *drapes* the soul in *sable*. How charmless and dreary all appears under its influence! How it drives the soul back upon itself, and shuts one up within one's

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self! "Faith without joy is like a ship without sails," said a Swiss divine. Just so. And what strength to wrestle with the waves has a *sailless* ship?—unless a *steamer*, with the propelling power in her own bosom, her motions and motive power from within, acting against wind, and waves, and tides, from the individuality of her own character. There is little of the *steamer* about me, these days; rather like the "sail-ship," depending too much upon outward circumstances,—a *feeling* that must be overcome before the *changes* that are desirable can come.

The *air* in one's lungs and the *blood* in one's veins are two main sources of strength. Deprive the most *robust* of either, weak as infancy is not the word—DEATH! And what can a *dead man* do? *Faith* is a source of strength, but it should have joy for a companion,—as the *blood* to the *air* in the lungs. Paul speaks of "the joy of faith."—Phil. 1: 25. "The joy of the Lord is your strength," says Nehemiah. My "*life-blood*" runs low; joy seems like the life-blood of one's religion, so to speak.

Well, if I have not *gladness*, may my soul be full of goodness! If *success* be wanting, *honesty of purpose* need not. A *decrease* in *usefulness* may be attended by an *increase* of *holiness*. If the Lord intend this, through his grace, he shall not be *disappointed*. If there be no *show-ers* from above, let me have the distillings of the heavenly dew. "The *dew* may fall, though the honey-comb may not drop," as one remarked. "I will be as the *dew* unto Israel," saith the Lord by Hosea. What the effect? "He shall grow as the *lily*, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon; his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon; they that dwell under his *shadow* shall *return*; they shall revive as the *corn*, and grow as the vine; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of

Lebanon."—Hosea 14. What a cluster of figures are here! all of God's own selection, pleasant in the *outward letter*, spiritually sweet in the *inward sense*. I must preach upon that text. In the mean time be a *dew* unto my soul, O Lord! *Dew* is Nature's *ally* against *drought*. It is a God-send, as one may say, in the absence of rain.

There is a *temperature* at which *dew* begins to form, called the *dew-point*; and there must be deep *tranquillity* in the atmosphere, besides. The *soul* has her dew-point, also,—that precise state when God becomes as *dew* unto it. I have often realized it, and shall again, through Divine mercy. This, however, is the time when *faith* must most predominate. It seems God's order,—I must *believe*, and go forward; the old *joy-surprises* will not be wanting. The Lord reigneth, and my heart shall rejoice.

I observed, the other night, that *whitish belt* which encompasses the sky,—the *galaxy*, or milky-way,—a puzzle to those not familiar with the revelations of the *telescope*, which is only the commingling glory of a vast assemblage of stars, in a higher planetary arrangement, in other *firmaments*. I thought of another galaxy, which is like *another belt* of glory, but drawn across the Scriptures, shining resplendently in Hebrews 11; an assemblage of stars, brilliant characters, eminently attractive in their spheres. They were all *signalized* in their times for some great quality or other. *Noah*, for his ship architecture, sacrifices and courage; his ark and his voyage over a shoreless ocean; a mountain-top for a harbor, and monarch of the whole world at last. *Abraham*, for his wealth. *Joseph*, as a dream-interpreter, and for his political honors. *Moses*, for his learning. *Samson*, for his strength. *Joshua*, for his courage. *Jephthah*, for his fidelity to his vow. *Gideon*, for his victory,—three hundred against an army which "lay along

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the valley like grasshoppers for multitude,—and their cam-
els without number, as the sand by the sea-side for multi-
tude." *David*, for his *military* achievements, regal honors,
statesman-like abilities, and for his poetical and musical
celebrity. *Samuel*, for his integrity. *Sarah*, a joyful
mother of a son and heir when ninety years old. *Rahab*, for
her *hospitality* to the spies. Besides an untold number of
lesser and *nameless* stars, all *distinguished*, doubtless, in
their times, by some particular traits of character, at which
the world might gaze with admiration. But mark! no
credit is given to Abraham, Noah, &c. &c. Their *faith*
is the honored gem in their character; all other accomplish-
ments are eclipsed by its brilliance. "*By faith*" they did
so and so. Lord Jesus, increase my faith! Surely much
faith is needed at this *crisis* in my ministry; an *overcom-*
ing faith, ay, and *love*,—what Mr. Wesley calls "*humble,*
gentle, patient, Christ-like love." But not that diluted,
"milk-and-water, wishy-washy" sort of an affection,—a
good-for-nothing against sin, the devil and carnality, with-
out *vitality* and strength, smiling upon everything feebly
as a wintry *moonbeam* on ice and snow, which neither
thaws, nor disputes, nor alters the form of anything. But
a *love* that burns or melts, moves, disputes and changes
the aspect of affairs; that knows to *frown* as well as *smile*,
when to oppose and when to yield; a sparkling *fountain*
at the heart's door, fed from the living Fountain above,
which will *find a way* or *make it*. A *love* burning in the
soul, and beaming out on the tearful cheeks, like that ever-
to-be-remembered burst of sunshine on the wild, dark
waters of the Atlantic, in the hour of storm and conflict.
O, give me such a love, without which I am but as sound-
ing brass or a tinkling cymbal! separate from which, *faith*,
though *mountain-moving*, would profit me nothing.

An old writer says, "Faith and love are the two poles upon which all true religion turns,"—ay, and the two poles upon which every true *revival* turns. They are, besides, two of the mightiest weapons in battling for God and souls. By *these* Jesus has often enabled me to *turn the tide of battle* when nothing stared us in the face but disorder and defeat.

Past 4 o'clock.—Have been walking out and pondering over matters. Small congregations all the week. Cannot get the *ears* of the people, although a fine audience on the Sabbath; their ears are not towards me in the week services. The *sabbatical year* has come. It has no charms. Spiritual freedom is not desired. They prefer the servitude of sin. And so Satan has bored their ears to his doorposts, by the *awl* of temptation, to serve him forever.—Exodus 21: 6. God being my helper, their ears shall be *troubled or torn* therefrom.

There were *good indications* at first, and sixty-one saved. After that came death. The meetings *dwindled*,—empty pews in abundance. Buxton Road is the place of trial. "Retreat?"—No! When Greece pledged herself to be invincible, she sent Leonidas, with his three hundred Spartans, to Thermopylæ. Let me make a Thermopylæ of it, though as many devils oppose as Persians against Leonidas, —five millions of them. This is "*speaking big*," my soul! But, if I be *God-sent* and *God-placed*, it is right to be strong in purpose and in hope. If not, woe be to me!

My stand is taken. There is nothing for it but a *stand-up* fight for the rights of Christ. The cause is *good*, whatever becomes of James Caughey. Christ is on our side, and angels are around us. This is my *cross*. Though it turn into a *serpent*, I must not run away from it. But *more grace* is needed to seize the serpent by the tail, like Moses.

It may turn into the rod of God in my hand, and shake the throne of the infernal Pharaohs. Amen.

There may be *honey* at the end of the rod, as at the end of Jonathan's stick,—1 Sam. 14: 27,—which I may eat and not die. The *cross* is heavy and joyless now, as if made of *hard wood*, yet it is a *pledge of joy* and of victory, as of old. I would think with that good man in *prison* for Jesus, but now with him in glory. I know no man has a *velvet cross*, but the cross is made of what God will have it. Yet I dare not say, O that I had liberty to *sell* the cross! At least therewith, also, I should sell *joy, comfort, sense of love*, and the kind visits of the Bridegroom. Amen. If truth falls like seed by the way-side in Huddersfield, I must wait and see. Lord, help me! I am but as a *feather* in the wind, unless thou dost give me *solidity* by a weightier baptism of thy *love*.

This is the fact,—the Sabbath sermons created no spiritual appetite for more; a *bad sign in me or in them*. The *preacher* was in fault, or the *souls* of the people are out of health. Jesus gives his blessing to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, everybody *knows*, but who *cares*? who *believes* him? Christ and the world never do agree in their reckoning,—in nothing more than in this matter of spiritual *hunger and thirst*. The world little knows, and cares as little, that these *restless* and often painful appetites are but a *means to an end*. They are God's methods of calling us to the Gospel feast. They stand in the same relation to the soul, as their *namesakes* to the body. Why are such *blessed*? Because of what they *indicate*. *Life*, for instance. A dead man neither *hunger*s nor *thirsts*. *Returning health*.—When an *invalid's* appetite returns, physicians and friends have hope of him! *Established health*.—The Greek of our Saviour's words for

hunger and thirst is, in my old Greek Testament, in the present participle, thus, "Blessed are they which are *hungering* and *thirsting* after righteousness, for they shall be filled,"—not by *fits and starts*, then, as some individuals, or like my last Sabbath congregations, having a *voracious* appetite for a sermon or two, and *puny* all the week after. It is a bad sign in a *patient*; he wants medicine more than food, and medicine he does not like, poor man! But when the appetite is good for one meal, and better for the next, and so on, then is *health* returning like a *tide*. It is not medicine he wants then, but good, wholesome food, and plenty of it.

Next comes *usefulness*,—a good appetite and strength for business go together. But the contrary holds good,—a disordered stomach, loss of appetite, debility and unfitness for work, are companions. All this is "easy of *spiritualization*." I really feel as if I could preach from this text. But not till the Huddersfield folks get a better appetite. No use to expatiate on the goodness of *vians*, when there is nobody to dine. Everything is beautiful in its season, I suppose. Besides, people are not fond of hearing they are really out of health, until they are made to *feel* it with sorrow and alarm. We shall see, by and by, O my soul!

Jesus says, "For they shall be filled;" one reason why he pronounces the blessing upon them, they shall not *hunger* in vain; "*they shall be filled*," with as *much* as they expected, and with as *good* as they expected. The *world* does not usually fill after that fashion! and with an *ability* to enjoy it,—there the world fails again! and with no *charge* upon the purse,—this would bankrupt the world to fill without charge. All Christ seems to ask at his table is, that his guests bring a good appetite. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no

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money : come, buy *wine* and milk without money and without price."—Isaiah. What! "buy without money and without price?" Yes, those are the terms of the Gospel market, as well as at Christ's table. It is fact! And yet Huddersfield sinners will not accept, though on the point of spiritual starvation. But it is thus Christ *fills*, nevertheless; and thus *Satan* fills not. Poor sinners pay dear for his filling. His slaves neither get as *good* as they expected, nor as *much*, nor *capacity* to enjoy,—“negative happiness” or positive misery. An empty heart, a lean soul, secret discontent, warring and dissatisfied passions, prevent the enjoyment of some; a chastizing or a disappointing *Providence*, others; while some, like one of old, have their “loins filled with a loathsome disease;” while “the backslider in heart is filled with his own ways,” as the Bible threatens. Water in the *bucket* is the same as water in the *well*; the *stream* resembles the *fountain* from whence it proceeds; *fire* in the *grate*, the same as that which fills Vesuvius; the *filling* which the wicked receive upon earth differs more in *quantity*, perhaps, than in *quality*, from the filling received by the damned in hell. I must sound these things *aloud* in the ears of these sinners; may be they will cease to feed at the devil's tables,—*costs* have restrained many an epicure. Burns thought of this:

“O, would they stay to calculate
The eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!”

The cost of the devil's filling *here* is pretty heavy, on health, purse and peace; on character, liberty and life. The devil's *service* is expensive. His *pay* is *dearly* earned. His *pleasures* are high in market. “Thou hast done evil

as thou couldst," is the Lord's *retort* upon some of the ungodly,—according to thy time, or purse, or station, or opportunity. Sinners are called "dogs" in Scripture; perhaps from the fact that so many of them feed on crumbs beneath their master's table. The *great ones* of the earth are not the majority in the devil's family, but they sit around his tables, and they are well furnished; the *dogs* catch at the *sinful crumbs* which fall through the fingers of *those above them*, or are turned off with their *leavings*,—too bad, seeing they are all to share the same hell! Devils *grin* and angels mourn. Poor *creatures*! they try to be content, and will hardly believe that Jesus has anything better at his tables, or a richer *reward* for his service. I must try to create discontent and mutiny in Satan's family. I shall *try*. The "*dogs*" will *bark* before long; as their namesakes do when they hear or see anything extraordinary. Let them! Satan will miss them from under his tables before long, I verily believe. Amen!

Jesus has no *aristocracy* in his family; the *poorest* saint of his is *fed* at the same table and upon the same dainties as the richest. Of the two, the poor who are rich in faith have the *preference* to *best* and highest seats, being *heirs* peculiar to a kingdom, as St. James hints.—James 2: 5. If there be anything like an aristocracy, it is in holiness; but that degree is open to the poor as well as the rich,—more of the poor in it, in fact, than the rich! It is open for all who are ambitious to be like Jesus,—for the *lowly* and the *light-pursed*, as well as for the wealthy.

His yoke is easy, and his burden is light. "How rich his entertainments are," and how *free*! "They shall be *filled*." Blessed promise! How often have I realized its truth! He fills the *hungry* with good things, free of charge, without impoverishing himself. When Jesus was

upon the earth he fed five thousand people at once. No collection to defray *expenses*. Instead of sending his disciples around to collect pay, he ordered them to gather up the *fragments*. And such were the *profits*, I question whether Judas himself complained. They had but *five barley loaves* and *two small fishes* to begin with, and these had carried probably in a couple of baskets. But when they gathered up the fragments they filled twelve baskets all! — John 6. O, there is enough for all the multitudes of sinners around these hills of Huddersfield!

My solitary soul lingers around the promise, "*Blessed are they that do hunger*," &c. But is there not a *reverse* to this blessing? an implied *curse*? a terrible *malediction*? as much as if he had said, "*Cursed are they who do not hunger and thirst after righteousness*"? Are they not cursed already with a *sickly soul*, as a loss of appetite is with a *sickly body*? Are they not cursed with *dismal prospects*, as he whose appetite is destroyed by *disease*? The one *forebodes* the grave; the other, hell. Are they not cursed with *fearful retributions*? Those who do not hunger and thirst after righteousness will do so after something else. Are these spiritual appetites of the soul ever *inactive*? But those who hunger and thirst after something else despise the grace of God; they do so *perversely*, — that is, *contrary* to God's order. Then *trouble* comes, in the soul or body, *business* or family. The Lord treats them *perversely*, contrary to their order. Are they not cursed with a *terrific doom* on the *death-bed*? They may wish to have *grace* then; when, alas! they may not have the *grace of repentance*, — which is often the case, — and are quite void of *saving faith* and *right motive*; hungering and thirsting after righteousness is a sort of necessary *passport* for heaven. Not for the *love* of heaven, or any con-

geniality with its *employments*, but because it suits them better than to sink to hell,—as I desired a *passport* to France once, and sought it earnestly, not because I *loved* France or its religion, or desired to, but because it suited my *convenience* to visit that country. Poor souls! they would feel themselves as much out of their element in heaven, as I did in France. But, then, think of the terrible doom of *hell*! Dives *thirsted* in vain for a drop of water to cool his tongue. O, how much better had it been for that rich man, in his lifetime, to have said, with the psalmist, “As the *hart panteth* after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God! My soul *thirsteth* for God, even for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?” — Ps. 42: 1, 2. This *hell-thirst* is the alternative, without parable or hyperbole. Huddersfield sinners must hear of these things. There are *weapons* in this armory. The Holy Spirit alone can set them on, however. My dependence must be in Him, and not in the weapons themselves. Well, I did not think of writing so much. This is enough for one day. It served to relieve my solitary heart. It is easier to write than to *fight* or *reason* with the devil and unbelief! I see the fulness there is in Christ for sinful man,—I *feel* for poor deluded sinners, and am *resolved* to attempt their *rescue* from the devil, and to bring them to Christ.

Dec. 6th.—The *loadstone* will not draw. An old writer says it failed in his day, because of the depth of *rust* on the iron! There must be much rust here, or the Gospel would draw more people to it; for I am sure Jesus the heavenly *magnet* is in my sermons. “And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.” He who knows the *power* of free agency, and the *rust* of depravity, will not suspect the veracity or sincerity of my Lord. No, my soul! The Sab-

bath sermons left no *softness* for the week; there was a shower, too. But it is with *mind* as with the *fields*, I suppose, after a long drought. A *shower* falls, and runs off quickly, without penetrating the ground,—it is too *hard* to receive it, and though made a little soft, it is as hard as ever in a few hours. It is not till after a succession of showers, the earth is fit to absorb it. There is sound philosophy in these continuous meetings, whatever some may say to the contrary. But they include a great trial of one's faith and patience. It is not easy working against the *grain* of depraved nature. It is easy sailing with the tide; all the easier when *wind* and *tide* are favorable. *Revival efforts* have not this advantage. I know it to my sorrow, and have in many a campaign. What then? The finger of God is the more evident in victory. "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." A *steamer* asks no favors from wind and tide. The *sail-ship* is liable to be carried by winds and currents whither the captain and crew would not. She is a creature of circumstances. Not so the steamer; the *propelling* power is within, and bids defiance to outward opposition. Be it so with my breast, O Lord! and so with all my helpers. These words of Haggai, the prophet, thrill one's soul,—
 "So my spirit remaineth among you: fear ye not." Amen
 to what my Lord doth say! I can say with the old poet:

"As for me, I'll ride secure
 At thy mercy's sacred anchor,
 And undaunted will endure
 Fiercest storms of wrong and rancor;
 These black clouds will over blow,
 Sunshine shall have his returning,
 And my grief-wrung heart I know
 Into mirth shall change its mourning."

Friday noon.—*Difficulties* must be looked in the face. The *mill of trade* drowns my voice as yet. Each night some new feature of discouragement. Late attendance, vacant countenances, sad tell-tales to a preacher. The *needle* in the compass points in the direction of the influence that draws it; the heart is with the business it left behind,—the countenance indicates it. Duty done or not done *there*, is of more consequence than what should be done *here*. *Vacant looks* are poor pledges for *heart attention*; as if those hearts are talking with the world, while the preacher is talking to them: “away from duty while on duty,” as one observes. Ay, that is it,—minds playing with *feathers*, in the hearing of *solid truths*.

Satan takes great advantage of these things, as Shimei of David’s troubles. 2 Sam. 16: 9, 10.—*Curses* and *jeers* at my ministry. O how mysterious is this diabolical agency, and one’s impression of it! But I have an High Priest, one who can be *touched* with the *feeling* of my *infirmities*. What *changes* in his own history, “from the *grandeur* of heaven, to the *wants and sorrows* of earth”! His *ear*, once familiar with heaven’s acclamations or songs of adoration,

“That undisturbed song of pure consent,
Aye sung around thy sapphire-colored throne,
To Him who sat thereon!”

On earth he was saluted with the *jibes, jeers and reproaches*, of those he came to *redeem*. That name to which every knee in heaven bowed became a term of reproach. That *face* at which the flame of angelical love was kindled was covered with spittle from blaspheming mouths. “Let all the angels of God worship him,” in one place,—“Crucify him! crucify him! Away with him! away with him!”

in another. Here, sought to be worshipped and adored by *wise men* and *shepherds*; and yonder, a little after, sought to be butchered!

"O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever grief, like thine!"

No *contrasts* in human history can equal thine! A *glorious throne* in one part of his dominions,—a *black cross*, red with his own blood, in another!

"Can we thy houseless nights forget,
The cold dew on thy temples lying,—
The taunts, the spear, the bloody sweat,
The last, long agony of dying?
Thy present gifts, so large and free,
The transports of eternity?"

Personally, what are my little *annoyances* and humiliations? What honest man desires to be above the par of his real worth? He that is *nothing*, and *knows it*, can well bear *to be nothing*. This only is to be thought of,—*souls* are at *stake*, Jesus is not glorified in their salvation. If Christ falls in human estimation, I desire to fall with him. *Weak* as I am, and *small*, his interests and glory are mine. If Jesus is little thought of, it distresses me more than any personal humiliation. O, but if mortified self-love!—did I believe it lay concealed under this *guise*, how I would *hate myself*! Lord, search me, and know my real thoughts! If there be any of this in me, cast it out forever and destroy it! But it is *sweet* to identify myself with the interests of my Lord. I know it to be so. How can a servant feel *honored*, if his master be dishonored?

It is well, however, to look unto Jesus, as St. Paul advises. "Consider him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your

minds. Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin."—Heb. 12: 3, 4. No, my Lord, no! St. Paul was called *Mercurius*,—*the god of eloquence*,—in *Lystra*, and oxen and *garlands* were brought forward to do him and Barnabas divine honor. A few days after, those same Lystraians applied a shower of hard stones to Paul's head, instead of garlands, till, prostrate and senseless, he was dragged out of the city as *dead*; but, recovering in the presence of a few disciples who had gathered around his body, he set off for *Derbe* the next day. Onward, through honor and dishonor, until he gained the crown of *martyrdom*.

Mr. Wesley visited this town nearly *four-score* years ago. In his Journal he says :

"Monday, May 9, 1757.—I rode over the mountains to Huddersfield. A wilder people I never saw in England. The men, women and children, filled the street as we rode along, and appeared just ready to *devour* us. They were, however, tolerably quiet while I preached; *only a few pieces of dirt were thrown*, and the *bell-man* came in the middle of the sermon, but was stopped by a gentleman of the town. I had almost done when he began to ring the bells, so that it did us small disservice. How intolerable a thing is the Gospel of Christ to them who are resolved to serve the devil!"

What a change in H. since then! No *mobs* now. Methodism is *honorable* now. Many of its families stand high in *reputation, respectability and wealth*. It is not persecution, but *indifference*, we have to contend with now. But, really, the *latter* is almost as bad. Perhaps, if Satan gets wounded, he may roar again. Amen! But, O my Lord! do not suffer my ministry to become *fruitless*, nor my *seals* to it to fail!

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My sorrow is, want of liberty in preaching; *words* light as *snow-flakes*, and as *cold*; impressive as a "snow-fall;" in yonder mill-pond,—gone, lost instantly. Hard to fix upon *text*, going from one to another, as a *bird* from spray to spray. O, for

"The spirit of fervent days of old,
When words were things that came to pass, and *thought*
Flashed o'er the *future*, bidding men behold!"

O, for *weightier metal*! for *lightnings* of eternal truth! for *louder artillery*, with "*words like things which fall in thunder*," to wake these dreaming thousands around me! O that my soul were "*an electric rod*, a lure for lightning feelings"! Rather, O for the power of the Holy Ghost, without which all this would be little better than *lightning to the blind or thunder to the deaf*! without whose aid

"To raise the devil were an infant's task
To that of raising man."

Lightnings of eternal truth! "As lightning to the deadening sea," unless accompanied by the Spirit of God from heaven. The poet meant it not for *theology* when he spoke of "*as lief coax a star* from its orbit to perch upon his finger, or the *winds* to follow him like dogs, or wring the *lightnings* from the grasp of God," as do so and so,—ay, as to coax a sinner out of his depraved orbit to follow Christ to Calvary as a penitent, or to wring his soul from the grasp of Satan without the instant and continued aid of the Holy Ghost.

He spoke the sentiment of my weary heart who finally concluded that we may stand and knock at man's heart till our own *ache*, but no opening can be made till the Spirit come. It is he alone can fit a *key* to all the *cross words*

of the will within, and, with some *sweet efficacy*, open it *without force or violence*. O, I do believe this! Like Peter in chains, my ministry must wait the coming of the angel of the covenant. Like the disciples, rowing in vain among the waves, I must toil on till my Master's voice booms over them: "Be not afraid; it is I." That voice I have heard when his power was manifest amid the waves of the people in other sanctuaries.

The *cross* is still heavy and joyless. Were it *lighter*, I might be colder. Those who carry a *heavy burden* are sure to be *warm*. *Faith* would soon reach the *freezing-point* without a cross. If it be *hard and heavy*, what then? It is the Gospel fashion; *velvet linings* to the cross has not yet become the Heaven-approved fashion. People like to be in the fashion — would almost rather be out of the world than out of the fashion. An old Christian once said, "Let my Lord *weave* my piece of *Time* with *white and black*, with *weal and woe*; let the *rose* be neighbor with the *thorn*. *Sorrow* and the saint are not *married* together; or, suppose it were so, Heaven shall make a divorce. *Life is short, therefore crosses cannot be long!*" They are the very sentiments of my soul, regarding the *fashion* of the *cross* my Lord may lay upon my shoulder to bear after him!

The cross is ever a pledge of *joy*, as on ancient banners it was the pledge of victory. It has been and shall be both to me!

There is a *crown* as well as a *cross*. The crown is in *perpetuity*. The cross is *temporary*, and vanishes away *with life*. The crown for the *head*; the cross for the *shoulder*. The *head* is not to be crowned till the burden shall have been forever removed from the shoulder, —

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unlike the coronations of earth,—for with the crown comes the burden and responsibilities of government.

Well, it still does me good to write a little. Have often found relief to my private feelings with the *pen*—pouring out my soul to God in prayer; next to *self*, on *paper*! *Electricity* comes by *friction*; *courage* and *energy*, by *collision* with difficulties—in private first, then in public. So have I found it frequently in prayer and meditation,—tongue and pen alone with God, then play the man among men and devils. Amen!

Dec. 10th.—Some *power* on Sabbath, and some success. *Small* congregations. Last night almost an empty house. But the Lord took our part, and saved fifteen souls. Praise the Lord! Still the signs of the times are greatly forbidding. How are people to be *awakened*, if they come not within hearing of the word? We must have timber to hew down, or the axe is useless. We want a *great revival*, but then we must have the people. "Faith cometh by hearing," says Paul.

My soul is in a *waiting position*. Divine guidance is much needed. *Persecution*, rather than *indifference*, is the cry of my soul—for then the Gospel has fair play. It has nothing to fear from persecution; everything from *indifference*. The devil knows it, although, if *wounded*, like another dog, he will howl. He seldom *barks* till his kingdom begins to be shaken. The Gospel is in its *glory* when Satan is in his fury. It has always been so; that is, when its *preachers* have been *true* to it, and unflinching. It is by *collision* with the *devil*, and *sin*, and *error*, and *opposition*, that Gospel weapons are *sharpened*. *Flints* will kindle *fires*, if hard struck. O for a *conflagration* by the strokes of persecution, hard or soft, light or heavy—from men or devils! Amen!

Afternoon. — There is a *noble few* in Huddersfield, who are truly alive to God; — *choice families* — the Mallinsons, Webbs, Butterworths, Dysons, Booths, Brookes, Shaws, and others with whom I have not yet become familiar, — the *cream* of Methodism. The leaders are men of God, burning for the conflict; but, like myself and the pastors, Revs. Messrs. *Greeves, Ryan and Brice*, feel the discouraging aspect of things. What are officers without *soldiers*? and what are both without an enemy? The devil, like the Russian general in Napoleon's disastrous campaign, refuses *fight* and *retreats*, who knows where? and would *starve* us to death midst the *snows of indifference*. With such officers and men as we have here, could we bring the enemy into the field, *victory* would not long be doubtful. But we are jaded and weary in looking for his *whereabouts*.

Thursday afternoon. — A *cold heart* and *vacant look*, — how chilling when general in a congregation! — A death symptom to a physician — so to a preacher — would freeze or frighten *eloquence* out of its *proprieties*, poor thing, were it "on hand" these times!

Green wood will *burn*, if one has enough of *dry wood* to mix with it! *Dry wood* soon burns itself out unless mixed with *green wood*. *Dead coals* will soon blaze amid *live ones*; but the *live ones* grow *dim* unless there are *dead ones* to kindle upon. There is much of this apparent in revival effort. And "*there is the rub*" here in Huddersfield. When here last May, we had dry wood and wet wood, live coals and dead ones, in abundance; enough to set all the latter in a blaze, with a few good *blasts*. That was the time for Huddersfield; the *power* of God was present in every meeting. But I had to leave for *Sheffield*. The *Pentecost* of my ministry occurred in Sheffield, where, in about four months, *three thousand three hundred and*

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fifty-two souls were JUSTIFIED, and eleven hundred and forty-eight souls were sanctified! What was gain for that town was loss to this. No matter; it is all Immanuel's land,—his cause *there as here*. True, but it makes it *harder here now*. I engaged to come back here on my return to England from the continent. That gave Satan time to get ready. He *sprinkled* the dry wood with vain trust in an *arm of flesh*, and made the *green wood* greener still; threw cold water on the *live coals*, and removed the dead ones to a *safe distance*, and so had all in *readiness* after his fashion. Ah! who can believe such things, but those who have had the trial in *soul-saving effort*! — a work Satan can never be *indifferent* to, while he owns a single soul upon earth.

However, the *fire* may be only *smouldering*. I went into a blacksmith's shop, the other day. What *splashes of dark, dirty water* he dashed on the fire! — enough, I thought, to put it out. But when the *bellows* got a going, a few blasts, and it blazed out again with *increased flame and intensity of heat*. The *smith* expected this, whether he knew the *philosophy* of it or not. It may be so with the Lord's *forge* — the church. An excellent man remarked, some years ago, that a great deal of spiritual good comes to the Christian by the *malice* of his enemies; that the raging and rallying *enemies* of God's people serve as *scullions* to scour the Lord's vessels of honor; as shepherd's dogs to hunt Christ's *sheep* into order, and to *greener pastures*. — Ps. 27: 11. A *scullion* is a kitchen menial — a *scourer* of pots and kettles, and other dirty work. So he thought the wicked serve as *scullions* for the benefit of the church. The devil loves *dirty work* himself! Perhaps the Lord allows him to act the *smith*, to dash dirty water on the church's *fires*, which makes them burn

with more *intensity* after a few *blasts* of the Gospel. Satan is a poor philosopher, after all. His *malice*, I think, and *precipitation*, often get the better of his *wisdom*. God only is *infinitely* wise. All beneath him are *finite*,—that is, *limited* or *bounded* in their capabilities. *Satan*, of all the *fallen*, stands at the top of the *finite*,—an angel once, perhaps an *archangel*,—one of the greatest intellects in the hierarchy of heaven,—yet a *finite* being, therefore *circumscribed*; and, since his fall, partaking largely of a *finite's* infirmities.

He is called, in Scripture, "That old serpent."—Rev. 12: 9. The *wisdom* of the serpent is spoken of also; but it is finite and changeable, and often degenerates into *cunning*; and cunning folks are not always *wise*, especially when *out of temper*. A *revival* conflict teaches one much of the *character* of the devil; more, perhaps, than any other department of the work of God. It is on the battle-field opposing generals study each other's talents. He is often the *best* general who best understands the *tactics* of the enemy. Lord, help me! I am but a child. I shall know more about this matter hereafter. O for a larger increase of that *faith*, and *hope*, and *love*, of which Satan is an eternal bankrupt, and with which he has no power successfully to cope! Amen!

Thursday, four o'clock, P. M.—*Difficulties* are to be met and overcome. The *end* does not appear in the *beginning*, but to God only. There is often a vast *disproportion* between a first and single effort and the *magnitude* of intended results. A *nicety* of comparison is apt to produce *depression* to a *nicety*. It is a *weakness* to overlook these facts, and to set that down as a *useless cipher* which is necessary to the main sum. For a *cipher*, though it be nothing by *itself*, yet makes ten with a unit to the left of

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, and by its aid half a dozen such ciphers will make a *million*. Let Jesus place himself beside my ciphers, and I shall soon be a million strong. Paul was but a cipher in Rome, till Jesus stood by him. "The Lord stood with me," he tells us, when all forsook him; and he was delivered out of the mouth of the lion.—2 Tim. 4: 16, 17.

Courage is needed, and *industry*, and *perseverance*. The pyramids and the railways had small beginnings; and so had the grotto of Porsilippo. But the pyramids were built; the railways stretch over the land like ribbons, and the grotto of Porsilippo gave a glimpse of sky through a mountain, and a highway for travellers to the Elysian Fields. It may be so with this revival effort! This view of things *encourages* me.

There is a way of salvation among these hills. I love to believe the Bible: "Salvation is of the Lord." It is written, also, "The Lord is at hand," to *help*. But my soul is *humbled*; it seems as if I am ploughing upon a rock, or hewing adamants with *straws*; and if anything in my preaching has sounded to me like *sharp* metal, O, what shall I say? It has been like cutting *flints* with razors. I say little about these things in public; it would not be good policy. A *cheerful front* and a *deeply-humbled* heart;—neither is it *hypocrisy*; for the Lord makes me bold as a *lion* before the people, and *strong*; but in private, with Himself, *timid* and *weak*.

But have I not been making matters worse than they are? *Rocks* have been thrown down by the Lord, and broken and melted by the hammer and fire of his word. God, who has said, "I will make a *worm* thresh a mountain, and beat the hills to chaff," has made my *straws* thresh *rocks*, and *shiver* them, and my *razors* to cut *flints*; and the fragments, by divine miracle, have been converted into

sparkling diamonds, — such as one day may grace the royal diadem of my Lord Jesus Christ.

Behold, my soul! that goodly cluster of new converts, — the seals to thy ministry. They share, indeed, somewhat in the gloomy aspect of things; but they *are* happy — new creatures — clad in divine armor, panting for battle and for victory. Do they read despondency in my pale face? What are their thoughts? That they are as *nothing* in the estimation of their spiritual father? O, this must not be! The *success* already vouchsafed would cheer most ministers in ordinary-times. Why should this *large-heartedness* in *calculation* produce *weak-heartedness* in *operation*?

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Yes, my Lord! I see my *difficulties*! Like the man in a *storm*, who saw nothing but sea and heaven, and cried out, "If yonder *heaven* does not *save* me, this *sea* will *drown* me!" The *hand* that reached Peter, and the voice, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" are near me also.

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Ay! Jacob hid *gods* and the *ear-rings* under the oak which was by Shechem. — Gen. 35: 4. There are *oaks* of Shechem and oaks of Bashan here, and other gods than our God concealed under them. They must be *overthrown* from their *rootings*: *unmanageable oaks* and *hard knots*. I must examine my *wedges*; soft ones are good for nothing here. *Sermons* fit for one place may be unfit for another.

The Lord has said, "The *Amorite* was strong as the *oaks*; yet I destroyed his *fruit* from above, and his *roots* from beneath." — Amos 2: 9. Yes! the work is thine, O Lord my God! but thou dost work by *instruments*. Am I *fit*? am I *acceptable*? The prophet felt deeply — when he cried, "Howl, ye oaks of Bashan." — Zech. 11:

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2. The oaks reply to the *winds* among the branches, and roar to the *power* of the *tornado* that brings them to the ground. A *tornado* is wanting, or *thunderbolts* of truth. The Lord may not be *wanting* in sending them.

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Remember the *emblem* on the *seal*, O my soul! A hand, with a pickaxe, digging through a *rock*, with this motto: "Either I will *find a way* or *make it*."

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God's word is compared to *arrows*, in the Bible; *hard hearts* call for *hard-pointed arrows*,—ay, and a *bow* with a back of steel! The Lord has promised to strengthen the *arms* of his messengers; an indication that the *bow* they are to bend is not a *limber* one.

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There is a great deal said in the Scriptures about the heart; such as blindness of heart, hardness of heart, brokenness of heart; an evil heart of unbelief, a stony heart, a proud heart, a slow heart, and a heart of flesh; a double heart, a froward heart, a clean heart, a pure heart, a liberal heart, an understanding heart, a good and honest heart, without heart, etc. etc. What a *Proteus-like* thing is the heart! It takes so many shapes and states as to remind one of the *devil* himself. The *heart* of man travels to and fro in the Bible, as Satan over the earth. The evidences of its *evil presence* and *evil doings* meet one almost on every page of the Bible; it is mentioned, in one form and connection or another, *one thousand times*! The Bible, like history, is a record of the human heart, and proves that, like its father the devil, it has been wicked throughout all its generations. Every effort for a *revival* of religion is but an *illustration* of the great truth. The evil heart meets one like an *infernal presence*; and proves

that if the devil were dead and buried, it is a devil *sufficient* of itself to try all the faith, and patience, and strength, of the militant host of God.

Alas, this is a *gloomy theme*! Some writer says, the heart is the *worst* part of man before his conversion, and the *best* afterwards. I believe that, too; and, wicked as it is, Christ greatly desires to have it, as we see in various Scriptures. No wonder, if he *died* for man, and desires to save him. The heart is the *helm*; whatever hand grasps the helm steers the ship. It is a *mint*, and is to the currency of the thoughts, desires and actions, what a *national mint* is to the currency of the nation. If the mint be *base*, so will be the currency which proceeds from it. Must lay down the pen. Ah! who can properly estimate the difficulties which lie in the way of a successful ministry?

Six o'clock, P. M.—Returned from a solitary walk. The sky is seen to greater advantage from the bottom of some lone, deep pit, than when one stands above ground. It is something so with one in the *depths of humiliations*,—when *earth fails*, and all our plans are *futile*, and help is expected from *heaven only*. But *night* is the time to see the *stars*,—ay, and the *promises*, too. Thinking, also, that every true Christian is an *anointed one*.—1 John 2: 20, 27. How important to receive such an "*unction*," and the "*anointing*" which *abideth*! But *my heart* is weak; *my feeble knees* need to be confirmed, and the sinking hands to be strengthened.—Isa. 35: 3.

I am entertained at the house of *Joseph Webb, Esq.* What a comfort to have such a sweet and pleasant home! Poor Jonah, outside the walls of Nineveh, had but a fragile *gourd* to shelter his head; but a worm killed it at the root, and it withered away. Then the vehement east wind had beat upon the head of the forlorn prophet, till he *lost his*

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temper, perhaps his soul,—for we hear nothing more of him after that angry fit. What, am I, O Lord my God, to have such a home as this, with such a lovely family? It is mercy, all. “He *tempers* the winds to the shorn lamb;” “*stayeth the rough wind in the day of the east wind.*” — Isa. 27 : 8. Both the *human* and *divine* proverb are fulfilled for me in this retired sweet spot,

“Where *fireside comforts* sit
In *wildest weather*!”

Past eleven o'clock.—My soul is low, heart heavy, great vacancy within; little of God; could enter into deep agony. Matters are *worse and worse*. The audience smaller than ever to-night, and *very heartless*. The chapel cheerless as a *sepulchre*, and badly lighted withal, and full of sullen spiritual death. Felt as if I had no *heart* to preach, and did not. I prayed and *dismissed* the people, telling them I feared I had missed my way in coming to Huddersfield at all; that to leave at once might be the best way to *redeem* my error. O my soul, where art thou? What *ails* thee? Why art thou cast down within me? Has thy Lord, for the first time, failed thee? Whether this act be *weakness*, or *folly*, or *wisdom*, or of the Lord, it was entirely *unpremeditated*,—but from an *impulse*, right or wrong. God knoweth. Behold, here I am, O Lord, to *repent*, or to trust and wait upon thee in the *cloud*. Things sometimes *mend at the worst*; *break of day* is near the darkest hour; *man's extremity* is often God's opportunity. Be strong, then, my soul,

“—— as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!”

CHAPTER III.

BEAMINGS OF HOPE.

THE following chapter, like the preceding, exhibits the movements of Mr. Caughey's mind, but under more encouraging circumstances. The pious reader will find many useful hints in the quaintly-expressed meditations of our journalist.

Dec. 11.— Good news from our *spiritual troops* ! Last night's adventure quite awakened them out of their deceitful dream. Their *human confidences*,—Jer. 2: 37,—their *trusts* in an arm of flesh, have died *the death* ! My refusing to preach, though in the pulpit, came like a thunder-clap ! Such a thing was not *thought of*, was *unheard of*. They had fully expected a *great revival*, and was this to be the *end of it* ? It was quite *overruled* for good ; for though there was the appearance of *grief*, or *impatience*, or self-will, or *wounded pride* and *vanity*, or *precipitation*, and some were stumbled and offended, yet the really spiritual part took it to heart, were *alarmed*, fled to their closets, betook them to prayer ! Some prayed *part of the night*, I understand ; others, *most of the night*, and a few, *all night* ! Praise our God ! This will do ! The *crisis* is past !

As to *self*, last night I went to my *knees*, also, with *sighs and groans*. But, taking up my pocket-Bible, my

eye rested on the old promise given me of the Lord, on first catching a glimpse of England's shores, as we neared the coast from America. This was it.—Isa. 33: 16, 20. O, I remember that moment! Standing on the deck of the steamer, Bible in hand, as England rose out of the waves, I opened it upon that passage, which was sweetly applied to my heart. I felt assured the Lord would be with me in that strange land. It has often been a comfort to me since, when in any trouble. Last night it sweetly *soothed* me. I closed the book, and believed. It was oil upon the troubled waves within. But soon sorrow and sighing came over me again, like a sea. I lay down,

“—— where sorrow sighed itself to sleep,
And man, o'erlabored with his being's strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life.”

I arose this morning refreshed, but to groan and sigh and pray.

And now, what shall I say? Is the hand of God in all this? Is the affair between Christ and us? Have the people been *trusting in an arm of flesh*? And has the arm of flesh been *trusting in the people*?—Jer. 17: 5. They relying upon my *past successes*, and hoping for *popularity*, which came not; and I trusting in their wonted *zeal and ability*. Then it was *right* we should be mutually disappointed and humbled together. Farmers sometimes speak of “catching the tail of a shower,”—have we just caught the tail of that curse? “Thus saith the Lord: Cursed be the man that *trusteth in man*, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord!”—Jer. 17: 5. Let us humble ourselves before the Lord, lest the *curse* come round again as a deprecated shower does sometimes, giving “the head and front” of its *offending*,

instead of the tail. If *I* have been *trusting in self*, or *pulpit preparation*, it is well I should know it, *confess* and *repent* before the Lord. He will *humble* us all, till we learn to trust in himself alone. "Salvation is of the Lord," therefore the glory should be all his own. Trust verified in man is apt to bring *glory to man*, or largely divides the glory due to God alone. This he will not bear; but will either *punish* for it *afterwards*, or *crush* in the *beginning*, as we would a young *viper* in the shell, that we may learn not to think of men or of self above that which is written.

God will not part with his glory; he has said, "My glory will not I give to another." He gives us *life* and *health*, and *food*, *raiment* and *knowledge*, *wealth*, *distinction* and *influence*, if need be; and *friends*, and *pardon*, his Spirit, and holiness; and happiness, and success in his work,—yea, himself, and will share his heaven with us; but he will not give us his GLORY! It is right, my Lord, it is right! Amen to what my Lord doth say! Amen to what he has done and does!

He ever calls upon us to *cease from man*, and to trust only in himself for victory. To this *reduction* of all *human confidences* God has evidently brought us all at this *crisis*. If we sink from him, also, as it sometimes happens, abandoning all *hope* for a revival now, and ceasing all effort, then the *chastisement* has not been *sanctified*. In this case Satan's evil will has its way; the advantage is on his side, and further *humblings* are to be expected.

Let me *examine* myself, *try* my own self, know my *motives*. Is there any *energy* in my soul? Surely I have not backslidden. These *tours*, even to recruit health, are dangerous, I am aware. The soul is apt to lose its *fine edge*,—its *secret power* with God may be *weakened* by travelling about in strange countries, and among a people

of a strange language; it may become *soft* and *effeminate*, unwilling to endure *hardness*; and to become a fool for Christ; *unbelief* may tinge the spirit, and marry other *enervating* thoughts. What sayest thou, my soul? Judge thyself, that thou be not judged; condemn thyself, if need be, that thou mayest not be condemned. Let me say, with an ancient Christian and preacher, "Go up, my soul, into the *tribunal of conscience*,—there set thyself before thyself, hide not thyself behind thyself, lest God bring thee forth before thyself." Is there life within? A dead fish, if cast into a stream, will go with the stream; but a living fish will stem it. What is wanting? O, I want more of God, and more faith and love.

Cecil says, *faith* is the master-spring of a minister; he sees *hell* before him, and thousands of souls shut up there in everlasting agonies; he beholds Jesus Christ standing forth to save men from rushing into this bottomless abyss; he feels himself sent to proclaim his ability and love; he wants no fourth idea; every fourth idea is contemptible,—every fourth idea is a grand impertinence. I beg pardon, Mr. Cecil, but another idea rushes upon me with *irresistible force*,—I want more love, fire sent down from heaven into my soul,—a signal baptism of the Holy Ghost, to enable me to *believe* and *feel* the full force of those *three great ideas* to which earth and heaven might well assent with *acclamations*! *Feigned* zeal is *false* zeal, as *painted* fire is *no* fire; it *warms* nobody, *burns* nobody. It is *easy* to *be* what one *really is*, and safe and pleasant too. One is *natural* then; the contrary is but *acting*, feigning a character,—which, by the grace of God, I never will. Amen.

Let me get a fresh glimpse of God, of Jesus, of heaven, of hell; so certain, so near, as to say, with a minister now in Paradise, "*Yonder glory! Yonder flames!*" pointing

directly thitherward, as if he saw them plainly with his eyes. O, I must,—yes, I must preach with just such a *vivid faith*; must imitate my blessed *Lord and Master himself*, who, as Mr. Harris says, entered into the busy mart of the world, where nothing was heard but the monotonous hum of the *traders*, and, lifting up his voice like the trump of God, he sought to break the *spell* which infatuated them, while he exclaimed, “What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or, what will a man give in exchange for his soul?”—who brought the sinners of his day to the threshold of the *infinite*, and showed it *flushed in one part with living glories*, and in another *burning with fiercest flames of wrath*; while he assured them that in one or other of these states they would shortly be fixed forever! Ay! this is the sort of preaching that is wanting in this nineteenth century! God help me! I must imitate my Lord, then! and I must have clearer views of the *cross*, too; a higher estimate of the *value* of the soul; more vivid views of its *peril*; a burning, consuming ardor for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. These principles are linked together like *chain-shot*, which sweep everything before them. O, thou eternal Spirit, *charge* the chambers of my soul with them! Think of these things, O my soul! As in the days of martyrdom, so now,

“Mighty are the soul’s commandments
To support, restrain, or raise.”

Friday afternoon, Dec. 11th.—My soul engages itself with God. “But I gave myself to prayer,” says the Psalmist; or, as an old writer renders it, “But I prayer.” As if he had said, “I and prayer are one; my whole being has resolved itself into prayer; my heart, my hopes and

desires, my reason and conscience, my eyes, my tongue, my lips, my knees, my all. I am prayer all over!" O, there is much need of this in my case, now!

Sinners are *hard*; one spoke truly, that they appear as if they had been on the *anvil* of hell, and Satan himself had beaten them into adamant. However, they are not harder than some American sinners I have encountered. I must not forget I have battled harder and longer in America, with less success. But we have set our hearts upon a great revival; have been urging our faith, and screwing it up to a high figure; believing that if we set our *mark* for *small things*, we shall act accordingly, and it will be unto us according to our low mark. There is much in this. Yet Satan has taken some advantage, just here. Well, let him, — the *promise* stands sure, — there is a faith that will remove mountains, as well as *wither* the fruitless fig-tree. — Matt. 21: 18—22.

Satan was more strongly *intrenched* in Huddersfield than we expected. Now for a *siege*, if need be! We must have victory. If our *weapons* were *carnal*, we might despair. They are of other metal. There are "towers of pride and walls of confidence," which may not be taken by *storm*, but they may yield to a *regular siege*, — to *sapping* and *mining*, and other means of attack. We must be ready for every advantage. Jesus, our great Captain, will direct. Let us cut off, if possible, *Satanic supplies from the besieged*. When Satan fails to *relieve*, they cannot long hold out. Look out for *flags of truce*, or offers to *capitulate* upon honorable terms. The *carnal mind* glories, if it may but evacuate *under arms*. This shall not be, God being our helper. No! the arms of rebellion must be *grounded* at the feet of Jesus; *submit* to terms, not *dictate* them. This is our "war instruction;" it shall

sound and reverberate like a *thunder*. Then look out for the *flag of defiance* ; but renew *hostilities*. The contest must be thorough and determined ; no parleying with the enemy. "I am doing a great work, and cannot come down ; why should the work cease, while I come down to you ?" said Nehemiah. So let us say. When reduced to extremities, they will *surrender at discretion*.

These *Yorkshire men* are sturdy sinners. Like Job's Leviathan, their "heart is as firm as a stone ;" they "laugh at the shaking of a spear."—Job 41 : 24—29. I have met many such, in my time. Trans-atlantic sinners are not a whit behind them. Human nature is the same, the world over. As Cowper says :

"Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,
Stubborn and sturdy, a wild ass's colt."

There was truth in that remark, "Their eyes are not like the fish-pools of Heshbon, *full of water* ; but like the mountains of Gilboa, which have neither rain nor dew upon them." Ay ! as well try to draw *oil* out of *flint* as tears from some *eyes* ; or, as soon melt an *ice-bound* river by breathing upon it, till the Holy Spirit comes, and then,

"As the great sun, when he his influence
Sheds on the *frost-bound waters*, the glad stream
Flows to the ray, and warbles as it flows."

Be it so, eyes void of tears, as flints of oil. There was a *rock* in mortal hand, which melted the granite rock, and turned it into a fountain.

"The rock into a fountain flowed."

That rod I look not for, but the *word* of the Lord I have ; the *power* is what I need,—the same power that attended the touch of the rod of Moses. The *word* then

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will make hitherto dry eyes like fountains of waters. The sooner, perhaps, my *own cheeks* are wet in crying with the Psalmist, "Rivers of water run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law," the sooner it may be so with others. The *weeping-time* is coming, I trust. The *wells* are filled with *earth*. Like Isaac's servants, we must dig hard to have the wells opened, in spite of all the Philistines' of earth and hell! — Gen. 26 : 15—19.

Let me not say, with the poet, "Not to *triumph* is worse than not to *win*." Nay, that is selfish! But, triumph or no triumph, let me *win souls*. — Prov. 11 : 30. "He that winneth souls is wise;" *wisdom* does not always attend a *triumph*. It is worse *not to win* than not to triumph; although success in *soul-winning* has often with me been the prelude to *sore temptation*. "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place," said Paul. But he immediately added, speaking of the contrasted effects of their preaching, "To the one we are the savor of *death unto death*, and to the other of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?" Who is he that has not only courage to *incur*, but ability to *cope* with, *troubles* which are sure to follow, from devils and men. He, and he only, it may be presumed, who is called of God, as was Aaron; otherwise he would be utterly cast down and destroyed.

It is well thus privately to *count the cost*. My eyes look to where the Psalmist did,—to the *hills*, to the heavenly hills, from whence cometh my help; from thence came my former vigor, in the bygone days of my sanctuary strength.

A poet speaks of the *eagle* careering in his own course of joy; relying firmly on his own mountain vigor, breast-

ing the *storm*, defying the red bolts; his *eye* on the *sun*, his *wing* on the *wind*, swerving not a hair, but bearing onward, right on. Ay, that is it! I would be an *eagle*, to thus mount up high at God's command; or, to dwell and abide on the *rock*, on the crag of the rock, and the strong place; to behold the prey afar off; where the slain of the Lord are, there to be. — Job 39: 27, 30.

The eagle was an emblem of victory upon ancient banners, and is upon the modern. I would be one of Isaiah's eagles, that *wait* on the Lord; that renew their *strength*, mount up on wings, that run without weariness, and walk up and down conflict's field without faintness. — Isaiah 40: 31.

Well, this "*noting down*" my feelings does me good; it enables me to say, with David, "*Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight;*" ay, and the tongue, by and by, as the tongue of a ready writer. David says, the tongue of the wicked is their sword, and that they take good care to *whet* it. Why may not the tongue of a God-sent preacher be the sword of the Lord? "*bathed in Heaven,*" as Isaiah says. It "*reacheth unto the soul,*" echoes Jeremiah. Why, then, may not such an one *whet* his tongue, also? The *pen* is a good *hone* after the word of God and prayer. Isaiah speaks of *the tongue of fire devouring the stubble*. St. James says, "The tongue is a fire,—setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell." Why, then, may not the tongue of a preacher be a *fire* also? The devil kindles many a *bad fire* with the human tongue; "*sets on fire the course of nature*" in the *tongue-owner*, and in *others*. Why may not God kindle *his* fires by the tongue, also, and set the devil's kingdom in a blaze? Strange, if Satan can "*set the tongue on fire of hell,*"

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and Christ cannot set it on fire of heaven! How often have I felt the fire of God begin to burn in my soul, when my pen set a going! The pen has converted many a *tongue into flame*,—set a country on fire, and revolutionized nations.

And now for the conflict in right good earnest,—the Law, Calvary, Repentance, Faith, Regeneration, the Witness of the Spirit, Holiness, Perfect Love, the Resurrection, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, in lightning and thundering truth. O, my soul! what themes are these, if thou wert more fully baptized with the Holy Ghost! Come on, then, as thou art! Christ shall endue thee with *power* from on high, when thou art in dreadful conflict.

“Set thyself about it, as the sea
About the earth, *lashing it day and night*;
And leave the stamp of thine own soul in it,
As thorough as the fossil flower in clay.
The theme shall start and struggle in thy breast,
Like the spirit in its tomb at rising,
Rending the stones, and crying *RESURRECTION!*”

CHAPTER IV.

A CHARACTERISTIC DISCOURSE.

PERPLEXED, tried and tempest-tossed, by the apparent impossibility of achieving great success in Huddersfield, Mr. Caughey addressed himself to the task of stimulating his brethren and fellow-laborers to renewed endeavor. How he did this the following curious discourse will best explain. Unique and quaint as it is, we can readily conceive of its effects when delivered with the wonderful unction so peculiar to Mr. Caughey in his best moments. It doubtless fell upon their ears like the thrilling war-cry of some old warrior on the field of battle.

Hearken to my text! 2 Cor. 16: 13.—“*Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.*”

Men, brethren and fathers, mothers, brother and sisters! Grace be unto you, and peace from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ! You have heard the word of command from the Holy Ghost,—“*watch ye,*” &c. It is in a high degree *military*, as you may perceive; more of this by and by. I want to speak to you of our circumstances, prospects and duties, in the present *crisis*, on the *rough edge* of this war for God and souls.

Our late trials have done us all good; have driven us to our knees, to God, in mighty prayer. *My own faith* is brighter. *My heart* is *warmer* and more *tender* towards God and you,

and *extremely humble* withal; the reasons you know very well. If I acted with too much *precipitation*, or with the *appearance of impatience*, in refusing to preach on that *bleak and dismal* night to us all, forgive and forget. I was sorely tried, and *pressed* out of measure. There was a *cause*. Let that pass. Perhaps I ought to have preached, — perhaps not. The results might not have been so good. It may have been of the Lord. We shall know more in a few days. Some of you slept but little or none, but you got what was better, — more of God. You are better prepared now to fight the good fight of faith. Your *sympathies* are awakened for perishing sinners. Your hearts *yearn* for them as never before, and *burn* for the *glory* of Christ in their conversion. Praise the Lord! If I caused you sorrow and tears, his love has turned all into joy. Therefore you have suffered damage by me in nothing. Larger *incomes* of grace are at hand, when you *thoroughly* use what you have. When Christ sees of the *travail* of his soul and is satisfied, as Isaiah speaks, then you shall *share* in his satisfaction; and that will be *exceedingly sweet*!

My *faith* brightened in the night of trial, as a star in darkest night. The stars you noticed the other night were all the brighter for the *blackness* that lay upon the ground below. It was so with my faith, and I am persuaded with yours also.

The darkness that night was like that supernatural darkness which once fell upon Egypt, — *such as might be felt*. — Ex. 10: 21. We all felt it, — I more, perhaps, for it was intended, by “the prince of darkness,” to drive me from the field, — as if my work was done in Huddersfield. But faith grew brighter, as things grew blacker, till stars were not brighter. *Melancthon* tells us that *trouble and perplexity* drove him to prayer, and *prayer* drove away

trouble and perplexity. It was so with us. The Jews used to say the *world* would not stand without *standing prayer*; no, nor a REVIVAL neither. Let this prayerful agony for souls continue, by day and by night. What goes up in *vapors* comes down in showers. If *much ascends*, *much descends*, at one time or another. What goes up in prayer comes down in showers of blessings. If *little ascends*, *little descends*. The contrary will hold good the world over,—ay, and here in Huddersfield! “Hallelujah!” Yes, shout it to your hearts’ content.

It is said that *battle* proves the *sword*, and *need* the *friend*. Late events have certainly *tested* you as the unflinching friends of Jesus, and of this *hoped for* revival of his work. And now our *swords* are about to be tried, of what *metal* they are made.

Battles are not fought, nor fields won, without hard fighting. It is so in every great conflict for souls. Truth and error, light and darkness,—the arms of God Almighty and his enemy,—must now come in collision on thy “brief round,” O Huddersfield! This is God’s order. The standard of our Immanuel must higher wave, with rallying hosts of more determined spirits around it! ay, and *opposition hosts* as well,—visible and invisible. Hear St. Paul. “For we wrestle not with *flesh and blood*,”—with men like ourselves,—“but against *principalities*,”—one rank of devils, *ruling spirits*,—“against *powers*,”—another rank of them, ruled and authorized to rule by the higher rank,—“against the *rulers* of the darkness of this world,”—still another rank, whose power is over *spiritual darkness*,—“against *spiritual wickedness* in high places,”—or, as the margin has it, “*wicked spirits* in high places,”—in *commanding, advantageous places*, having chosen their ground, may be, and taken their positions here, before

we were born,—“*wicked spirits*,”—more *vicious* than others, *foul*, *crooked*, *unruly*, *baneful* and *accursed* in the highest degree; the *schoolmasters*, or drill officers, of the whole tribe of sinners, who are *emphatically wicked*.—Eph. 6 : 12.

Behold the infernal army, “countless, invisible”! *Two wings* and a *centre*; and “the wicked spirits,” the *corps de reserve*,—a select body of infernal troops, most like the devil, their master, and “*red with the blood of souls*,” drawn up for battle in the rear; *reserved* there for time of need, to support the *lines* as occasion may require; they are troops for an *emergency*. Satan depends upon them, as Napoleon Bonaparte did upon his Imperial Guard.

All these infernal legions are united under *one head*, called, in Scripture, Satan, or the devil,—for he has various names,—our great enemy and the adversary of our God, whose *power* Paul deprecated, “Lest Satan should get an advantage of us, for we are not ignorant of his devices,”—an *advantage* something over and above his *present* advantage, a vantage-ground taken by our *ignorance* or *inadvertence*,—that is, our *inattention* or *heedlessness*,—and then *usurp* upon us and over us. He is as full of “*devices*” as he is of *malice*, *subtle means* to accomplish his ends, *policies* and *stratagems*. The allusion is *military*. It is a mark of an *able general* to select the *best* and *most advantageous positions*, in case of a battle. *Apollyon* is up to this. *Napoleon*, almost his namesake, never had tactics superior. He is, besides, full of *malice*, *envy*, *sagacity*, and *cruelty*, and *fury*. He *scorns* mankind, and *hates* God and his monarchy. He is called in Scripture That Wicked One, The Old Serpent, and Apollyon,—which signifies the *destroyer*. He is also called a Lion, an Accuser, a Tormentor, a Tempter, Satan, the Devil, a Murderer,

Lucifer,—perhaps you may remember others of his titles yourselves. But these are sufficient for one devil, I think. They are all *significant*, however, as I could show you, did time allow *definitions*. He is, in fact, the *great centre* of all the *wickedness* in the universe, and the rallying-point of all rebellion against God in earth and hell. This Goliath of hell is in the field against us. He has slain his thousands and his tens of thousands, his millions and his hundreds of millions. It may be there are few families now present who have not had some of their ancestors, near or distant, slain and carried by him into hell. He has an *eye of burning hatred* upon every member of every family present; nor has he ever yet, in our opinion, lost hope of having some souls out of every family circle present. You will never in heaven impute it to his lack of will if he fail in the perdition of any one or every one of your families. It is with him and his troops we have been lately *skirmishing*,—feebly enough, God knows.

I have said nothing of the multitudes of your fellow-citizens who are also in arms against God, and therefore cannot be *friends* to us. They are *marshalled*, and *inspired*, and *commanded*, by *infernal* powers. Strange to say, they know it not. But they shall, and before long, if our God comes down in his power. But *opposition* first, and then they will get their eyes opened. When our *artillery* begins to thunder about their ears, and the sparks of *celestial fire* to fall upon their consciences, and the *two-edged sword* of truth to lay open wounds within, then look out; *opposition* will begin in good earnest!

I say not these things to discourage you, but to *apprise* you of the enemies you have to encounter, in order to victory. Contrary to the mode of some generals, I have given the enemy *credit due*. Prepare for them! St. Paul says

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it is through much *tribulation* we are to enter the kingdom of heaven. Expect *tribulation* of some sort or other, before we gain this victory,—that is, if it is going to be an extraordinary one. If *ordinary*, then, probably, ordinary trials. My soul has been crying to God for a great work. I am willing to face, through divine help, whatever *blasts* of opposition may assail us in consequence. Are you willing? Every soul-saving minister is a witness of the truth of *diabolical* agency. He is made to feel, with an *aching heart*, as many times as there are *hairs* upon his head, the power of the enemy.

Let him who *doubts*, or estimates lightly such a power, enter the field for *the conquest of souls*. Let him give battle against sin and Satan, in downright earnest, night and day. Let him measure his success by the number of *sinner*s driven to their knees *with cries for mercy*,—and *converts* to Christ. O, I will say it, he shall be made to acknowledge in *sorrowful defeat*, or in *agonizing conflict and victory*, that he has encountered a power the strength of which he never had properly estimated! A power

“From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled.”

To hurl vengeance back again, is their *element*. Their malice and revenge are *inextinguishable*. To *baffle effort*, to defeat the *victory*, to intercept *divine power*, to neutralize *truth*, to *harden sinners*, they never *tire*, never give over, till driven from the field.

There are points of time in every *revival* when their *power* is unmistakable; when their *shadow* is thrown across the Christian host; when the *gloom of their presence* falls like a *pell* on hopes of victory. It is, as I

remarked before, a darkness that may be felt, like that which covered Egypt.

But, ye followers of the Crucified, listen! There is another great captain in the field,—Jesus, whom St. Paul calls “The Captain of our salvation.” If all is right in our little army, he is in the midst of us with his angels. It stands to reason; it is not against Scripture. “It accords with the promise, “Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst.” “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature; and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” Where the Lord of the universe is, there, undoubtedly, will be a concourse of angels. Where Christ is, angels are. He is never alone, never unattended; and where interests are pending such as we have here, never *unprepared* to take the part of those who are battling for his glory with pure intention. Let none of you doubt this. Besides, is it not written, “Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”—Heb. 1: 14. Not *are* heirs, but “*shall be*,”—to assist in *making* them heirs. But where are they more *needed* than on such a *spiritual battle-field*?—to minister to the *wounded*, the *weary*, the *dejected*, the *disheartened*, the *faltering*, the *fallen*. To *heal*, to awaken, to inspire, to strengthen, to *cheer* to glory and to victory.

The servant of Elisha cried, “Alas! my master! what shall we do?” For he saw, by morning light, that the host of the Syrians, with horses and chariots, had quite encompassed the city, and there was no way of escape. “Fear not,” said the prophet, “for they that be with us are more than they that be with them;” and prayed, “Lord, I pray thee open his eyes, that he may see!” Eli-

sha saw what the servant saw not. So it is said, "The Lord opened the eyes of the young man: and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—2 Kings 6. If the enemy had a host, so had Elisha. Had they horses and chariots, Elisha had them also,—but "*horses and chariots of FIRE!*" So it is *now*; so it shall be in this battle of Huddersfield. I had a vision of this on Shelburn Point, in Lake Champlain, before I left America for Europe. The Lord's host met me there,—in *spiritual vision*, with my eyes open. How *inexpressible!*—how *inexplainable!* But it *encouraged* me then; for it regarded my visit to the British islands, and success there. That scene *cheered* me then,—it *cheers* me now! If it was an *illusion*—some *hallucination*—it did me no injury, but inspired *emotions sublime, humiliation profound, zeal ardent, courage, faith, determination!*

There was nothing in it contrary to that declaration of the Bible, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Ps. 34: 7. *Thronging angels* are round about us; their *breasts* burning with *loyalty* to Jesus; their *hearts* rejoicing in the evolutions of his wisdom in bringing about this *crisis*; their *weapons* burnished for the fight!

I looked up among the clouds, the other day, and noticed two *layers of clouds* moving in contrary directions, one underneath the other, owing to contrary currents of *air* aloft. It reminded me of what I had been thinking of,—contrary influences, *heavenly* and *infernal*, which we have been realizing of late. A few hours after, and all the clouds were moving in one direction,—one of the air-currents having ceased. Let us look up and expect the

prevalence of *divine influences*, to the exclusion of the *diabolical*.

Angels are with us. The lightnings are not swifter than they, to do the will of our Jesus. They are also great in strength. "Forty centuries look down on you from the top of yonder pyramids," said Napoleon to his troops, on the eve of "the battle of the pyramids." How many centuries of souls are looking down from the heights of heaven upon us this moment! Napoleon hinted to his soldiers they were about to add *another leaf* to the four thousand years of history which belonged to those pyramids and surrounding plains. *We* are about to add another leaf to the spiritual history of Huddersfield. God grant it may be a *brilliant* one, such as may be read in heaven with joy by those there before us, and by ourselves in glory afterwards! Brethren, there is no *vagrancy* of fancy in all this! Hearken. Luke 15: 7.—"*There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.*" Hearken again. Luke 15: 10.—"*Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*" Why did our Lord make two such remarkable declarations almost in the same breath, but to *assure* and *encourage* us regarding heavenly *sympathy*, at least — ay, and *assistance* by inference? Epiphanius, of old, said of the prophet Elijah, that, "He sucked fire out of his mother's breasts." The Lord help me! but I would suck *revival fire* out of these two texts!

In all this, O Christ, let us look unto *thee*! To *trust* in *man*, *men* or *means*, or in *self*, or in anything short of *thyself*, is to lean upon a bruised reed; to seek *light* from *darkness*, *warmth* from cold, support from bruised reeds, victory from weapons of straw. Victory is of the Lord!

O Jesus! *all that I have*, or *am*, and all I *shall* be, now,

and ever, I consecrate eternally to thee, and to thy glory !

" To do or not to do, to have
or not to have, I leave with thee ;
To be or not to be, I leave :
Thy only will be done in me !
All my requests are lost in one,—
FATHER ! thy only will be done !

" Welcome alike the crown, the cross !
Trouble I cannot ask, nor peace,
Nor toil, nor rest, nor gain, nor loss,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor pain, nor ease,
Nor life, nor death, but, every groan,
FATHER ! thy only will be done ! "

Now, my soul, *rouse* thee ! Gird on thy armor ! It is on, my Lord—it is on !—buckled tight upon my soul, and to remain till the victory. Now, is it *unsafe* to say :

" Rouse thee, heart !
Bow of my life, thou art full of springs,
My quiver yet hath many purposes ? "

Unsafe ? No, it is *safe* ! My *trust* is wholly in the Lord. *Self* is conquered ; the battle has been fought, the victory won, *there* ! *Self* and *unbelief* have been made " to bite the dust " before the Lord ! Oh how unwilling a preacher is, sometimes, to become a *fool* !—1 Cor. 3 : 18. A fool for Christ, that he may become *wise* in winning souls for Christ ; unwilling ever, till he gain this victory over *himself*. Now, I am willing to be as a *madman* in the eyes of the world, of the great and the wise ; at least, to preach so as they will call me such ; or a hypocrite, or knave, or schismatic, or *any other name*, old or new, coming as if " glowing from the lips of eldest hell ; " all is well to me if souls are only saved, and Jesus glorified. Sin is

the only evil I fear; *God* the only being I dread. Ye followers of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, hear me! I have counted the cost. Have you? I know you have, by your looks. Amen!

The *effects* will be seen. Truth honored. Yes, but he who sets *truth* on against error will be an offender; like his Lord and Master, a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence.—Is. 8: 14; Rom. 9: 33. Nor will the *patrons* of the offender and his *helpers* escape. You will all be called a parcel of *fools*, if not something worse. Will you bear it unflinchingly, till they know themselves to be fools? till they become wise by *cries for mercy*, or shouts of praise to Him who is mighty to save?

I said to my heart, "Rouse thee, my heart!" Now, then, rouse ye, ye soldiers of Christ! To arms—to arms! The powers of hell surround; legions of wily fiends oppose; devils and men combine. The fallen souls of backsliders, and "the general wicked," are under their control. Paul declares that the devil works in them, the children of disobedience.—Eph. 2: 2. If devils oppose us, so will they, for the devil is in them. The herd of swine capered tremendously when the devils got into them.—Matt. 7: 32.

Be ready for all alarms,—*false ones, real ones*; for all *reports*, evil and good. Be surprised at nothing that may come; *make nothing* of all DIVERSIONS,—that is a military word, you know, signifying the tactics of a general in drawing away the attention of an enemy from the point where he intends to make the principal attack. The devil is full of these. He counts us all his enemies who are true to Jesus. If he mean to weaken or attack us upon any point of our lines, he will *feign* an attack upon something else,—such as the *noise* in the meetings, or the hearty "Amens," and "Glory," and "Hallelujahs," during

the sermons,—which, when they come in the right place and time, from four or five hundred believers at once, are effective as a shock or discharge of artillery against the fortifications of an enemy; like the thunder-shout of Gideon and his three hundred, “The sword of the Lord and of Gideon.” I have seen many a Midianitish host routed by such a shout. The devil has been so busy, of late years, that he has silenced this artillery in most parts of Methodism. A minister may preach as energetically as he pleases now, there is *no response*; the happiest and holiest believer dare not so much as chirp a note of “so be it!” May it never be thus in Huddersfield! The devil will leave no means untried to effect it. I could give you a whole list of diabolical *diversions*, to call the church off from her grand design, the conversion of sinners and overthrow of Satan’s kingdom; but time will not permit.

Be ready for action!—in the *temple or street*; in your counting-rooms, drawing-rooms, parlors, kitchens, shops, highways, byways and hedges; everywhere, ready to *speak*,—that is, fight for God and souls!

See to your *armor*!—Your *infernal foes* are armed. “Stand firm; for in their looks defiance lours,” as Gabriel speaks in Milton. *See to your armor*! Your visible opponents are *armed*, not with *civil power*,—thank God for that!—nor with *carnal weapons* to wound your persons. But they are *armed* with *prejudice, ignorance, error and enmity*, and unbelief; with *profanity, sinful lusts and evil tongues*; their *eyes, and hands, and feet*, are evil; the devil uses them as *automatons* without entirely outraging their *free agency*; he leaves them enough of that to render them *accountable and damnable*,—a harsh word, but terribly fitting and awfully true!

See to your armor, then, that it is *on*, and *tightly on*!

and kept on; like Nehemiah and his builders on the walls of Jerusalem, "none of us put off our clothes, saving that every one put them off for washing!" as he tells us, Neh. 4: 23,—wearing them night and day, and building with one hand, while they held a weapon in the other,—always ready for battle, though builders, confounding their wondering foes. Thus keep on your spiritual armor, working or fighting;—at your tables, with the blessing craved; around your family altars, with your Bibles and your prayers; in secret, on your knees in mighty prayer and supplication; about your daily business, be clothed in the full panoply of God, ready for every good word or work, to reprove, invite, comfort or alarm, as occasion may require.

Keep your armor on, then! Keep it bright by use, and free from rust. But see to it that you have on the whole armor of God,—not a part of it, but the whole panoply of God. Hear St. Paul, "Take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil day; and having done all to stand, stand therefore; having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, whereby ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; praying always, with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance; and for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel; that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak."—Eph. 6. What an expressive passage is this! Here you

have the whole armor, the title of each part, its *use*, and *how to use it*.

St. Paul, like a true general to his troops, "on the rough edge of battle," while it yet trembles to begin,

"When the work of life and death
Hangs on the passing of a breath,"

reverberates his watchword along the Christian ranks, "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." Thus *twice* in the same chapter, and as if in the same breath, he commands on "the whole armor of God," as if tremblingly alive to the importance of it.

Satan dreads this armor. An old writer says, "It *dazzles* the devil's eyes, and *daunts* his courage, and drives him from the field." Not fast, my old friend! Satan is not so easily daunted or *dazzled* as all this comes to. He will examine it and try its *metal*, to see whether it is *all on*, and whether it be genuine. He is an *old veteran*. He and his troops have been too long in the field to be outwitted by a son of Adam. Though a *deceiver*, he is not *willing to be deceived*; not fond of being the laughing-stock of hell. Your armor must be *genuine*. However, a sham armor will neither *dazzle* nor *daunt* Apollyon. He will soon *try its metal till it ring again*! "*The whole armor of God*." That is it. If only *part* be on, what cares he for the remainder?

For instance: Paul says, "Take the *helmet* of salvation,"—in another place, "and for an helmet the *HOPE* of salvation." Now, you may have your *head* defended by such a helmet, but if your "*feet* are not shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace,"—peace with *God*, with your *neighbors*, with your *brethren* in Christ, with your own

family, with *conscience*,—what cares the devil for *you* or your helmet? He will *cleave* it through and through, and your *soul* with it!

Instance again: "Take the *sword* of the Spirit, which is the *word of God*."—Now, you may take up that sword, but if you have not on the *girdle* of truth,—that is, true *sincerity of heart* and a *conscientious belief* in the whole Gospel of truth,—if these be absent from the *loins* of thy soul, Satan will care no more for your sword than a soldier would for a *straw* weapon on the battle-field. He will *smash* its power and application out of the hand of your soul, as you would an *icicle* from your house-eave in winter time.

Again: "Above all, taking the *SHIELD* of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to *quench* all the fiery darts of the wicked,"—faith in the Bible, in eternal things; above all, faith in the blood and atoning merits of Christ, which is truly a shield to the soul against the devil's fiery darts. But mark! You may have *such a shield*, but if "the *BREAST-PLATE of righteousness*" be wanting,—*outward morality* and *inward holiness to the Lord*,—a *holy life* and a *holy heart*, or, at least, a sincere desire for purity and a panting after it,—if these be absent from your breast, what cares the devil for your shield? No more than a soldier would care for a piece of *brown paper* hung before an enemy on the field of battle. Satan will riddle it through and through with his *fiery darts*, and make a blaze of it speedily!

The whole armor of God, then, if you intend to fight his battles, or out of the ranks with you! You will do more harm than good with your deficient armor. A *sham* armor will make you a positive *curse* and nuisance in our ranks. The whole armor, then! Arise! ye soldiers of our God,

arise! *Examine your armor piece by piece*, I conjure you. Let it be the *real, genuine* metal of heaven,—*heaven-wrought*, polished and resplendent in the beams of “the Sun of Righteousness.” Then, and not till then, will it daunt the devil’s courage, dazzle his eyes, and *drive* him out of the field. Then, and not till then, can you have any *glorious share* in that victory, which I believe in God is about to be awarded to Immanuel’s arms on this field of conflict.

Such an armor is the admiration of angels themselves, although it does differ so much from their *resplendent shields* and *starry helmets*, and *spears*, with diamond flaming and with gold, and *swords*, in glistening zodiac hung, fresh from the celestial armory, of which *Milton* discourses so eloquently,—all of *celestial touch immortal*. Yet to us our armor is of equal importance, and they know it, and will not *despise* it. If *England* should ever again become the *ally* of another nation in the field, her soldiers may see *uncouth* armor on the troops they have come to assist. But if those soldiers do good execution on the field of battle, the English soldier will give him honor due, although his own armor is beautiful and perfect as the genius of England could invent. Let us only be *ambitious* to quit us like men in the presence of angels. *Be assured* we are encompassed by a great cloud of witnesses, who have come from afar, to take a deep interest in what involves the eternal destiny of the multitudes around us. The angels of God will notice our *courage*, and the *use* we make of our armor, more, perhaps, than the armor itself. They have no *fancy* for a do-nothing soldier of Christ, though his armor were inlaid with gold and diamonds, and in his hand the true Jerusalem blade.

Lord Nelson, you remember, before the first gun was

fired at Trafalgar, signalized his waiting host with these words: "England expects every man to do his duty." And what was the effect? Was there a hero in all that mighty host the words did not thrill? Ay, the *humblest* sailor in that agitated fleet felt they made his very heart *burn* within him. "England expects,"—as if Nelson desired that, in imagination, every soldier should realize twenty-five millions of his countrymen were now present as spectators of the fight. Breathed there a heart among all that armed throng, along the decks of that heaving fleet, those words *thrilled not, fired not, nerved not*, to deeds of noble daring, throughout that conflict, which convulsed sea and air, ocean and sky?

You all realize the application. *Heaven expects!* yes, expects every *man* to do his duty,—and *woman*, too. The eyes of angels and of disembodied spirits are upon us,—"a great cloud of witnesses."—Heb. 12: 1. Let us *behave* ourselves accordingly.

We must *conquer*; victory through the blood of the Lamb. The *honor* of Christ, his Gospel, of revivals, demand it. Let us not think of *defeat*, but of victory over hell, in the salvation of multitudes!

An eminent divine in Switzerland asked this question, "What was the grand *secret* of the *invincibility* of the Roman legions?" He replied, it is found in that one foundation principle in Roman empire, "*Never to treat with an enemy except as conquerors.*" The Romans persuaded themselves at their origin that they could found an eternal city. This conviction was the principle of their disastrous greatness. It was *perpetuated* from generation to generation, and *conquered the world*. What an *unheard of policy!* Never treat with an enemy except as conquerors! Brethren, it would require no great acuteness in argument

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to prove this also a *foundation principle in Methodistic empire!* To it, under God, Methodism owes her *greatness*, — *disastrous* indeed to Satanic power. Alas! if we as a church abandon this *primitive* principle, it will be disastrous to Methodism!

It is a fact. It was one of our first principles as a people. But let us not make the idea *sectarian*. It is wrong to make a *local idea* of it, as the Jews and their expected Messiah. It belongs to *Christianity*, and not to Methodism in particular. It is one of the *foundation principles* in the kingdom of Jesus Christ, expressed, indeed, in other words, thus, "Know ye not that the *friendship* of the world is *enmity* with God? Whosoever therefore will be a *friend* of the world, is the enemy of God." — James 4: 4. Now,

Observe, 1st. To *treat* with the world is to *connive* at its vices by forming *friendships* or *alliances* with it.

Observe, 2nd. We cannot do so without being at "*enmity with God*."

Observe, 3d. No "enemy of God" is a subject of Christ's kingdom.

Observe, 4th. We are *necessitated* to *treat* with the world only as *conquerors*; otherwise we must be at *enmity* with it — otherwise at *enmity* with God. *Middle ground* there is none. We must *oppose* the world, or *oppose God*!

Observe, 5th. If we cannot be *conquerors*, we must enter into no *treaty* with the world, involving principle, on pain of *eternal outlawry* against ourselves.

Observe, 6th. According as this *principle* is maintained, the kingdom of Christ prevails anywhere and everywhere.

Observe, 7th. On this principle I draw the line of *demarkation* between you and the world. I demand, in the name of Christ, that every soul of you *dissolve* your *world*—

ly friendships from this hour. Is this *harsh*? Is it unwise? Is it *impolitic*? Impute it not to me, but to that primitive principle I have quoted. Nor is that the only text to prove it. Hearken to God himself, "Wherefore, *come out from among them, and be ye separate*, and touch no *unclean thing*, and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."—2 Cor. 6: 17, 18. I call upon you, then, to obey God, or else leave our ranks. O, I conjure you, do not, by your *friendships* for a world at enmity with God, constitute yourself an *Achan* in the camp. If you do, we may possibly suffer for your sake. But be assured God will require the injury at your hand. Your punishment will be terrible.

Now, my brethren, we understand each other. "Quit you like men!" by *quitting* the world,—that is, by *departing* from all its evil maxims and spirit,—*renouncing* it forever. "Quit you like men!" That is, *behave yourselves manfully*, as becometh the soldiers of Christ. O, that a noble *ambition* to signalize yourselves in this holy war, in this great and decisive battle, may fill your hearts! and the spirit of *burning*,—an *inextinguishable ardor* for the glory of Jesus, and an *unquenchable love* to poor, perishing sinners,—may it also inspire you!

To arms, then, ye soldiers of the cross! "Be strong" in the power of his might. "*Watch ye*" for *opportunities* to injure Satan's power. "*Watch ye!*" Look out lest he take you by *surprise*,—lest he *steal a march* upon you, and so get the advantage. "*Stand fast in the faith*," in the true doctrines of the Gospel, in the *great principles* involved in this war against Satan in his works, and in the *primitive principle* of Christ's kingdom,—Never to *treat* with the world except as *conquerors*! "Stand fast!"

be *FIRM* to *sustain*, to *endure*, to *bear*, to *resist*. "Stand fast!" *Keep in your RANKS*, without *yielding*, or *receding*, or getting into *disorder*! "Stand fast!" in *unity* of mind and purpose. "Stand fast!" in the faith, with good courage, *believing* that our Lord Jesus is leading us to victory. "*Quit you like men!*" in full accordance with your *principles*; "*like MEN!*" in *strength*, in *vigor*, in *bravery*, *honorably*, *courageously*, *unflinchingly*, and with *magnanimity* and judgment!

"We're soldiers fighting for our King,
Let trembling cowards fly!
We'll stand unshaken, firm and fixed,
For Christ to live and die!"

"Let devils rage, let hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;
Let foes unite, let friends desert,
We'll seize the crown, our due."

"A Saviour! let creation sing!
A Saviour! let all heaven ring!
'T is almost done, 't is almost o'er!
We're joining those who are gone before,
We soon shall meet to part no more."

My fellow-soldiers! what do you propose? What are your intentions? Anything short of throwing your whole selves into this conflict,—independent of wind, weather or circumstances,—to conquer or to die? I need not ask you; I see it in your eyes, your looks, your motions, your uplifted hands! Yes, Hallelujah again! and in your shouts, your acclamations for Christ, for truth, for souls, for victory! There is the shout of a king in our camp! "The Lord of hosts is with us! The God of Jacob is our refuge! Selah!" Mark that! Yes, let it be inscribed on the banners of our faith in letters of flame. "The

Lord of hosts is with us! The God of Jacob is our refuge! Selah." Amen! Hallelujah! Now is the battle of Huddersfield to be fought and won!

O for the spirit of that *Swiss warrior* of which I was reading to-day, in poet's song,—“Victory or death!” Ay, that was his watchword! It *fires* my soul *now*. Let anything fire us now, if it lead to Christ and victory, to *Gospel arms* and to *Gospel power*.

The Austrian phalanx stood upon usurped soil,—a *living wall*, a human wood, a forest of armed men; every man a tree, with a spirit within ready to strike death to every soul of yonder patriotic band, who stand up for their right on native soil against the Austrian invaders.

There is a solemn pause, the mark of life and death hanging upon the passing of a word from lips of Austrian commander. The fire of conflict *burns*, the battle trembles to begin. The words “Forward! charge!” have not been given.

O, poor Switzerland, this is thy hour of trial! God help thee, or thou art undone! Thy children, a *hovering* band of peasantry, love thee, Switzerland, even to the death, but *faller* to strike the first blow for Liberty! Behold them, *armed*, indeed, for the *fight*, to fight for *fatherland*, for fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, little ones, for their homes and sanctity of their household hearths; but against well-fed, armed and highly-disciplined troops; besides, at fearful odds in numbers, but against the hated Austrian yoke and tyranny. They, poor souls, have *beaten* their *plough-shares* into *swords*, and their *pruning-hooks* into *spears*, and have come out to learn war on the bloody field. They are there at Freedom's call, as Freedom's sons. Their hands *grasp* the *sword* as firmly as their *hearts* a *trust* in the God of their fathers. They cannot, *must not fly*.—

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cannot, must not *fall*. What is to be done?—*die* or fight, fight or die. O, Switzerland! gather thy departed spirits around thy hills and mountain-peaks, like yonder *mist-ureaths*, to cheer their sons in battle strife,—in this their final struggle for their rights, and lives, and liberties! What are they to do? Must they assail yonder waiting host, “all horrent with projected spears”? Where is the *point of assault*? *Strength* is everywhere, and *weapons* *bristling* at all points. A gap must be made in yonder *blazing hedge* of lances. Who is to make it? Has Switzerland, like Rome, a *Marcus Curtius*, who will plunge into the gulf of destruction, and perish to save his country? Yes, there stands one amid that patriotic band who will do it! Victory, phoenix-like, is preparing to arise out of the ashes of that heroic one, mid battle’s blaze! Where is he? Yonder he is, out in bold relief, ruminating, his face all thought, his heart all prayer, his *affections* now with *loved ones* at home, next in a blaze of love for his oppressed country,—hatred and death to tyrants in his compressed lips and flashing eyes. Angels protect that poor Swiss, that fearless *mountaineer*! See! as a bounding hart, as the chamois leaps along Alpine crags, he rushes headlong against yon hedge of spears, with the cry upon his lips, “*Make way for LIBERTY!*” *Ten spears* are dashed aside by his impetuosity, the eleventh pierces his heart,—he falls in the breach his valor has opened! His comrades enter it like a thunderbolt, recchoing his cry, “*Make way for Liberty!*” Panic seizes the Austrians. “*Make way for Liberty!*”—it has the power of an earthquake; as if the voice of God is in it. The Austrians are mown down as they fly in all directions, and Switzerland is *free*!

All this for love of country, home, and friends, and liberty. What, then, may we not expect from the love of

Jesus, heaven, souls, victory? "Make way for liberty" from sin and Satanic tyranny! Jesus, our great Captain, was the first to enter the *breach*, where he *fell* in death, but rose again, conqueror of hell, death and sin, and lives to die no more. "*His own arm brought salvation.*" He is with us now, as with his people in ages past. Millions now in glory *cried* upon the earth, in revival conflict, with *Jesus* at their head, "Make way for Liberty!" and won it. It is *our turn* now. "Make way for Liberty!" Yes, and the slaves of sin and hell in this town shall soon *their* liberty receive. Hallelujah! To God and the Lamb Hallelujah! To the Holy Ghost be Hallelujah! Amen.

Forward, then, to the fight of faith! And, as a good brother said, "Be sure you take with you to the fight that great *giant* Love!" Ay, so be it,—*Love* unspeakable; this war must be led on by Love.

"STRIVE with spirit, soul and mind,

For the mighty mastery;

Fling the scabbard far behind,

Heaven and Christ the watchword be."

To God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be all the glory!
Let us pray.

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CHAPTER V.

THE BEGINNING OF VICTORY.

THE effect of such discourses as the one contained in the preceding chapter is visible in the following passages from Mr. C.'s journal, in which various signs of victory over the adversaries of the revival are recorded.

December 14th.— *Occasional flashes* of divine power last night, "laying open the sepulchral recesses of iniquity," as one expresses it, but closing again. "The people had a mind to work."—Neh. 4 : 6. There were twenty-five saved, I learn. A good omen.

The Theban general, who marched with an army of six thousand men against an enemy four times his number, was annoyed, on setting out, Rollin tells us, by the *prognosticators*, who had marked this and that *bad omen*. But he cut them all short by quoting a verse from Homer to this effect : "There is but one good omen,— to fight for one's country ; *forward, men !*" He marched on and won the victory,— and a great one, too, and over *Spartans* as determined as devils, whose motto was *to conquer or die !* We have had some *sad and bad omens*, and not a few to prognosticate upon them. Last night we had good omens, — a general *disposition* to fight for Jesus with right good will ; that is, with the *weapons of faith and prayer*. "If they are *praying against us*, they are *fighting against*

us," said a monarch of old. So the devil understands it! There was good fighting last night, then,—general prayer all over the house of our God. The leaders were flames of fire. The superintendent, the Rev. *John Greeves*, and his colleagues, Revs. *Ryan and Brice*, entered into the work with ardor.

The aspect of the *congregation* is changed,—so *bright, animated, and determined*, and increased. I thought of the general who defeated the *Lacedemonians* three hundred and seventy-seven years before Christ. He ordered his army to their *knees*,—rather upon *one knee*,—with spear at rest on the ground, supported by the other knee, and covered with a *shield*, and in their looks *defiance*. The enemy charged upon them, were *daunted* by the unusual appearance, were *repulsed* and defeated! Thus appeared our spiritual troops last night. Grand sight and *inspiring*? The servants of the devil came flooding in to see what was the matter, but found *something the matter* with themselves before they retired. So they have carried out the news, and others will come, and the Lord will make bare his arm. *Indifference* must die the death. Public attention once fairly and fully awakened, we shall see that enemy no more here. Huddersfield people never do things by the *halves*, when fairly aroused, either for Christ or Satan.

Afternoon.—A *spirit of prayer* and power in my soul, with deep humility. It is wise in me to *pause and reflect* over things lately past. The *events* of that memorable night I refused to preach have been overruled for good. But remember, my soul, that *impatience* is a dangerous ROCK in a revival; must guard against it ever hereafter. One is as liable to get upon this rock in the *calm of popular indifference* as in a *storm of persecution*. A treacherous calm amidst a perilous current is often a greater tax

upon the wisdom of a *pilot* than a tempest. The Greek word for *patience* is a metaphor alluding to one who stands up *invincibly* under a burden,—a definition that does little credit to *my patience* on the night in question. I was rather inclined to cast the burden off my shoulder, and fly from it, as Moses did from the serpent in the wilderness. O, what *feathers* we are before the wind of temptation! Lord Jesus, do not leave me to myself ever!

However, it *humbled* me well, and *those who invited me* here. That was well. We were driven to prayer. Our cries reached the throne of God. We won the attention of the skies. It was not *social* prayer, but single, separate, and alone with God,—like Jacob by the ford of Jabbok, or Moses by the Red Sea, when his heart cried to God, though his voice was silent. It would bear the Welsh preacher's definition of *ejaculatory prayer*. He said it is the Christian's secret *hiding-place*; his *express* to heaven in circumstances of difficulty and peril. But he had many comparisons, such as—It is the *tuner* of his religious feelings; it is his *sling* and his *stone*, with which he slays the enemy ere he is aware of it; it is the *hiding* of his *strength*, and of every religious performance. It is the *rope* of his *spiritual belfry*; the *bell* is in one room, the *rope* in another; he *pulls*,—those near him hear nothing, but those in the *distant room* do. Moses laid hold of the rope of ejaculatory prayer, on the banks of the Red Sea, and pulled hard upon it; and though no one heard or knew anything about it in the lower chamber, the *bell* rang louder and louder in the upper one, till the whole place was moved, and God replied, "*Wherefore CRIEST thou unto me? Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward.*"—Ex. 14: 15. Imaginative preachers these Welsh. The church would be nothing the worse for more of them.

Dec. 16, Monday morning.—Clouds of mercy overshadowed us yesterday, but not clouds without water. The Lord gave me *searching words* in answer to prayer; mighty through God to the *pulling down* of what never should have been up. Had *masses* of truth given me from above, with *illustrations* singularly black and *portentous*. "*A storm a brewing*," said a weather-wise one. It came like *hail*,—that is, harder than water. Words seemed *weapons* indeed, and the slain of the Lord not a few. To the Lord alone be all the praise! He doeth the works; but

"Sorrows remembered heighten present joy."

Jacob called his darling *Benjamin*,—"that is, "son of my right hand;" but, for all that, he could not forget that his birth bereaved him of his lovely Rachel; could never forget the name given by his dying mother,—*Benoni*,—that is, "son of my sorrow." But his father called him *Benjamin*, "*son of my right hand*."—Gen. 35: 18.

These spiritual children are the *sons* of our sorrows. But, unlike Rachel, behold we live. Now they are our Benjamins, "born of God," and the sons of our right hand. How little some understand St. Paul, where he says, "My little children, of whom I *travail in birth* again until Christ be formed in you."—Gal. 4: 19. We will not forget they are our *Benonis*,—all the dearer for that recollection.

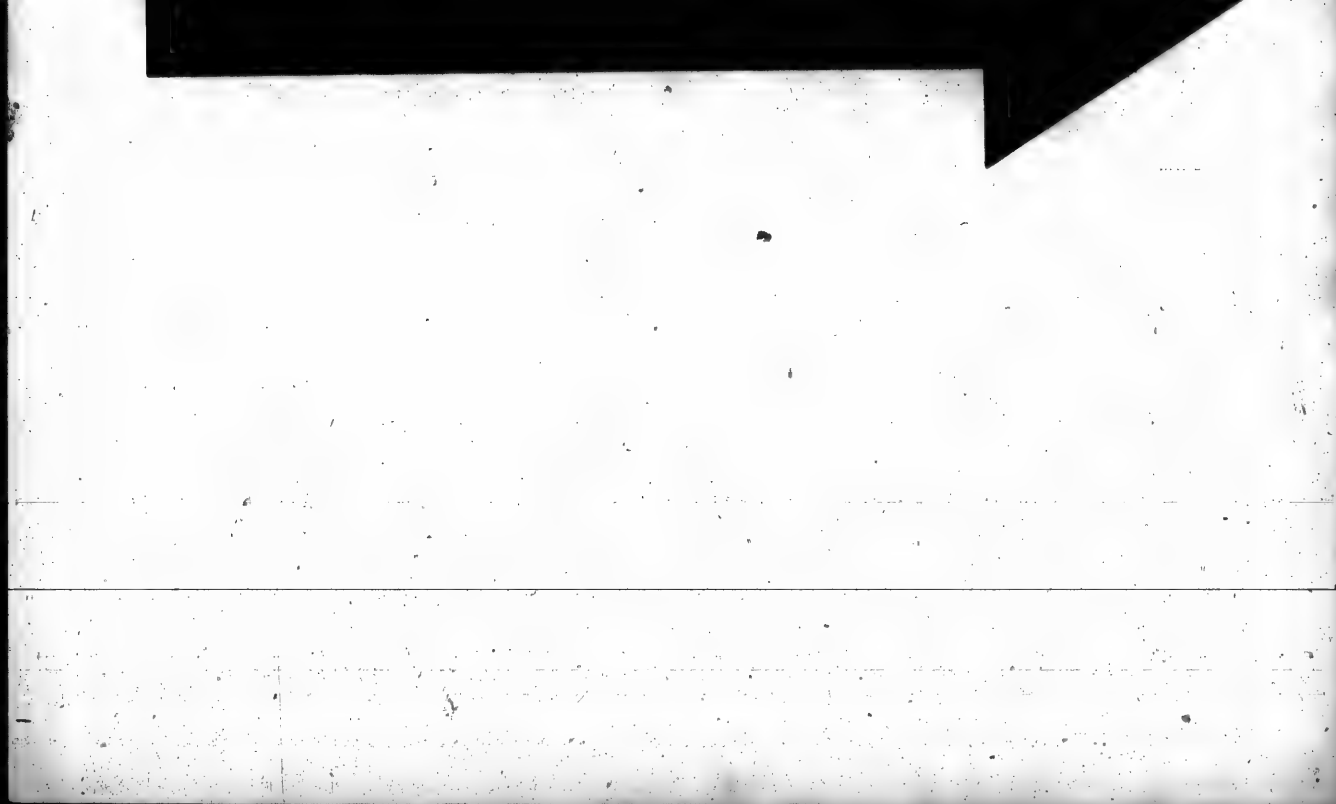
An old divine compares *common* blessings, that come without prayer, to the *corn* which grows up to the hand of the husbandman, with all its *chaff* and husks about it,—some *vanity* or other about it, to remind him of the *blasts* of sin; or to *acorns*, which swine gather as they fall, without ever looking up to the tree from whence they fell. But blessings which come as the fruit of prayer are *pure manna*,

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which falls upon the Christian, and for which he is *not* to look up; and which he will *devoutly acknowledge*. From the Lord, I feel it to be so in this *accession* of seals to ministry! for some of them, I do know, are my spiritual children in deed and in truth.

I was thinking to-day of *Samson*. He had a hard *tussle* with the lion which met him in the wilderness. Afterwards he found a *honeycomb* in the sun-dried carcass. The honey, I have no doubt, was all the *sweeter* from the recollection of that perilous exploit. It is so with this *honeycomb* we have found amid the carcass of our conflicts. How evident the change in the spiritual atmosphere! "The *creeping pestilence*" of indifference and lukewarmness has been driven away,—“the breath of God has chased it,”—may it never return! The leaders are all alive; they have been thrown upon their own resources, which are laid up with God, and found them quite available in time of need. What a *shower* of salvation last night! “In vain we have not wept and strove.” An old writer says, “Prayer finds God *free*, and leaves him *bound*.” Bold sentiment! Bound to fulfil his promises. The Lord is pleased with *such* bonds. The prayer of faith puts them on. It finds God free from *obligation*, and leaves him bound to fulfil his promise in the best possible time and manner. A fine writer, referring to Mark 11: 24,—“Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall receive them,”—remarks that this is really *binding* himself, resigning voluntarily the sceptre into the hand of faith, even at the tremendous risk of seeing us blot from our creed the doctrine of his *absolute liberty*,—*irrevocably binding himself* to the askings of faith, without the possibility of a refusal or failure. He throws up the high prerogative, and brings himself under







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obligation. He added another fine thought,—that to calculate on miraculous interposition in the ordinary affairs of life savors of presumption and romance; but that in the sphere of Christian hope Jesus has made the extravagance of romance *impossible*, by promising to exceed hope; he has given wing to our expectation, which disdains all limit. He gives us immediate access to the treasury of divine benevolence. In this world we can not only ward off and suspend around us every evil, but we can draw around us every good; as though we possessed an omnipotent charm, we can create around us an atmosphere of peace and joy. He grants us introduction to the armory of God, and to all his resources of strength; so that, like the angel who has the key of the bottomless pit, and a great chain in his hand, we can fetter the operations and restrain the power of the Prince of Darkness; or we can enter the field of conflict, and overpower him; rendering us, while moving in the line of duty, *invincible* and *irresistible*! This is certainly strong language. He referred to more promises than the one already quoted, to bear him out,—such as, “Ask and ye shall receive.” “If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.” I have hardly done justice to his sentiments, having quoted from notes in part; but the pith of them is there. We have realized in some degree their *truthfulness*, and shall *more fully* before many days.

Dec. 17. — A powerful prayer-meeting last night; ten or twelve saved. The earth and the sea supply the atmosphere with exhalations and clouds, and these prepare and bring the rain. It often happens, however, that considerable time elapses before that descends in *showers* which went up in vapors. But the shower comes at last, true to some great laws with which we are imperfectly acquainted. Such is the phenomena attendant upon prayer. But how

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quick the *returns* in this instance! It is true they have been praying since last May for this; still, I do believe "the effectual prayer of faith" occurred close upon this time.

Dec. 18th. — Easy preaching now. The sword has a new edge,—more *apt to penetrate*; more *strength* in my soul's arm to set it on and lay it around me fearlessly. It seems as if approaching to what one speaks of, "The sword of the Spirit seemed newly-edged with power, and bathed in the *lightning of heaven*, flashing convictions on the consciences of sinners, and piercing to the recesses of the soul!"

Dec. 19th. — Another piercing time last night. The *battle-sword* was sharp, reaching unto the soul. A great outcry among the wounded. It is of little account to persuade sinners to *think* as we do, or even with the Bible. But to make them *feel* and repent, pray and *believe*, as it directs, is a work of *power*; it requires Omnipotence. Many saved. Praise our Almighty Jesus! Have profited by those fine hints of *Mr. Harris*, of London, regarding the *condition of man* when Christ came, and the method of salvation. "The *rights* of justice and the *condition* of sinful man were essentially hostile; they had diverged to an infinite *remoteness*, and stood frowning at each other as from opposite sides of the universe. He *laid hold on* the nature of man; and, planting his *cross* midway, created a point of attraction which reached and drew them across the separating gulf back to itself, as to a common centre. JUSTICE moved from its high and awful position on Sinai; and, with all the armies of holiness, brightening and still brightening with complacency as it approached, bowed with reverence at the *cross*, and said, 'It is enough.' The sinner, detached by the same magnetic power from the strong *confederacy of sin*, approaches, relents and changes

as he draws near, till he falls prostrate before the cross, a new creature in Christ Jesus. By giving his *heart* to sinners and for them, *holiness* finds that it has nothing to ask, nothing to do, only to raise the sinner from the dust, and to become the guardian of his new life: the *sinner* finds that nothing is left him to desire, except that he may never wander from the sight of that *cross* which has made him the *ward* of infinite holiness, and is preparing him for heaven. Here God erects his throne, and man adores; to each the cross is ineffably precious, for it is only in its immediate presence that sin can be vanquished, and yet the sinner saved!" What a body of divinity is in the above! My soul exclaims with Paul, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." How gloriously illustrated last night! Rank behind rank of broken-hearted penitents detached from the confederacy of sin by the magnetic power of that cross; lines of benches behind benches filled from end to end, and all the place vocal with their cries for mercy! — but drawing nearer and nearer to the *cross*, one and another, and another, and so on, are *changed* into new creatures in Christ. This will do. Hallelujah! More of this, my Lord! Satan is having the worst of it now. The town begins to be moved.

Dec. 20th. — A hard time last night; the greatest pains brought the least success. Have had free, heavenly seasons in preaching with *little preparation*; an easy carelessness followed by an amazing *elasticity* and *power*; a sort of slap-dash, off-hand talk has had in it somewhere "a chosen shaft," which somehow reached the *mark*, and did its work in the conscience, and won the field. Perhaps there is *peril* here. The Lord may not be willing to trust me here; might become too *EASY* and *careless*, *trifling* and *prayerless*, before preaching, and *presume* upon divine help. Satan

may lie in ambush hereabouts, tempting to a *careless spirit*, to superficial preparation, to offer *unbeaten oil* in the sanctuary, which was a crime under the law of Moses. That which *costs nothing* is apt to go *for nothing*. Have often been tempted thus, and punished for yielding; driven back again to my knees, to my face on the floor, in humiliations, groans, cries and tears; the Lord telling me plainly, as if I heard his voice, that he would never make an *exception* a *general rule*! — that a free, happy, elastic time in preaching, with little *previous* preparation of *head and heart*, was an *EXCEPTION*; but *close thought* and *close union* with himself, with *earnest cries* for help from above, was his *STANDING RULE* for a good and successful time in the pulpit. After such a lesson, I have returned to the pulpit with a tightly-bent bow, and the arrows of the Lord flew thick as hail and straight to the mark, as if *barbed* and *feathered* by an angel's hand! Now to my knees.

Past two o'clock. — Prayer and action! blessed words. Christian *honeycombs*! — O, what *sweetness* there is in them! "Then most existence with herself is satisfied." A great fact this. God has wonderfully woven our *duty*, his *glory* and our *happiness*, together; may the *web* of my experience be this, till I enter upon duty in *world above*! *Amen*.

That was a noble sentiment of that dying saint, "I repent of all my life but that spent in communion with God and in doing good." That, also, was a fine remark of another, who had stood high in the world, that the best state of mind a man can attain is, to be at *leisure to do good*! ay, if he will but employ that leisure in doing good. These gentlemen tasted largely of this honeycomb. I would go on eating of it, as Samson did his, and give of it to others, as Samson to his father and mother, and then like

him go down among Philistine sinners, and slay heaps upon heaps, with *sérmons*, crooked, may be, as the *jaw-bone* of the ass. *With it* he slew a thousand men; *in it* God gave him a *miraculous well of pure water* to quench his thirst after battle, just as he refreshes my soul in *prayer and action*! Samson called the place *En-hakkore*, that is, the *well* of him that called, or cried. — Judges 15. Many such *wells* does the Lord *cleave* for my thirsty soul in the heat of action. Hallelujah!

A larger number of souls saved last night, I understand. The work advances with such impetuosity that a poor sermon, if it does no good, has no power to retard. Praise Jesus for that! The people light their torches from above. The angel of the Lord has no lack of coals on the holy altar to scatter among the people, if my poor words do seem like coals fallen out of the grate till *cold and dead*. — Rev. 8: 5.

Past five o'clock. — There is a great *thaw* upon the hearts of the people. *Spring* has come indeed, with "the singing of birds." He caused the wind to blow, and the waters flowed. He sent forth his commandment, and his word runs very swiftly. He sent out his word and melted them, and the hills flowed down at his presence. He prepared the rain for the earth, and made the grass grow upon the mountains. — Ps. 147.

I was thinking, to-day, that when winter is disputing the advance of spring death is in the aspect of everything. There is nothing around to give sign of a change of season. But how *deceitful* are such appearances! Break a *twig*, how rife it is with *sap*! Scrape away the earth, behold the *germs* and *buds* of life! The sap is ascending dead-looking trees vigorously, and circulates noiselessly and unseen over all the branches; by and by the infant green is appearing

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everywhere with buds and blossoms. It is just so previous to a revival, frequently. *So it has been and so it is in Huddersfield!*

There is a great *bowing* among the people, with *groaning* which sometimes cannot be uttered, but now and then *loud* enough, with entire consecration, "irreclaimable burnt-offerings to Christ," as *Fenelon* expresses it. The wise men of the East bowed before the infant Christ. It was wise in them to bow the knee, and wise to offer gold, frankincense, and myrrh. It is wise in this people to bow the knee, but wiser still to present an offering more valuable than gold, and frankincense, and myrrh!

"Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

"Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are prayers of the poor."

Sinners are laying down their weapons in considerable numbers daily. There appears to be an extensive disposition to surrender. Thinking, when out around, of the old stories I used to read of battles and sieges, and surrenders of besieged castles,—how vigorously they resisted, how obstinately they held out, but, in extremity, to save themselves from the horrors of famine, they surrendered upon *terms*, or at *discretion*—Acts 9: 6,—thus it comes to pass in these days.

Saturday morning, Dec. 21.—Preached last night on sanctification.—Acts 26: 18. "*Sanctified by faith that is in me.*" Dwelt on the *substitutes* for faith employed by

some to obtain sanctification,—such as abandonment of sin, prayer, entire consecration, deep conviction, and substituting the *blessing itself* for the faith that brings it. Showed their *inefficiency*. Guarded my sentiments by insisting upon the necessity of *these things* previous to sanctification; that God never cleanses a heart where sin is indulged; faith in the world's rotundity would as soon purify the soul, as faith in Christ's veracity, when sin is held on to, where prayer is restrained, consecration refused, and conviction unfelt. Yet, these may all be practised, but, if *faith* be wanting, so will purity. They are to the soul what Moses was to the Israelites,—a *guide* to the verge of the promised land. *Faith* is the Joshua to conduct the soul through Jordan over into the Canaan of perfect love. Believe that ye *do receive* it,—Mark 11: 24,—was *pressed home*. Many saw their *error* and embraced the Gospel plan, and were saved.

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CHAPTER VI.

PERSECUTION — CONTINUED TRIUMPH.

THIS chapter records Mr. Caughey's trip to Hull on a brief missionary campaign. His reception there by the *enemies* of Christ was singularly annoying, as the reader will see. But they overreached themselves, and what they meant for evil was overruled for good. This chapter also relates to the further success of the truth in Huddersfield. It will both please and profit the reader.

December 24. — On Saturday, 21st inst., I visited Hull for the purpose of preaching some missionary sermons. Found the *wicked* in a great stir to render my visit *disagreeable* to myself, and to defeat the hopes of the friends of *missions*. *Handbills* had been scattered broadcast over the town, and *placards* posted upon the walls, designed to prejudice the people. One of them read thus :

KINGSTON NEW THEATRE,

HOLDERNESS ROAD.

FIRST FASHIONABLE NIGHT.

(By Command and under the immediate patronage of his most Sulphuric Majesty Beelzebub.)

TO-MORROW, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22ND,

His Satanic Majesty's Servants will perform, for the first

time, a Now, Grand, Serio-Comic Extravaganza Burlesque, from the pen of MESSRS. SELF-CONCEIT & VAIN-GLORY, entitled

YANKEE HUMBUG,

OR A NEW WAY OF RAISING THE WIND;

Being for the Benefit of the Foreign Missions (?)

The leading character will be performed by YANKEE DOODLE, who has been engaged expressly for this stunning occasion. This distinguished gentleman has, on former occasions, acquitted himself in a pretty considerable tarnation sort of a manner, and who, we calculate, will on this occasion astonish the Britishers.

The Proprietors beg to state that this powerful production must be seen to appreciate its excellence. Its effects upon the audience are electrifying, some being so excited, that, in spite of all decorum, they cannot refrain from throwing off the mask of politeness, and giving vent to their enthusiasm in various shouts, screams, groans, grimaces, contortions, hysterics, transformations, &c. &c., surpassing everything on this side the RIVERS HUMBER, ~~Styx~~ and MISSISSIPPI.

SONG — I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET, - BY YANKEE DOODLE.

The entertainments will conclude with the exhibition of the
 RESTITUTIONISTS AND THE FAIR PENITENTS,
 In which the celebrated DR. CANTWELL, King of the Hypocrites, will appear, aided by a number of local and itinerant auxiliaries of various denominations.

GRAND FINALE — THE NATIONAL ANTHEM,
 "YANKEE DOODLE'S COME TO TOWN,"

PREVIOUS TO WHICH A COLLECTION WILL BE MADE.

A nice *Satanic compliment* this,—a petty revenge for the injury his cause sustained here last year, when he lost more than two thousand of his subjects, and the destruction of his works in the hearts of about nine hundred believers! No wonder his *Satanic majesty* is angry, and would have revenge! Besides, his *servants* had but just recovered from the *blows* and wounds received in that great conflict, and were *spiteful* enough to render ready obedience to their old master, the Devil!

However, I doubted whether they had not gone beyond his wishes in the matter; for it gave a *notoriety* and *importance* to my visit which it might not otherwise have had. Our friends were a good deal excited and displeased. Tried to *cheer* them to believe that Satan had been unable to keep the control of his own family,—that I questioned whether they had not quite exceeded the limits he had assigned them before the Sabbath, whatever he intended to do with them on that day; that they were just *publishing* for me through every street and lane; thus many poor souls would come to hear and see, who would not otherwise: that they might keep themselves quiet; there would be some *sharp* and *hot artillery* from the pulpit that would *preserve order*!

Well, Sabbath morning came. The town was *stirred* wonderfully,—a congregation of three thousand in the morning, and a perfect jam at night. The devil's children commenced their work; but they were divided, for some of them wanted to hear a little,—*curiosity* overcame enmity. However, the *disturbance increased*, and they would have *succeeded*, had I kept to my intended *system* in the sermon. But, seeing the *peril*, I cast *firstly, secondly and thirdly* to the winds, and went at them with the *broad-axe* of truth, wielding it unflinching, and without pause, *hew-*

ing on the right hand and left. The wicked were *stunned, silenced, forgot their errand, mouths open wide, eyes staring*, as if they would start out of their sockets. O, glory be to God, *forty souls* were saved during the day and night! Blessed be God! This was worth bearing a little ridicule for. We read of a plant that *lived by dying and grew by cutting*,—an emblem of every successful minister. He lives by *dying to the world daily*, and *grows* by the *cuttings* of *sore temptations and persecutions*! Elijah, the prophet, told the Lord in *Horeb*, "*I have been very JEALOUS for the Lord God of hosts.*" Does Satan know that *opposition* awakens this jealousy in a soul-saving preacher? That *jealousy* is an *intense* feeling; as Solomon says, "*The coals thereof are as coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.*" O, what *ardor* for Christ and souls *burned* in my soul, with *love and pity* for those *led captive* by the devil at his will!—2 Tim. 2: 26. One can understand how the church of God was such a *pillar of fire* among the nations in times of martyrdom.

Mr. Wesley had a pretty rough reception on his first visit to Hull. Looking over his Journal, I found the following:

"Friday, 24 April, 1752.—When I landed at the quay at Hull, it was covered with people, inquiring, 'Which is he? which is he?' But they only stared and laughed; and we walked unmolested to Mr. A——'s house. I was quite surprised at the miserable condition of the fortifications; far more ruinous and decayed than those at Newcastle, even before the rebellion. It is well there is no enemy near.

"I went to prayers at three in the old church,—a grand and venerable structure. Between five and six the coach called, and took me to Mighton Car, about half a mile from

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the town. A huge multitude, rich and poor, horse and foot, with several coaches, were soon gathered together, to whom I cried, with a loud voice and a composed spirit, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Some thousand of the people seriously attended; but many behaved as if possessed by Moloch. Clods and stones flew about on every side; but they neither touched nor disturbed me. When I had finished my discourse, I went to take coach; but the coachman had driven clear away. We were at a loss, till a gentlewoman invited my wife and me to come into her coach. She brought some inconveniences on herself thereby; not only as there were nine of us in the coach,—three on each side and three in the middle,—but also as the mob closely attended us, throwing in at the windows [which we did not think it prudent to shut] whatever came next to hand. But a large gentlewoman, who sat in my lap, screened me, so that nothing came near me.

"The mob, who were increased to several thousands, when I stepped out of the coach into Mr. A——'s house, perceiving I was escaped out of their hands, revenged themselves on the windows with many showers of stones, which they poured in, even into the rooms four stories high. Mr. A—— walked through them to the mayor's house, who gave him fair words, but no assistance; probably not knowing that himself [the mayor] might be compelled to make good all the damage which should be done. He then went in quest of constables, and brought two with him about nine o'clock. With their help he so thoroughly dispersed the mob, that no two of them were left together. But they rallied about twelve, and gave one charge more, with oaths, and curses, and bricks, and stones. After this, all was calm, and I slept sound till near four in the morning."

The devil's chain is greatly shortened since those days. He has great power yet, but he cannot exert it in these quarters as he was wont. Mr. Wesley visited Hull many times after that, but never again met with such a reception. He lived to see Methodism the glory of Hull. The last time he visited it was in 1790, when he made this touching entry in his Journal: "Sat., 26 June, was a day of satisfaction. I preached at seven in the morning and at six in the evening, to as many as our house could contain; the ground being too wet for the people to stand abroad. Mon., 28th.— This day I enter into my *eighty-eighth* year. For above eighty-six years found none of the infirmities of old age; my eyes did not wax dim, neither was my natural strength abated; but last August I found almost a sudden change. My eyes were so dim that no glasses would help me. My strength, likewise, now quite forsook me, and probably will return no more in this world. But I feel no pain from head to foot; only it seems nature is exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till

'The weary springs of life stand still at last.' "

About eight months after, he slept in Jesus, and rose to worlds above.

On Monday night, 23d Dec., attended a missionary tea-meeting at the *Victoria Rooms*, Hull, and gave a short address. *The Rev. William Illingworth*, one of the stationed Wesleyan ministers, gave an excellent speech, and most ingenious and eloquent. His theme was *Charity*,—her work at home and her mission abroad. At one point he paused and asked, "Shall Charity *begin* at home?" "Yes," replied some voice, and "Yes," cried another. "Shall Charity *always* stay at home?" "No!" shouted a full Yorkshire voice. "Shall Charity go upon an errand

of mercy to the heathen?" "Yes!" rejoined the zealous voice. "How much will you give, then, to help pay her travelling expenses?" That was a *clinger*! The voice was silent, and the audience were highly amused. The *travelling expenses* of Charity,—*who* should defray them, and why they should be paid, and the glorious results of her angelic-like mission,—afforded him a fine field. The effect was delightful, and left a most pleasing impression, and *lasting*, doubtless. Mrs. Osgood's pretty *stanza* would have been a good motto to begin with:

"Let more than the domestic mill
Be turned by feeling's river;
Let Charity 'begin at home,'
But not stay there forever!"

The collections on the Sabbath were £53 sterling. I preached again on Tuesday morning for the same cause, and got £20,—making in all \$365 American currency. Thus Satan quite *overshot* himself, or his children did so for him;—the thing recoiled on him and them, and I left Hull, on Tuesday afternoon, victorious and triumphant. Hallelujah! He will hardly allow such a *trumpet* to *herald* me again.

Dec. 25th, Huddersfield again.—I arrived here last night from Hull, in time to preach. Had a very solemn time. While I was offering salvation to sinners, an unhappy man passed by and threw himself into deep water and perished. He was the owner of a low "*show*," which he had brought into town to take advantage of the Christmas holidays; but "*lowness of spirits*," as they talk, seized him, and suicide was the result. He had not attended any of the meetings, I believe. *Sad* to enter eternity on a Christmas eve, a self-murderer! at a period so full of *joyful*

interest to heaven and earth, to begin the *sorrows* of eternity is *mournful* in the extreme.

Eleven o'clock, Christmas night.—Blessed be God for one more birth-day of my risen Lord! A happy day it has been to my soul, and a busy one. Preached twice in Buxton-road Chapel. The forenoon was a gracious season. *Prayer-meeting* in the afternoon,—several saved. To a *crowd* at night urged the *claims* of God, and the terrors of eternity. Struck some hard blows on the necessity of *restitution*, which excited hard feelings in some. The power of God was wonderfully revealed. About *thirty-five* were converted, and *fifteen* sanctified.

Brother John Unwin and a company of the *Sheffield* warriors were over and spent the day. They came over for what they call “a regular field-day;” and they had it,—the house of God the field,—and truly they acquitted themselves nobly. They were in *action* from morning till *mid-night*. Such noble souls are *invaluable* in a work of God like this. The Lord *reward* them, for they have fought his battles this day with astonishing power. Bro. Unwin’s prayer after the morning sermon was attended with an extraordinary influence upon the congregation.

I forgot to mention that the new converts in Hull are standing fast; very few of them have gone back; all seem marching forward for heaven at a rapid pace. Now, thanks be unto God, who causeth my soul always to triumph in him!

Dec. 27.—My soul is alive to God. Great *sweetness* and *purity* in morning prayer. *Cramped* some in preaching last night; *overdid* the night previous. My poor soul so lifeless, and *feeling* had no place. “We have this treasure in *earthen* vessels.” It is well that the excellency of

the power may be of God, and not of us. But the *work* went on as usual; a score or more were saved.

Dec. 28, Saturday morning. — The necessity of *holiness* for a happy *death-bed* was my theme. The *re-touching* of *life* by dying persons convinced and touched many — *sad retrospections* make *sorrowful death-beds*. Besides, the existence of sin in the heart is painful at such a time; creates a sort of death-bed purgatory, so far as *gloom* and *misery* are concerned. The *re-touching* of a life of *holiness*, and *comfort* of such in dying, were contrasted. What a heavenly glow I felt within my soul! *Thirty* believers were sanctified in the prayer-meeting after the sermon, and *twenty* souls justified.

“The peace of God, beyond description sweet,
Filled every spirit humbled at his feet!”

Jesus is *precious*. His smiles are my sunshine. My soul shares in the *prosperity* of his cause. I share his honors somehow, as a wife those of her husband — when he is honored, I feel so too.

Some have imagined that the *sun shines brighter* after an *eclipse*; my *faith* is certainly brighter since that sorrowful eclipse a few weeks since; and so it is, assuredly, with God's people, — *zeal* for God fills their hearts. Now that God has lighted *their* candle (Ps. 18: 28) they are trying to give light to their neighbors who sit in the darkness and shadow of death. *Activity* for God is a consequence of a *healthy* soul, as *green* to a healthy *leaf*, as *color* to the *rose*, as *weight* to *lead*, as *heat* to *fire*, and as *light* and *sunshine* to the *sun*, — *inseparable*, where there is opportunity; consequently they are *increasing* in life, in numbers, in happiness and in holiness. “Everything,” says some old writer, “answers the end of its creation:

the *star* shines, the *bird* sings, the *plant* bears, the *Christian* labors,—the end of life is *service*." Just so! and he that does not answer the *end* of life in respect to *usefulness* cannot enjoy the end of his desires — *happiness*. It is in vain we look for *that* in ourselves, when we disappoint our Maker in the other. Our Lord speaks of "one *pearl* of great price, and again of a merchantman seeking *goodly pearls*. Every *promise* in the Bible is a *pearl* of great price. *Faith* makes a chain of *pearls* out of the promises, by which she graces her neck, and secures her armor; but *activity* is a *thread of silver* running through the chain of pearls! *Usefulness* does not *impoverish*, but *enriches* the soul, and faith. When we *water* others, we are *watered*, also, *ourselves*. — Prov. 11: 25. Solomon says, again, "There is that *scattereth*, and yet *increaseth*, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty;" and again, "The liberal soul shall be made fat." Luther used to say, activity made faith grow *fat*! There is a *liberality* with the *intellectual talent* as well as the *golden talent*,—the one enriches as well as the other. This is a great mercy, for many have the former who have not the latter, and some have the *latter* without the former; so none need have a *poverty-stricken faith*, unless they *will it*! Thus the *poor saint* may be equal with the *rich saint*,—sometimes, indeed, far *above him*, for *covetousness* is a *malaria* that hangs around the atmosphere of gold! There may be a *large-heartedness* in *working*, as in *giving*. We see this every day, where people are alive in religion. The *ears*, the *eyes*, the *face*, the *tongue*, the *feet*, the *knees*, may be as busy for God as the *hand*, and as profitable. The head and the heart may *disburse* as well as the *purse*. *Actions* in cross-bearing may save more souls than *fractions* in Mammon. *Character*, *activity*,

holiness, exceed pounds, shillings and pence, in *moral power*. Dr. Chalmers thought there is no more effective *persuasive* to religion than the *beauty of a holy life*; that the beauty of holiness, *beaming* through the life of a loved relative or friend, does more to *strengthen* such as stand in *virtue's* ways, and to *raise up* those that are bowed down, than *precept, command, entreaty, or warning*; that the *seen but silent beauty of holiness* has an energy and a moral suasion about it which surpasses the highest effort of the *orator's genius*, and speaks more eloquently of God and duty than *tongues* of men and angels; just as the *beauty of holiness*, which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the man of Nazareth, has done more to *regenerate* the world, and bring in an *everlasting righteousness*, and to *spread his religion*, than all other means put together, or all that has ever been written on the *evidences* of Christianity!

Some months since I saw a *bee* dip into a *flower* successfully; but it did not rob the flower of a *single tint*,— it looked as *beautiful*, and smelt as *fragrant*, as ever; the *perfume* seemed to be increased by the *activities* of the bee. It is thus with one's soul. *Activity*, like the bee, carries away the honey, but leaves the *heart* lovely and fragrant as ever, more so through the motions of the *active principle* within. I have often found it so — that by *diffusing* more of God, I *obtained* more of God. Religion in the soul is like *water* in the fountain, *odor* in the *rose*, and *sunshine* in the sun, *diffusive, dispersing* without *impoverishing*!

What one said of an *estate* we may say of our religion: it may be *imparted* yet not *impaired*. I have often realized this in *preaching, scattering* Gospel truth, *pulpit material*, and yet *increasing*; the five *barley* loaves, and the two *small fishes*, multiplied into twelve baskets of frag-

ments, each enough for a *sermon* by and by. The oil *increased by pouring out.*—1 Kings 17 : 16.

Dec. 30, Monday morning.—What an *amazing* work of God is this *shaping* to be! likely to sweep all before it, “like mighty winds, or torrents fierce.” Within a short time past *hundreds* have been saved. The town is shaken, just by the simple preaching of a *felt* Gospel. A glorious *blaze* this, surely! and out of *materials*, too, apparently as indisposed at first to catch fire, as the wet wood upon the altar on Mount Carmel, after Elijah had poured *twelve* barrels of water upon it! When God answers by *fire*, and his *Spirit* blows it into a *flame*, how swiftly, deeply, extensively does it spread and prevail, from heart to heart, from house to house, from street to street, from family to family! Let the holy flame spread thus in every land, and how soon would our sin-cursed earth be in a blaze!

Forty sinners found mercy yesterday, and *thirty-five* the blessing of purity of heart (Matt. 5 : 8); all carefully recorded by the secretary, brother William Mallinson, with their places of residence, each new convert receiving at the same time a *ticket* of admittance to a class, telling him *where* and *when* it meets, and the name of his *leader*. This is an excellent plan, for it gathers the lambs into the fold at once, out of the *wolf's* way. Now and then one objects to join, for this or that reason; but there is a spare column on the book for “Remarks,” such as “To be visited,” or “Has not made up his mind what church to join,” or “Wishes to consult his wife,” or father, mother, or the wife desires to consult her husband; as the case may be. If the *convert* lives out of town, and there is a class in the vicinity, he receives a *ticket* to the class, and the leader or pastor is notified. At a leader's meeting, each week, the *register* is examined, and the “*visiting calls*” settled upon. This is

the true way to preserve the credit of revivals, and to secure the benefit to the church.

Dec. 31.— Surely the word of the Lord is verified: "He sendeth forth his commandment upon the earth, and his word runneth very swiftly!"—Ps. 147: 15. What a change in our spiritual atmosphere! what hath God wrought! It seemed as if we were going to have a *double* winter, but, lo! the spring has come. Jesus seems to be saying to his spouse, the church: "*Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear in the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.*" And the church is replying: "*The voice of my beloved! behold he cometh, leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved is mine, and I am his. He has come to the mountains of myrrh, and to the hills of frankincense; until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved! and be thou like a roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether!*"—Cant. 2. O, with what power the church sings!

"Before my faith's enlightened eyes
Make all thy gracious goodness pass!
Thy goodness is the sight I prize:
O, may I see thy smiling face!
Thy nature in my soul proclaim,
Reveal thy love, thy glorious name!

"O, put me in the cleft! empower
My soul the glorious sight to bear!

Descend in this accepted hour ;
 Pass by me, and thy name declare !

“ There in the place beside thy throne,
 Where all that find acceptance stand,
 Receive me up into thy Son,
 Cover me with thy mighty hand !
 Set me upon the rock, and hide
 My soul in Jesus’ wounded side ! ”

Praise the Lord, O my soul ! He has made thee to remember thy sorrows, as waters gone by. I was thinking of that question in the book of Psalms : “ Who can stand before his cold ? ” And who can stand before the cold of spiritual indifference ? I was tempted to fly before it, as Moses from the *serpent* in the wilderness. As the Lord recalled Moses, saying, “ Put forth thy hand and take it by the tail,” so, it would seem, he called me. It was well. The serpent became a *rod* in the hand of Moses, and by it he plagued the Egyptians with thunder and lightning, and hail, and sickness, and darkness, and other annoyances, till he shook the throne of the Pharaohs, and made Egypt tremble, and by it led forth all Israel from the house of bondage, and over the Red Sea, with songs and acclamations on the further shores :

“ Sound the loud trumpet o’er Egypt’s dark sea !
 Jehovah hath triumphed, — his people are free ! ”

Amen ! so let it be, my Lord ! As thou didst enable me to take the serpent by the tail, and it has become a *rod*. The Lord has opened me a great door, and an effectual ; but many *adversaries* and hard *fighting* for further victories are yet before us. The *wisdom* that comes down from above is needed. There is no cause for *fear*, so long as our hearts remain right with God, and he is King in our midst. Those words of the Lord by the prophet Haggai are near :

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"According to the word that I covenanted with you when you came out of Egypt, so my spirit remaineth among you; fear ye not."—Hag. 2: 5. Then comes the promise, in the next verse or two, of a *shaking* in the heavens, earth, and sea, and dry land,—the shaking of the nations, and the coming of Him who is the desire of all nations, and the filling of the house of God with his glory, the glory of the *latter house* to be greater than that of the former. Would that the glory in the *Queen-street Chapel* may be greater than this glory in Buxton Road! Amen!

CHAPTER VII.

ROADS FOR CRITICS AND HYPERCRITICS.

To understand and appreciate this chapter, the reader must understand that Mr. Caughey is accustomed to publicly defend himself against the numerous objections which his critics are wont to make to his manner of preaching. What they *write* to him privately he answers openly. The practice, though, it works well in his hand, is not recommended to ministers generally. As a rule it is best to leave fault-finders alone. But Mr. Caughey has a method peculiarly his own, and knows how to turn a criticism into a powerful weapon of assault. The style of the following extracts is very *abrupt*. But the reader will be able to connect it by keeping in mind that each objection presented and answered is supposed to have been sent him by some one then present in the congregation. The replies were given usually before preaching, as a sort of preface to his sermons. There are many useful truths very pointedly put in this chapter.

You shall hear my text in a few minutes. Let those whom it may concern *listen*; and those whom it may not may *judge* the matter, and, be *profited* also.

1st. My first reply is to "*A MORAL but restless hearer.*" — What can I say to you more appropriate and emphatic than that decision of your Lord and mine? John 3: 8.—

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"Jesus answered and said unto him, *Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.*" What a *fearful exception* is this against "a moral man"! *Exceptions* in law, you are aware, have tremendous results often. It is to deny what an opposite party has alleged as *valid*, in point of *legal pleading or law*. "*A bill of exceptions*" in law will set aside *evidence* for the present, perhaps *finally*; it has even caused a *reverse* of judgment, with great loss. Do you understand me? He who expects heaven by virtue of his *morality*, and not from any *gracious change* wrought in his nature, is *met* in the Gospel court by our Lord himself, who there *files* this *bill of exception*,—"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, EXCEPT a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom." This stands good in the highest court of the universe. Now, woe be to him who, in face of such an *exception*, persists in carrying his case to the court of eternity! He shall be *cast*, most surely; ay, not simply lose his *case*, but *himself*, his *soul*; not only be *cast* in his *suit*, but "*cast into prison*,"—Matt. 5: 25, 26; "*cast into hell*,"—Luke 12: 5; "*cast into the fire*,"—Matt. 3: 18; "*cast into outer darkness*,"—Matt. 22: 18,—"*there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.*" These phrases, everybody knows, were used by our Lord himself, showing the result of being cast in that *high court*.

Are any more Scriptures needed? Will you, or will you not, *depend* upon his word? Can you persist with your plea? Nay, nay! you must not! there is a more excellent way,—*repentance* towards God, and *faith* in our Lord Jesus Christ; *pardon*, a change of heart, a new birth unto righteousness, a new creature in Christ, a pure and perfect morality as the fruit of the same, the happy soul

sitting at the feet of Jesus, and singing her sweet little song:

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arms
With joy shall I lift up my head.

"Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

"The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb;
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

"Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed."

Hear me, thou *restless one*! If thou art not in love with error, if thou wouldst rather be *right* than wrong, rather be in safety than in peril, rest not until the above stanzas are represented by your happy experience!

2d. To "A Serious Inquirer" a few words. — You have heard my reply to the *moralist*. You have marked the decision of our Lord,—John 8: 3. You have there the *true notion* of what it is to become a *Christian*; the one only *royal birth*, which gives you the only valid title to the inheritance above. It is the *second birth*; a *new birth unto righteousness*; a *change within, of the heart, of all the affections*; the making the *tree good*, that the *fruit* may be good; a *passing from death unto life*,—from *death within* to life within the soul,—righteousness, and

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peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. *Eternal death* is your peril, till this change occurs in your nature.

I wonder not that you, also, are "*restless and uneasy*;" an exposure to this peril is the great cause of all the *disquietude* that afflicts our world. You are *discased* besides, and you have been applying a wrong remedy. It has made you *worse*, instead of better. *Self-righteousness* is no herb. It is a *weed* that grows in nature's garden. It is no business there. There is no healing virtue in a weed. *This weed* is not only useless and troublesome, but *poisonous*. He who seeks *medicine* in it might as well look for a *cure* in *common arsenic*. How many are *poisoned by mistake*,—a *weed* for an herb, a *poisonous root* for a nutritious one, such as we heard of the other day, killing one or two in a family, and sickening others cruelly! St. Paul mourns over those who are going about in search of such a weed.—Rom. 10: 8. Ignorant of the *true root*,—"God's *righteousness*," God's method of saving sinners through faith in Christ,—they go about to plant the *false root* of "their own righteousness" in the garden of their souls, as a plea for salvation, as a method to cure their corrupt nature. But "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."—Rom. 10: 4. O, then, be not one of those over whom Paul mourns! If you go about *any business*, you wish to do it in a *right* manner; pray carry this out in *soul matters*. Haste yourself. Trifle not with life. Death may be near your door. Let *soul affairs be settled*!

A young man once asked one of the *fathers* when was the best time to repent. "O, as to that, the day before your death will do!" But, rejoined the inquirer, "Sure I *may die to-morrow*." "In that case," replied the father, "the safest way is to repent *to-day*!" I would

urge the same on you ; repent, believe, and be saved to-day, this hour,— *why not now?*

Gregory, an ancient writer, compares LIFE to a *mariner* in a *ship in full sail*. A simple but great *truth* that. It is equally true, also, we are sailing either for the port of heaven or the port of hell. Nor is there anything below of greater importance than to be *certified* of the port for which we are bound. You have not ascertained that yet, you say ; then that is the cause of your *uneasiness*. If a captain is traversing the sea without a reckoning, it is ten to one he is sailing in a wrong direction. How stands your *reckoning*? Had you ever a *correct* one, think you? Have you ever known by experience the meaning of Rom. 8 : 16? —“The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God,”—or “the love of God, shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost given unto us.” Are you not risking your *soul* where you would not risk *property*? — I mean on an *uncertain* or *defective* TITLE-DEED? Do you serve the Lord with gladness? How can you, if you know not which way you are *steering*? How could a sea-captain be glad under such circumstances? Would his crew serve with gladness? Suppose he has *lost his reckoning*, or suspects he never had a *correct* one. You are now out on the high seas of life,— *his case* exactly illustrates *yours*.

Let me tell you, never have you seen a better time than this to ascertain your *spiritual latitude*. Besides, we are now in the “*trade-winds*” for heaven. Hear me, *all of you!* A finer *breeze* for the harbor of glory none of you may ever enjoy again. This is the day of salvation. *Huddersfield* is now receiving a *call* from heaven, a *Divine visitation*. Never had a people a *fairer gale* for heaven. What they know not now they shall know hereafter. The

"*trade-winds*" for hell will be along *by and by*. Those who neglect the one are about sure to be taken and carried away by the other.

8d. Let "*One truly grieved*" hearken! — "Disrespect for the *aged*"? Not so! I dare not! God has commanded, "Honor the face of the old man." Did I not quote *Solomon* on the occasion, — "The *beauty* of old men is the *gray head*"? And again, "The *HOARY HEAD* is a *crown of glory*, if found in the way of righteousness"? Was that showing disrespect to the aged? Let *gray heads* in this audience judge between us. True, I did say, and perhaps the *rub* was there, "*If found in the way of righteousness*," — mark that! — "the *hoary head*, &c., *if found in the way of righteousness*," — otherwise a *dumb animal* grown gray in his master's service is more worthy of honor, at least in some respects, than he who has grown gray in the service of the devil. This was *harsh*, I admit; but, after pondering the matter, I cannot conscientiously unsay it.

O, it is a sad sight to behold one "upon whose head Time has showered its snows" giving evidence that sin has, and still is, showering its *follies*! It is difficult to meet a sadder sight, both as regards his *fearful destiny* and the *pernicious example* he is giving to the youth around. This may account for the fact that amid a population of thousands we behold, comparatively, so *few gray heads*. Men who are likely to *grow gray* in sin he who rides on the pale horse, with hell following after, cuts down, usually, and *buries* them out of sight. — Rev. 6: 8. Here and there we behold exceptions, as if left to illustrate the forbearance and long-suffering of God, — like the *aged trees* scattered over the American landscape, remnants of the primitive forest, few and far between, spared by the *storm*,

the lightning, the axe, to wither at last, and die,—dead at roots, dead in trunk, dead at top,—they fall at length, and in piecemeal are given to the flames. The application, I confess, had something of the terrible in it, nor could I be so simple as to suppose such sentiments could be very palatable to those concerned.

But how *sublimely glorious* to behold "*the hoary head in the way of righteousness,*" standing almost on "*the stepping-stones between two worlds,*" close to that dread outlet to regions invisible, yet

" Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross ; "

firm in *cheerful trust* and holy hope ; lending all his residue of strength and influence to God and goodness ; standing in ways of goodness, " in all the monumental pomp of age," fresh in the strength and majesty of mind and beauty of the heart ! O, but I do sometimes wonder if earth has a *lovelier* sight than this ! Such are the glory of Christ, and the honor of the church, the joy of good men and the delight of angels, whose *company* they are so soon to join ! Such aged Christians are the joy of my eyes, and the delight of my heart. I *live too fast* to hope for it ; but, should God spare me, I should like to become such an one, that I might tell it to generations coming that the " living waters " mentioned by the prophet are as sweet, as pure, as refreshing, in the *winter of old age*, as in life's gay morning, or as in manhood's summer ! — Zech. 14 : 8.

But to return : that I did "*bear down hard*" upon such as put off religion till they are fit for no other work, and hardly fit for that, I confess. Where *Christ* is so *slighted* and *affronted*, it is *wrong* to be *silent*. The old sinner who said he felt it would be an *imposition* upon God to

offer himself to the service of the Saviour at so late an hour *realized* my meaning. That he was not *rejected*, shows that God does not *reject* repentance at the *eleventh hour*, although he has given it no *special promise*,—at least, no promise of the *grace* of repentance at such a time. *Several such* have lately found mercy,—“brands plucked out of the fire,” indeed; they have been spared and saved, while nearly all the generation to which they belonged are dead and buried. Let no *aged sinner* present despair, therefore. But, so *few saved of such*, and so few such *above ground* to be saved, is surely a *matter of alarm* to the *unconverted aged* among us, and a powerful argument against *procrastination* in all you who are *younger*.

The aged persons who have been saved had a *hard struggle*. Well might one say: “*Old age* is no good age to repent. When the *fingers* are hard and stiff, not easy to learn to play on an instrument; when the *heart* is grown *hard in wickedness*, it is but ill *tuning the penitential string*. *Poison* long in the stomach is hard to get out. It is bad to *adjourn* salvation, for that gives Satan a plea for *right of possession*; anyhow, it is hard to *dispossess* him. *Sunset* is no good time to begin a day’s work, and what is done is done to great disadvantage, and seldom *well done*; there is a *lazy weariness about it*, and dimness of light in doing it. But in matters of religion it is all this, and *madness* into the bargain. ‘The night cometh, when no man can work,’ the Scripture says, I think. Will God accept this *late* repentance?—that is the question. He once asked for the *first fruits*, but was refused; will he now accept the *gleanings*? Cain was rejected, and why? I suppose he presented no *sin-offering*, like Abel, but it appears that what he did bring for an offering he was long about,—‘in process of time,’ the margin of my old, neg-

lected Bible has it, 'at the end of days;' alas! that was enough to *cast* him! put it off as long as he could—to the end of the season, may be, and then brought *gleanings*, or some *dried-up, worthless rubbish*, like what the poor old sinner brings,—good for nothing else! It is a wonder any old sinners get saved; but they do, and, therefore, there is hope. Dry, *marrowless bones*! what an offering for God's altar! Hard work it is! An *old sinner*, like an *old tree*, is hard to be uprooted. No wonder that young folks get religion so fast and so easy! These young sinners, like *young trees*, are *easy of transplantation*. He is an unwise captain who would lie in dry-dock till *hull* is leaky and rigging rotten, despising fair winds, high tides and good chances, and then and thus set sail in bad weather,—that is the old sinner's history. It was impressed upon my mind that, just as Peter slept between two soldiers in prison, bound with two *chains*, so an *old sinner* sleeps between Death and the devil, bound with two chains—*evil habits* and *unbelief*. I mean no *disrespect* to Peter; but if an angel of God were in mercy to come down and enter this prison, he would *rescue* the old sinner from a more *terrible doom* than that he helped Peter away from." Let us give God the praise, if *young sinners* have been saved, old ones have not been left to perish in their sins. More of the aged are coming. We shall have some of them to-night. Let the young, the middle-aged and the aged, hear the command of the Holy Ghost: "*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest.*"—Eccles. 9: 10.

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A few hearers had their answers last night before the text. Let some others listen for theirs to-night.

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1st. Let "A Protesting Hearer" hearken. — I like the word *protest*; it is the good old *root* from which came our good old title of *Protestant*. But our forefathers protested against *error* and *darkness*; *your* protest bears against *truth* and *light*. How is this? Are you unable to bear the sight of your *own principles*? Must they be shrouded in "a *dim* religious light," to render them at all *bearable* to yourself? The light in which you have lately seen them has been somewhat *too vivid* for your *faith* or the *weak eyes of your conscience*. You blame the *vividness* of the *medium* through which you have viewed your principles. What has that to do with them? It is like a *telescope* — it shows them as they are, adds nothing *fictitious*. Why blame the light? I climbed the *Apennines*, once, with a friend, in the darkness of the night; *morning* dawned, and *flushed with light* those scenes of savage grandeur. Did the light *create* that scenery, or *show* it only? It was *there* in all its savage aspects before we or morning visited it. But we were thankful for the light, as by it we were enabled to avoid perils on every hand. You have sense enough to apply this to the *light* which has lately shined upon the objects of your faith, rendering them so *terrifying* to your consciences.

Come, come, sir; pray try to look your *principles* in the face. If they are *anything*, they are everything; if *true*, they are tremendously true. If they are worthy of my attention, they are worthy of thine — of the attention of all present in this assembly. Learn to *look them in the face now*, or by and by they will look *you* in the face, on the *death-bed*, and *frighten* you, as if so many devils were glaring upon you.

Perhaps you are not *accustomed* to see your protestant principles in so strong a light. Besides, a vivid light is

painful to weak eyes. It is apt to make such like the *Swedish poet's* "blear-eyed man," who was always the first to *bawl* out against strong light; he became, at last, so nervous that the *smallest ray* made his eyes smart, and rendered him exceedingly *troublesome* to those who could bear a *good light*. Upon one occasion he *protested* so loud as to excite another, who became nervous too, till their *noisy protests* awoke one MR. DULNESS out of a comfortable nap, and so abruptly that he leaped clear from his seat, *protesting* that there must be something outrageously wrong with the *lights*, or such gentlemen would not be so offended; while the shrewd poet pointed his quill at him thus:

"The senseless swine can do no less
Than blush to be discovered making
The only *drone* amongst the waking."

Protest away, then, as loud as you please; ay, till they hear you at "*head-quarters*," up in London yonder! If no other good effect be produced than to awake Mr. Dulness and family here in Huddersfield, that will be something; for, certainly, I deprecate *indifference* more than *persecution*.

2d. A few *hints* to another. — There is such a thing as a *spiritual apoplexy* — to be *sick*, and yet *insensible* of it. You remember my pause after reading Rev. 3: 17, the other night? "*Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.*" What! "*wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked,*" and *not know it!* — this is a *spiritual apoplexy*, indeed! There are a great many folks in that state in and around this town. They have lost both their *sense* and *motion* in

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religion; the functions of the *conscience* seem as much *suspended* as the functions of the *brain* in the *apoplexed*. Thank God, some hundreds have recovered both *sense* and *motion* lately, and they begin to see and feel their *wretchedness*. Many have got quite cured. The same Jesus who cured the *ancient demoniacs* is doing the same for *modern apoplectics*. That you pray against sin is well; so did *Augustine*; and yet he tells us that even then his heart said, "*Not yet, Lord! not yet!*" Has your heart been so naughty? If so, what becomes of *sincerity*? If not, why do you remain unpardoned? Why yet unsaved from sin? This is *coming up with you* at once, regardless of your circumlocution! Man! "*Know thyself!*" a motto once written over the door of a heathen temple; I would write it over the door of your *dwelling*, or that of your *understanding*.

There must be a *screw loose* somewhere in the upper works, or your *will*, the *master-wheel*, has got badly warped by the *heat* of this revival. Its *eccentricities* may be but the putting forth of *new depravities*.

Perhaps you are troubled with "the plague of the heart."—1 Kings 8: 38. *Devils* may be saying of you, as David's foes of him, "*An evil disease, say they, cleaveth fast unto him: and now that he lieth, he shall rise up no more.*"—Ps. 41: 8. And, besides, as of old, there may be "*the leprosy of the head.*"—Lev. 13: 42, 44. A *troublesome* and *loathsome* thing was this plague of the head, and is so still.

I have thrown out these hints to assist you in self-examination. Much *evil* may be done by a *physician*, if he *prescribe* without knowing the *seat* of the disease. Ascertain, if you can, the seat of your malady, whether in your *head* or *heart*,—*error* in the mind, *vice* in the heart—

two forts belonging to the same enemy, and they hold correspondence with each other; the *outworks* may be found in the *life*. My figures do not hang together very well, but you understand me. It is necessary to *subdue* the *outworks* before the principal fortresses are taken. The Holy Spirit, however, often attacks the *heart* and the *head* first; these *subdued*, the outer *works* are silenced, as a matter of course. You discover something of this in my preaching, I suppose.

Error poisons; *sin* stabs the soul; the *world* surfeits; *pride*, *vanity* and *doubting*, give the VERTIGO,—a spiritual giddiness or dizziness, a *wavering inconstancy*, which result finally in a *spiritual palsy*, which, like its namesake in the body, becomes a hopeless malady. The poor soul of man is a diseased thing, and needs the great Physician's skill. The prophet asked, "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"—Jer. 8: 22. This is all I have to say to such an one at present, *only* trusting for some miracle this night in your perfect cure.

8d. Another case: "*One thoroughly disgusted*."—I should think something had produced nausea, else you would not have *exposed* such stuff as this. Your spiritual stomach must be greatly out of order. *Scepticism*, like the *liquors* of the present day, is notorious for deranging the organs of spiritual digestion. I shall offer you an antidote in my sermon; therefore you are *dismissed* for the present.

4th. To another: "*A doubter*."—The *lamp* of your reason, to say the least, must burn but *dimly* when you reason thus. It may, however, be *convenient* for you to carry a *dark lantern*; but is it safe? is it *honorable*? is it free from *suspicion*? It is *dangerous* to have the *eyes of your*

understanding darkened.—Eph. 4: 18. In matters of *natural sight* this needs no argument; but people are not willing to be convinced there is peril in travelling *spiritually blindfolded* to eternity. One would think this also needs no argument; but it does. It is the theme of most Sabbath sermons. It is borne with, because the minister must be allowed to talk about something; and so long as he will keep his *distance*, and not use too *harsh means* to remove the *bandage*, he is praised for his eloquence or *ingenuity*. But if the *sword* of truth *cut into the bandage*, or if the *sparks* of truth fall upon it and *burn*, or if, by any *unusual boisterousness*, he *shake* it and loosen the fastenings, so that *daylight flashes* through the eyes of the understanding upon the conscience, then woe be unto him! he is a *troubler of Israel*, and the carnal mind is *indignant*!

Ministers, not a few, recoil from the deed, fearing the penalty, and so deal with a *gentle hand* and soothing words, hoping such will consent by and by, or remove it of themselves. Thus Satan has his way. He leads the captives onward to the pit, and meets with but *trifling interception*. Thus multitudes never lose the bandage till the flames of hell burn it off. What is to be done? Must things continue so? Is there no help? By the grace of God assisting, there is. The thing must be done by somebody. The *bandages* may be removed from the eyes of thousands. The thing can be done. Where there is a *will* there is a way. Let none *meddle* unless he has counted the cost. If he has, then let him *unflatteringly proceed*, at all hazards. We think we have counted the cost,—*wishing* nothing, *desiring* nothing, *expecting* nothing but *souls* for our hire, with some hard thrusts and knocks from persecution, which we can bear with a pleasant face, if sin-

ners are converted. I doubt you hardly understand these principles; or, if you do, may have the art, as in other things, of *doubting them away*.

Some are *necessitated* to wear a *veil* over their understanding, and so thick, withal, they cannot distinguish truth from error, friend from foe, light from darkness. If you are an illustration of the old proverb, "None so blind as those who will not see," you are more to be *pitied* than *laughed at*.

5th. Let another *hearken*.—There is one present who reminds me of the saying of a *shrewd* man,—"Many a one can remember a story *who* has forgotten his creed." The memory of some resembles a *sieve*,—excellent for catching *bran*, but lets the *flour* quite escape. My preaching would not be human if it had not some *bran* for such sieves.

The *doctrine* may be *divine*, while the verbiage and illustrations are decidedly and significantly *human*. Pretending, as I do, not to any higher sort of inspiration than what any other God-sent minister may claim, *exemption* from such frailties should hardly be expected. The coming sermon will afford *something* for your *sieve*, I have no doubt,—that is, if you can find time to *sift*. One of your brethren came for that purpose the other night, but the *material* came so fast it overwhelmed and *buried* him, *sieve and all*, till his *sobs and groans* for help told the *whereabouts* of the poor sifter. He sits over yonder, happy in God; if you happen to be at the love-feast, you may hear all about it.

All you say regarding these *repenting sinners* may be true enough, but hear me,—If they have *sinned fervently*, should they not *repent fervently*? If they were *destroying* themselves *heartily*, is it surprising they seek to *save* themselves *heartily*? They are only *achieving* what you

should be doing,—“working out their own salvation.” If it be “with fear and trembling,” that is scriptural.—Phil. 2: 12, 13. And it is *God that is working in them to will and to do*, if you will consult the passage. If there is a *noise*, it is not as loud as that which awakened all Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. Besides, it is a *noise* for something *worth* making a noise about. That is a fact which anybody not an idiot will admit,—*secretly*, at least. If you die without it, you will *noise it* louder in hell than these upon earth; ay, more *vociferously*, certainly more *hopelessly*; loud as the “*rich man*” there, when one drop of water to cool the tongue will be denied you, though you cry loud enough to be heard the other side of the *impassable gulf*.—Luke 16. I shall, Providence permitting, answer other questions to-morrow night,—enough for to-night. Now for my text: 1 Kings 18: 21, “And Elijah came unto all the *people and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.*”

Having taken this text before, and related the history to which it belongs, you will excuse me from a *repetition* of it. I have one proposition, which you will please keep in memory. *That OPINIONS about religion, which may determine a man's course of conduct regarding it, are of far more importance than men generally imagine.*

There are several sorts of opinions which ruin men's souls; let us notice a few of them.

I. UNINVESTIGATED OPINIONS,—Opinions adopted as *principles of action*, without a proper search into their *truth or falsehood*; *espoused* without sufficient care and scrutiny.

II. SECOND-HAND OPINIONS,—Opinions received from

somebody else,—a *wicked* neighbor, a *moral*, unconverted neighbor, a *sceptical* neighbor, a *fault-finding*, *flaw-spying* neighbor, a *backslidden* neighbor, or from the devil himself. All these advance *opinions* characteristic of each. Many of you have been *receiving* their opinions into your souls, and acting upon them. You would not wear a *second-hand* coat upon your bodies, but you will a second-hand opinion on your souls. This is inconsistent. It is thinking more of your body, which is the inferior part of you, than your souls. You would not *discredit* the outer man in the eyes of your fellow-men, but you scruple not to discredit your soul in the eyes of God and angels,—ay, and in the eyes of those who love God and know something. He makes himself *contemptuous* who follows the opinions of others, without thinking for himself. If you will tell me, procrastinating sinner, what company you keep, I will tell you what *opinions* you are following.

III. SECOND-RATE OPINIONS,—Not the *best*,—mingled with truth and *error*, therefore *unwholesome* for the soul, to the family, and *detrimental* to the progress of the church. *Some good* in them, may be, but not enough to comfort and bless the soul; like a tight pair of shoes, or insufficiency of cloth to make the coat, it is made, but too tight for comfort; the *material* may be good, but too little of it. The prophet's illustration is good,—“For the *bed* is *shorter* than that a man can stretch himself on it, and the *covering* narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.”—Isa. 28: 20. *Uncomfortable*, rather, for a weary body and a cold night,—decidedly so in *religious matters*. *Some good* in such second-rate opinions, possibly, but not enough to *save* the soul; like some *second-rate* ships, so pronounced, with materials for a swarm of leaks in *strain-*

ing weather,—a coffin for the passengers before they are half across the seas.

IV. BIGOTED OPINIONS,—Sustained by *blind* attachment; cannot tell why, perhaps; *unreasonably* blind, and *obstinate* as both; defiant of reason, argument, Scripture, and *ill-natured* withal. Such opinions have been the *cursed* of the world. Edmund Burke, your celebrated statesman and orator, was heard to say that the loss of life by wars, since the days of Moses up till 1790, could not be less than five hundred and thirty-five millions of lives; adding that a great part of these were destroyed in *religious wars*, on mere points of *opinion* and forms of worship.

V. DOUBLE-MINDED OPINIONS,—Such as *divide* the mind, *halve it*, *weaken it*; as one mournfully explained, "Half of the mind hangs one way, the other half another, consequently easily moved either way with the least *breath of temptation*." Just so,—half *Gbd-ward*, half *devil-ward*; half for the *Bible*, half for *scepticism*; half for *religion*, half for the *world*; half *heavenward*, half *hell-ward*; about as safe a position as had that bewildered man, poising over the airy brink of Shakspeare's cliff, subject to the least whiff of wind or motion to be precipitated into the abyss below.

In this class of opinions we find *unsettledness*, *indifference*, *neutrality* and *dissembling*, most frequently intrenched during a revival; *wavering*, *indeterminate*, *irresolute*, is what we find in *unsettledness*;—big words these, which is not my manner; but we will *mince* them by and by. What do we find in *indifference*? Want of *preference*, *wish* or *aversion*. What is NEUTRALITY? It partakes largely of indifference; it takes *neither side* in a contest; it has no anxiety nor interest which shall be victorious,—a state of mind which seldom lasts long in a re-

vival, for *truth* will *force* a man to take one side or the other decidedly.

What do we find in DISSEMBLING? *Hypocrisy*; it is to play the *hypocrite* by *concealing* your real dispositions and sentiments. It is to act a *double part*.

It is to act a *double part*, to *temporize* between two parties, to conciliate *both* if possible. Like *Ayat*, the Jew, who took *bribes* from both parties, and did justice to neither. Or, like the priest of *Hercules*, who played with one hand for the *god*, and with the other for himself.

The prophet's *invective* was in this direction. It was at this *Elijah* slashed with the sword of truth upon Mt. Carmel.—“*How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him.*” *He would be the death of indifference, neutrality and dissembling, showing that they could not avoid being at deadly feud with God himself or Jezebel.*

When travelling in Holland, some time since, I was conversing with a gentleman on the necessity of *decision* of character in a Christian. He quoted those words of our Lord, “He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad,”—Matt. 12: 30,—and then added, “The doctrine of this text is, *neutrality* in religion is not admitted. These are Christ's words, and from him there can be no appeal. Christ and Satan divide the world, and we must belong to one or the other.” One of Switzerland's choice divines commented on the same passage thus: “This is the Gospel in all its *intolerance*; for its intolerance consists in considering every man an *enemy* who is not a *friend*.” “There is no *underground* road to heaven,” said another. “There is no *tunnelled* road to the skies; there is no *night passage* to glory; you cannot go *masked* to Paradise; nor can you ride into the *New Jeru-*

salem in the *chariot of neutrality*. Religion is *light*, and you cannot hide it. If you have it, it will cause you to do something by which you will be *exposed* and *known*. If a man has it he *will* show it; it is like light in a dark lantern, it will sparkle through *some crevice*; if no light be there, it may well be dark. If a man has religion, he will show it; if he show it not, he has it not; if there is nothing of it *seen*, there is nothing of it *within*. *Visibility* is the *unchanging* feature of Christianity, wherever *ahé* is, among friends or foes. It is upon this principle we have a *visible religion*, a *visible church*, a *visible membership*." Hear me, all ye who are halting between two opinions. It was this principle which once filled the world with *martyrdom*, and *reddened* the earth with the blood of the saints.

The Romans and Greeks once declared war against each other. Hostilities commenced. Readers of history, do you remember the debate in the senate of a certain nation, at that time, whether they should join the Romans against the Greeks, or remain neutral? The debate was intensely exciting; *opinions* differed greatly. *Neutrality* had voices in its favor, as the most likely way to *retain* their friends and make no enemies. Others contended that this *middle course* was the *unsafest* of all; for by it they would procure *no friends*, nor would it lessen the number of their enemies. Aristenus wound up the debate, saying he had weighed the opinions on both sides; argued that in *neutrality* there was no safety, and for this reason,—the Romans had *peremptorily* demanded their aid against the Greeks; therefore they must of necessity enter into the confederacy and strict league with the Romans, or be at deadly feud; *middle course* there was none!

See, then, the importance, O sinner, of opinions! As sure as the Romans demanded the aid of that nation against

the Greeks, so sure he demands thy aid against the *infernal confederacy* of devils and sinners against his government. This is a *Bible fact* — more *certain* than the historical incident. He demands your *alliance*, on pain of his displeasure on body and soul, in this world and the next. *Middle course* there is none. "*Come out from among them, and be separate,*" is his CHALLENGE. The Lord can give us the *victory* without you ; but that will not excuse *you*. I was reading to-day, in Judges 4 and 5, how that *Jabin*, King of Canaan, sent up a great army, with nine hundred chariots of iron, commanded by *Sisera*. The Lord made Israel victorious on the field. Soon after, the voice of an angel of the Lord was heard, crying, "*Curse ye MEROZ, curse ye bitterly the INHABITANTS thereof ; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.*" Now, there was a time, doubtless, when the matter of taking the Lord's side against *Jabin*, or remaining *neutral*, was a matter of debate in the halls of *Meroz* ; opinions were in contest, till they were all of one opinion — to leave the Lord to fight his own battle ; they would do nothing *against* him, nor *for* him, and hoped to be *irresponsible* and unblamable. Was there no *importance* attached to such an opinion ? Did it not bring a *curse* ? a *bitter* curse ? perhaps *more bitter* than if they had joined with the enemy in actual hostilities against the Lord. Upon what principle ? Because they had *light* enough to restrain them from such a course ; but they sinned *against light* in not taking the Lord's side, against that doomed nation. Hear this and understand, all ye who have light enough to halt between two opinions, — whether you will take the Lord's side *heartily, sincerely, scripturally*, against a world in arms against him, or remain *neutral*. I tell you now, and *forewarn* you, that if you *persist* in neutrality

you will surely *perish*! That ground will as surely sink under you, as that did beneath Korah, Dathan and Abiram, when *they went down quick into the pit, they with all that appertained to them*, because they had provoked the Lord.— Numb. 16 : 30.

Away, then, with DOUBLE MINDED OPINIONS, and all that appertain to them — *indifference, neutrality and dissembling*! Turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart. Repent of *these sins* against God, for, alas! you have been woefully guilty, of late, with regard to them. Repent of all your sins; *forsake* them, *confess* them, *supplicate mercy* on account of them, *plead the atonement* for them, *believe* and *trust* in the blood of the Lamb, that all may be *forgiven*; otherwise you will be of *no use* on the Lord's side, no more than *Achan* among the Israelites,— Joshua 7,— or *Judas* among the disciples, or *Ananias* and *Sapphira* among the first Christians,— Acts 5,— rather as *helps* to the great enemy.

Hearken to another class of opinions :

VI. EMOTIONAL OPINIONS.— Such as spring from the *feelings*, or passions, opinions begotten by *likes* or *dislikes*, *affection*, or *aversion*, or prejudice, *worldly hopes* or *worldly fears*, *without the ordinary process of the understanding*, regardless of the decision of the Holy Ghost in the Scriptures; *selfish* opinions these, and *unsafe* as they are selfish!

I have but touched upon some great principles; but have not had time to *carry them out* or *illustrate* them properly. You will hear from the text again. But you have heard the *elements* of much of my "coming preaching,"—and are they not elements of *power*? Taken loosely and separately as to-night, they may not move you much; but the *mind of God* is in them, nevertheless; they are in harmony

with his *word*; and when combined and concentrated they make a *thing of power*, to be felt in *this world* or in *eternity*; as gunpowder is composed of *saltpetre*, *sulphur* and *charcoal*, simple materials when separate, but when *mixed* and *granulated*,—that is, formed into *grains*,—it has an *explosive* force which defies opposition.

Myself and young *Mr. Hudson*, son of one of your Wesleyan ministers, were caught in a *thunder-storm*, some time since, on the shores of the Bay of Naples. The *thunder*, and *lightning*, and *wind*, and *rain*, were terrible in the extreme. It happened at the *twilight* hour, and we were exposed to its fury; but the scene was most sublime, the flashes lighting up the finest scenery in the world, revealing *fitfully* the grave of buried *Herculaneum*, and *Vesuvius*, with its robe of green, its heart of fire, and its banner of smoke, and, in another direction, *Virgil's* tomb. The heavens were filled with sheets of fire, and the thunders rolled as if they would "shake down the props and pillars of the sky," and the *wind blew*, reminding one of that which rent the mountains around *Elijah*, and the rain came down like a second deluge, and the waves were dashed in heaps along the winding shore. Superstition might have fancied the spirit of *Virgil* out amid this war of elements, analyzing, as in days of yore, when he investigated, thereabouts perhaps, the constituent elements of a thunderbolt, thus:

"Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winging southern winds and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame,
And fears are added, and avenging flame!"

A THUNDERBOLT is a *thing of power*, however, whatever becomes of the poetic philosophy of *Virgil*; and so is the *truth* of the living God, and so are the principles this night

passed in array before you. Calculate sooner the *might* of a thunderbolt from heaven than *that* of right or wrong opinions in their effects upon your eternal destinies!

The BIBLE declares that "*Upon the WICKED he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest; this shall be the portion of their cup.*"—Ps. 11: 6. A terrible "*portion*" that, and *bitter*! But, alas! listen to me, and *don't leave*! compounded in full accordance with the degree in which those *evil opinions* may have influenced you, in your lifetimes! A terrible "*tempest*" that! compared with which, all the *storms of earth* were but as *infant breathings*! A scorching "*fire*" that! in comparison of which all the *fires of earth* were but as *painted fires*! A wasting "*rain*" that! *deluging* the soul with *eternal sorrows*. Horrible "*snares*" those! which shall *entangle* the soul in *sudden and unexpected evils for ever and ever*! I say unexpected, for those who indulge in the evil opinions we have reprobated little *suspect* into what troubles they will finally involve them! There are storms coming—pulpit storms—under my humble ministry. I wish to prepare you for them, with *bolts* of truth effective as those which the *thunder* carries on its wings,—but death to sin only, evil opinions, and a wicked life! You will *bear* them, then, and not be *angry*, nor *out of patience*. Consider their *design*! Better *bear* the *storms of truth* here, and be *saved*, than bear the *beatings* of that eternal storm hereafter, and be damned, and lost eternally!

O ye sinners of *Huddersfield*! flee from the wrath to come! My *heart* is *enlarged* toward you; my *soul* is *moved* for you; my *groans* disturb the night for you; my *cheeks* are wet for you; Heaven has no rest on your account; our *cries* awake the echoes of heaven for you; your *case* fixes the attention of the skies; the power of God is

now descending upon us ! Jesus died for you ; his precious blood flowed for you ; he *intercedes* for you ; his *intercessions* have been for years as a wall of fire between you and the fire that shall never be quenched. O, ye prisoners of wrath ! nay, O, ye prisoners of hope ! look unto Jesus ! turn and look upon him now ! Jesus, thou Son of God, look thou upon them, and break every heart of stone ! Look with that look that broke the heart of unfaithful Peter ! Look as thou once did through the cloud upon the Egyptians in the morning watch, and struck off their chariot-wheels, so that they *dragged heavily*,—so that these sinners, which are inclined even *now* to fly, are flying from this dreadful place, may drag heavily ! Look at them, O thou Son of God, and they shall fall into repentance before thine eyes ! 'T is done ! behold, they are weeping bitterly ! the people are moved as the trees of the wood ! Now is thy time, Jesus ! save them now ! O, sinner, fly not the arms of pursuing love, which almost reach thee now !—fall, fall into those arms ! Look ! yes, look at his wounds for thee ; look and believe and be saved forever ! or wilt thou then but listen, look, turn away, and perish forever !

CHAPTER VIII.

REBELLION AGAINST THE HOLY SPIRIT — A SERMON.

THE following pungent discourse exhibits Mr. Caughey's method of addressing the impenitent. Ministers may gain some hints from it with respect to the kind of preaching which is most likely to reach the conscience in revival seasons; while it cannot be read by an unconverted man without good effect.

"He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear."— Rev. 3: 6.

The Lord God said of the people before the flood, "*My Spirit shall not always strive with man.*"— Gen. 6: 3.

Let that "observer and hater of heterodoxy" mark well what I am going to say, and then judge for himself. Let "A hater of cant and hypocrisy" hearken and judge. I neither speak *whiningly* nor *affectedly*, but right out, from the heart, the TRUTH, levelled *point-blank* at the hearts of my hearers. Nor do I use *words* or *phrases* unauthorized by Scripture, by the nature of my theme, or by good, plain common sense. Neither do I *feign*, *conceal* or *dissemble*, nor act a *double character*, but am single of heart and motive to glorify God and save souls; the *power* of godliness *within*, the *form* of godliness *without*; nothing *assumed*, unreal or fictitious, God knoweth,—outward appearance harmonizing with inward reality. This is my ministry

before God and man. Forbid, Lord Jesus, it should be otherwise!

You are both "*haters*;" well, let me be one, too, in the innocent sense, and so have a *trio*,—for I am sure I love heterodoxy, cant and hypocrisy, as *little* as yourselves.

With the Bible in your hands, how can you doubt the *effects* of my preaching? That some are *softened*, and others are *hardened*, we deny not. If it be *death* to some, it is *life* to others; put this and that together. You have sight for the *death*, but are blind to the life. Is that fair, or candid, or impartial? Why so? Look at both, and then judge. Cannot you account for the *spiritual death* which has happened to some, perhaps to yourselves, on other principles?

Did not St. Paul say, speaking of the *different effects* of his preaching upon his hearers, "*To the one we are the savor of death unto death; and to the other, the savor of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?*" — 2 Cor. 2: 16. Are not such *contrasts* to be expected now? Or is the *ministry* of the present day more *sanctified* than in the apostolic? Take care! that *supposition* would be *heterodoxy*.

The *Gospel* is the same now as then. The *Holy Spirit* the same also. As to the great elements of human *depravity*, they differ little. Why, then, should not similar results occur? — *death unto death to some, life unto life to others*. Is the preacher accountable? Is he worthy of blame? Beware! lest you slur the character of St. Paul whom you "*venerate*;" that would not be orthodoxy.

The *Spirit's* presence is glorious and *life-giving*; nor can there be *life* without him, so tremendous is the spirit of evil in the human heart. By his aid it can be subdued. But observe, if the Spirit of God be driven away from the

soul of a sinner, he leaves a "sad farewell" behind; "*a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries.*"—Heb. 10: 27. If you wish to read the whole passage you may, for it is much to the point. "*And hath done despite to the Spirit of grace.*" There, that tells the story! It was doing "*despite to the Spirit of grace*" that brought about this "*fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.*" Observe, further, twenty-sixth verse, this thing is done "*WILFULLY,*" after the knowledge of the truth has been received; sinning *wilfully* against the Holy Ghost,—the rebellion of the *will* under *superior illumination*; for "*knowledge*" is LIGHT,—the *will* renouncing its *allegiance* to the Spirit of God, at the instigation of a *corrupt*, envenomed and revolting heart. At a certain point it is "*THE SIN UNTO DEATH,*" for which we are *not to pray*.—1 John 5: 16, 17. And why? Because it is a SIN never followed by *repentance*, or *contrition*, or *faith in the blood of the Lamb*, or *desire for repentance, faith, pardon*; no *pardon* can reach a sinner, without these; with them there is PARDON for every sin in the whole catalogue of human transgressions; it is never denied to the *vilest*, when they repent and believe. Read over the passage again,—Heb. 10: 26—31,—and you will plainly see that the *finishing act*, that damns a man above ground, is a *despiteful* sinning against the Spirit of grace; there is *malice, angry hatred, malignity, irritation, defiance, contempt*, in the word "*DESPITE,*"—to vex, to offend, to tease. What are the *consequences* of such conduct? Hear the word of the Lord, Isa. 63: 10,—"*But they REBELLED, and VEXED his Holy Spirit; therefore he was turned to be their ENEMY, and he fought against them.*" Ah, yes! and his *retributions* are TERRIBLE!

Observe, again: This is done by the self-same *Spirit* that creates anew the believing penitent, and which *refreshes*, and supports the adult believer.

Nature has something to say here; "the same element which sweeps away the *harvest* from the soil is the source of all *fertility*. The *furrow* torn by the *thunderbolt* differs little in appearance from the tillage of the plough." The *WIND* in one place may be fanning the cheek of labor, or of poverty, or of fever, or wafting the strong vessel towards her destined port, or helping another ship to wrestle with the waves victoriously; while in another place it may lull suddenly to a zephyr, that would not stir the down upon the sea-bird's breast, but to let the fated vessel drift upon the rocks on tack; while yet in another it may be the strong hurricane, driving the doomed ship among the breakers of an iron-bound coast. But it is the same element, differing only in *administration*.

The *rain* may be "coming down like music," as the poet speaks, giving *life* to everything capable of it; while in another place it may be *rotting* the *harvest*, or hastening the decayed tree to its fall, or the leaky house to its ruin; and yet in a third region it may be descending in torrents, raising the mighty inundation, destroying, in a fatal hour, all the hopes of the farmer. It is the same element, the administration being different.

The *sun* in one region of the earth may be causing spring to appear, with its blooms and its blossoms, while he is leaving another region to all the rigors of winter. In one place he proves himself the *prince of life*, sending a tide of life through everything that loves his beams, causing heaven and earth to rejoice in each other's smiles; but *elsewhere* he is scorching all vegetation to the verge of destruction. His warm rays may convey life, and animation, and pleas-

ure, to thousands in a city, while here and there, on the streets of the same, those rays are death-blows to some,—*sun-struck* is the word. But it is the same sun, only differing in the mode of his administration.

The *thunder* is rolling over heaven in grand harmony, and the lightnings "*flashing gloriously*," shaking the rain-clouds, and blessing all that breathe with a purified atmosphere; not for *all*,—there are *death-flashes*, too, which send mourning, lamentation and woe, into some families. It is the *same element*, differing fearfully in its *administration*. It is thus with the *Spirit's operations*; not arbitrarily, as if by *decree*, irrespective of character. It is because the sinner vexes the *Holy Spirit*, and rebels against him, that he turns to be his *ENEMY*, and fights against him.—Isa. 63 : 10.

There is a wide compass of meaning in those expressive hints of St. Paul, 1 Cor. 12 : 4—7.—"*Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal.*" Ay, "to *PROFIT withal*," and "every man" receives "the manifestation of the Spirit" for this very purpose. But if those *manifestations* are *abused*, then commence the "*differences of administrations*" toward the sinner. 1st, He *vexes* his own conscience. 2d, He *dismisses* his own peace. 3d, He *bars the gates* with his own wicked hand, and thereby constitutes himself a *prisoner of wrath*. Thus far the sinner. 4th, The Holy Spirit sets out to *grieve* him *grievously*.

Now, all this may occur without having his day of grace turned into eternal night. It is just a *change* of adminis-

tration,—very different, indeed, from the mild and convincing influences of the Spirit formerly felt. Now the Spirit of God fights against him; as *Madame Guyon* strikingly remarks: "The sword of the Spirit and of Providence may be applied successively to every tie that binds him to the world. Property, health, friends, may fall before it. The inward fabric of hopes and joys, where *self-love* was nourished and pride had its nest, may be levelled with the dust. He may be smitten within, and withered without, and overwhelmed with the waters, and scathed, and blasted, and peeled to the very extreme of endurance, till he learns in this dreadful baptism " that it is an evil thing and a bitter to *vex the Holy Spirit, and to rebel against him!*

But should all this prove *profitless*, the administration is again changed, and he is cut off in his sins,—he dies in his sins. Let eternity tell the rest.

Observe, I do not say that all sinners are so dealt with, nor all who perish. "*There are diversities of operations, and differences of administrations.*" One tree revives by pruning and becomes fruitful, or is killed in the process; another has its branches lopped off by the axe, or severed by the storm, and lives; while another dies of a similar injury; a fourth is girdled, in part or wholly, American fashion, lingers a while, outlives it, or dies in a season; a fifth meets with no outward violence, but there is *death at the root*, or at the heart, and it gradually decays and dies; a sixth is prostrated by some sudden gust of wind, and perishes; a seventh is undermined by wind and weather, and falls at length; fire in the woods destroys the eighth; while a *thunderbolt* from heaven *scathes* or *shatters* to pieces a ninth.

Do you understand me? These are only simple illustrations of the *Spirit's* different administrations. There is

something of this sort constantly occurring to every *resisting* and *impenitent* sinner. But the Spirit of God often leaves a man's outward goods untouched, and works either life or death within.

What the Lord said of the people before the flood has a fearful application to this day. "*My SPIRIT shall not always strive with man.*"—Gen. 6: 3. Hear this, every one of you! It is not in *hell* men become *finally impenitent*. If we believed that, we might venture to preach a Roman Catholic purgatory. No, they are finally impenitent, without the possibility of a change for the better, before ever they go there; in *this world* is the full preparation for hell attained.

That preparation comes *gradually*, but it comes at last. Winter approaches gradually, and so does *night*; and a *tree* dies gradually. All these have attendant signs. But a period comes when "winter reigns tremendous over the conquered year," and when *night* lies black on all the ground; and a point of time when the tree is actually dead, and all hope of *reviving* it by shower, or sunshine, or any other means, is gone forever; let it be *cut down*, for the longer it stands the worse it becomes!

It is thus sinners gradually approach "the sin unto death," for which we are not to pray.—1 John 5: 16. But the crisis comes; the sinner passes it, and his *doom* is sealed. Harken, every procrastinating, *spirit-resisting* sinner among you, and venture another step hellward if you dare!

"There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That MARKS the destiny of man
To glory or despair.

"There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;

The hidden BOUNDARY between
God's patience and his wrath.

"To PASS that limit is — TO DIE, —
To die as if by stealth ;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or FADE the glow of health.

"The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay ;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away ;

"But on THAT FOREHEAD God has set
Indelibly a MARK
Unseen by man, for man, as yet,
Is blind and in the dark.

"And yet the doomed man's path below
Like Eden may have bloomed ;
He did not, does not, will not, know
Or feel that he is doomed.

"He thinks, he feels, that all is well,
And every fear is calmed ;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in HELL,
Not only DOOMED, but DAMNED !

"O, where is this mysterious bourn
By which our path is crossed, —
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is LOST ?

"HOW FAR may we go on in SIN ?
How long will God forbear ?
WHERE does hope end, and WHERE begin
The confines of despair ?

"An answer from the skies is SENT,
'Ye that from God depart,'
While it is called 'to-day' REPENT,
And harden NOT your hearts."

You have heard of the death of that young man who died in his sins. Listen to the circumstances, and reflect:

Upon the bed of his last sickness lay a young man. All that medicine could do had been done, but it was more and more evident he was drawing near to the confines of eternity. His weeping friends could not conceal their forebodings. But he knew it all,—that there was no hope of his life. The *night of death*, merely, was nothing in his estimation. It was the curtain of eternal night, which he felt enshrouding his departing spirit, that filled him with unutterable emotions. His conscience, too, was busy, *auditing* his last and long account with the Supreme Judge. He saw, as plainly as you see me, the hand of divine Justice closing the gates of heaven and opening the gates of hell. "Pale as a ghost sitting on a cloud" lay that young man. What was it that "wrapt the hour of gloom in ten-fold woe," and made death what *Aristotle* called it, "*the terrible of terribles*"? It was his repeated acts of rebellion against the Holy Spirit. With his soul upon his trembling lips he confessed it, "*while* grief beyond description grieved" around that *dying* bed; for his weeping friends were there, and an aged father, and the young lady to whom he was betrothed. But hear his sad confession:

"In early days the *Spirit* strove
To guide my feet to heaven;
I heard the gentle whispers then,
'*Repent and be forgiven.*'
And yet, I grieved that monitor away,
He plead in vain,
And 't were a boon I dare not crave
To hear his voice again!

"Say not the star of Bethlehem
Shall glitter o'er the tomb!

On me his beams may never fall,
 To gild my pathway home.
 The fangs of the undying worm
 Are piercing now my soul ;
 I see the caverns of despair,
 I hear the billows roll.

“ And now, farewell ! dis severed
 Is the last terrestrial tie ;
 Swift-pinioned to the bar
 Of injured Majesty I fly !
 And ere the herald of my exit
 Chimes its solemn knell,
 Ye are weeping o’er the dust
 Of one who lives a fiend in hell.

“ The veil is drawn ; eternal truth
 Is to my soul revealed,
 And by Jehovah’s fiat sure
 I know my doom is sealed.”

I have not repeated those lines because of any excellency in the poetry, and they are not bettered by my imperfect memory,—but for the solemn warning to you, sinners, which they contain. The young man *died thus*, and was buried. Whatever was his fate in eternity, he had a miserable death-bed. No one could doubt that the *Spirit* had often strove with him. It was his treatment to the Spirit, and his knowledge of the fact, that filled him with such fearful forebodings.

What other death-bed can you expect, if you continue a similar resistance? Beware of suppressing the voice of your own consciences ! “ *Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.*” This heavenly Dove is still with you ; *weary* him not—*drive* him not away from the ark of your souls ! Have you faith, and repentance, and a desire to be saved ? Then would I say to every such soul, “ *This is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation.*” Jesus hath

died for you. Believe it, and trust wholly in the merits of his death. Why not? You are a sinner; and for whom but sinners did he bleed and die? Why not this moment throw thyself upon his mercy? He stands ready to save thee. O, fly into the arms of his everlasting love! Where else canst thou fly? The law of God threatens thee with eternal death. Jesus offers thee eternal life, if thou wilt—but accept of him as thy Redeemer and Saviour. It is Christ that died; he alone can justify; and when he justifies who can condemn? Make him thine, by cordially accepting him as thy Ransom. Amen.

But let us proceed. The *sinner* is represented in Scripture as being dead in trespasses and in sins, and *quickeneth* out of that state.—Eph. 2: 1. Jesus says, “It is the SPIRIT that *quickeneth*.” Paul echoes it: “The *Spirit giveth life*,”—*quickeneth*, as the original has it. You know something of the retina of the eye, doubtless,—that fine, transparent net-work of nerves over the bottom of the eye, which receives the image of an object in vision. It is said, if you open the eye of a *dead man*, you will perceive that the retina is as active in receiving the image of an object as that in the eye of a living person. But the *effect* goes no further. The *brain* receives no impression. And why? There is no *life within*, no *soul*, no intelligent principle. The new-made image stands alone on the retina, untelegraphed to the brain. The *optic nerve* is in its place, it is true, but all is *death* in the brain; the all-informing mind is gone,—therefore the image stands *unnoticed*.

A better illustration of the *sinner's* case one could hardly select. He is *spiritually dead*. An *image* of a truth may impress itself upon his *natural understanding*, as well as upon that of a *living* Christian; but there is no corresponding impression made upon his heart, no communication with

his conscience, no sympathy within; he is dead to spiritual things.

These phenomena are *notorious*. In every congregation there are men to be seen listening to the most startling truths quite unmoved,—truths conveyed under the most *brilliant* and *striking imagery*,—enough, one would think, to move even devils, and which really does move them till they tremble.—James 2: 19. Why is it not so also with such men? Life within is wanting; there is *death* within. The *Spirit of God* alone can create that life. It is his work to quicken such dead souls into life. Until then TRUTH receives no *response*,—no more than an image in a dead man's eye. The presence of the *soul* is wanting in the corpse; the presence of the *Spirit* is wanted in the sinner.

Every *living Christian* present is a witness to the truth of divine influence; its *necessity*, first, for there was a time in his history when he also was dead to God, but the *quickenings* Spirit came at last. Every *new convert*, ay, and every *penitent sinner*, has this divine signature within himself, clear and satisfactory. Is this *heterodoxy*? If so, hate it; reject it; if not, pray receive it, and do not operate against the stranger. What thinkest thou? But what may be heterodoxy at thy tribunal may be orthodoxy before the tribunal of the Bible. There I leave it. As Paul appealed to Cæsar, I appeal to the Bible. What Paul said of a sinful woman may be said of a sinful man: "*But she that liveth in pleasure is DEAD WHILE SHE LIVETH.*"—1 Tim. 5: 6. Hearken again, Col. 2: 13,—"*And you being DEAD in YOUR SINS, hath he quickened together with him, having forgiven you all trespasses.*" Hearken again: "*Because we thus judge, that if one died*

for all, then were ALL dead."—2 Cor. 5: 14. These are to the point. Can you require more?

Consider a *corpse*. Had you the compass of a thousand voices in one, you could not make the *brain* of that dead man recognize that image on the retina of his eye. No; nor by a similar voice call forth a *saving recognition* of a single truth, impressed upon the understanding of a sinner spiritually dead. But a *single voice* could do it, if accompanied by "the still small voice" of the *Spirit* of truth.

Instance that *solitary voice* of the prophet Jonah upon the walls of *Nineveh*. It fell upon their ears "like a blast from the trump of God." It pealed through the streets of *Nineveh* till all her palaces trembled," till the capital of the mightiest nation of the East was humbled into tears and cries of repentance! Why this effect? The stranger was *unarmed*,—his *voice*, in itself, had nothing remarkable in its compass or volume of sound, that we read of. There was no visible *army* outside those walls, to give *emphasis* to his summoning voice, as to that of some great general. Why did they not suspect his sanity, or suspect him for some wild, adventuring fanatic, coming with such unheard of and unlikely intelligence,—"*Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown*"? Why did they not *arrest* him? why not confine him in a *mad-house*, if they had one, or in a prison? Why did the people fall a weeping, and repenting, and fasting, one and all, from the king on his throne down to the humblest citizen? Nobody meddled with Jonah, except the devil; his voice still reverberating the dreadful words, "*Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown.*" Ah! that voice was not alone! The *Spirit* of God accompanied it to every conscience, and a whole city of more than *six-score thousand* persons, hitherto dead in sin, awoke into agonizing life, and cried to Jonah's God for mercy! Thus the prediction of the city's overthrow overthrew the

prediction; the *death-sentence* from the walls brought life to the city, and Nineveh stood in its glory after the *forty* days had expired. *Truth* owes its power to "*the Spirit of truth*,"—John 16: 15; as the *bullet* to the *powder* that impels it, as the *sword* to the *arm* that wields, as the *seal* to the *hand* that presses it.

Hear me, all of you! I care not though heaven and earth and hell heard it, for it is my steadfast faith; the *arrows of truth*, "though barbed and winged by an angel's hand," would fail to stick fast in a sinner's conscience without the power of the Spirit. The *sharpest artillery* of the Gospel would be no more than as the *chirping* of the grasshopper, in his absence. This is my faith,—*before* every sermon, and *during its delivery*, and *after*. To him I give the all GLORY continually for any good done. This is the *understanding* between him and my soul, be the conversions few or many, or much or little liberty, or popularity small or great. In doing so, he blesses my labors, and keeps the life of God alive in my soul. This is my *apology*. These are my principles; by them I stand, without wavering. The preacher has *life* and *light* within—not *self-originated*, but *derived*,—as the *stream* from the fountain, as the *light* from the sun, as the *moon* shines by the sun, my life, my light come from Jesus, created and sustained in my soul by the power of the Holy Ghost.

It was said of that great sculptor, *Michael Angelo*, that every touch of his chisel was *life*, and that he struck out *features and forms* from the marble with the power of a creator. Ay, but he left them still in *marble lifelessness*. Not so a *God-sent* preacher. He enters the *devil's quarry*; hews out sinners there as dead to God as those marble blocks to the chisel of the great artist. It would be a *shame* if the chisel of such a preacher is less productive of saintly form and feature; but a greater shame, should

he leave them, like Angelo, in the coldness of death. Such *saintly imitations* from the Gospel chisel would soon perish like the frost-work we observed the other morning, under the breath of temptation, or the sunshine of worldly prosperity; whereas Angelo's chisel conferred a sort of earthly immortality, at least, upon its productions. But, sirs, what do you see? Look around upon these hundreds, *thousands!* Here are *scores* and *hundreds*, who, a few weeks since, were dead to divine influence as that Italian's marbles, dead to God as the body of Lazarus when four days in the tomb, where Jesus found him,—alas! not four days spiritually dead, but years—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, ay, seventy years, in that state. But, "*Lazarus, come forth!*" They have come forth out of their spiritual tombs at the call of the same voice, bound *hand* and *foot*, in their *carnal grave-clothes*. Satan thought he had bound them securely enough, and only waited permission to carry them off to hell. But they have had a resurrection, miraculous as the raising of Lazarus. Scores of these men and women of God have aided in loosing and letting them go, to run the race for the heavenly prize; and most of them have started with a shout, which the angels of God respond to in heaven.—Luke 15: 10.

Their life, like ours, is derived from above. It was the Holy Ghost that awakened them; he it was that animated the chisel, that put upon them the forms and the features of the children of God; and life immortal still animates these new creatures in Christ Jesus. Old things have passed away from them, indeed, and all things have become new.—2 Cor. 5: 17. And now, glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end! Amen! and amen!

CHAPTER IX.

PROGRESS OF THE REVIVAL.

WE shall now resume our selections from those portions of Mr. C.'s journal which relate to the Huddersfield revival.

Jan. 1, 1845. — Adieu, 1844! A happy and successful year hast thou been to me — the most so in all my ministerial life! Hail, 1845! a new friend, but an untried one, has taken me by the hand. Through what scenes of joy or sorrow is it to lead? To what is it to introduce me? "There is a time to be *born*, and a time to *die*," says Solomon. What! and not a word about the time between? No; it seemed so short, I suppose, he needs make no account of it; as if, taken in itself, it was not worth mentioning, but just puts the cradle on the grave's brink. O, my soul, be watchful and active! Death is on the swift march to meet thee; and, though he cannot kill thee, he may *un-house* thee suddenly, which he will do sooner or later. May he find thee as now, only *hólier*, and filled with *love*! Let thy religion be experimental, practical, doctrinal. And thy preaching, let it be the same, that thou mayest save thyself and *them* that hear thee. Remember Rowland Hill's sentiment, that a merely doctrinal religion leads to Antinomianism; if only experimental, to enthusiasm; and if practical only, to pharisaism; but the *three combined*

make the real and scriptural Christian. Just so! This *trinity* in personal religion is of high importance, next to the doctrine of a trinity in theology. How things run in trinities! Matter, light and heat, *one sun*; hail, rain and snow, *water*; body, soul and spirit, *one man*; Father, Son and Holy Ghost, *one God*; *rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing*, and in everything give thanks, *entire sanctification*,—at least, a blessed evidence of it; a doctrinal, experimental and practical religion, *one Christian*. O, my soul, never detach thyself from these!

My mind is solemn. The new year has me by one hand, so to speak, and Providence holds me by the other. If the latter remain my Friend, the other cannot be my enemy. At peace with the Master, at peace with the servant. Amen! so be it, and so it is!

Held our watch-night at Buxton-road Chapel. Text, "*Awake, thou that sleepest,*" &c. — Eph. 5: 14. *Thirteen* souls were converted. Glory be to God! some born of the Spirit at the close of the old year, and others in the beginning of the *new*. Interesting scenes to Heaven, if there be still joy there over a sinner repenting. — Luke 15: 10. That settles it! Good news for the skies! Hallelujah to God and the Lamb for ever and ever! Amen!

Afternoon of New Year's Day. — Out for a walk; meditations retrospective, remembering all the way the Lord my God has led me in the wilderness, to humble me, and to prove me, to know what was in my heart, whether I would keep his commandments or no. — Deut. 8: 2. Had much cause for humiliation, indeed; and much, also, for thanksgiving and gladness of heart. At times sombre,—the *pilgrim habit* would return upon me; the looking up, and forward, and upward, and inward, with *sighings* of soul, and

uncertainties as to the providential path, and scrutiny as to principles, motives, courage, purity, faith.

“ ‘T is sweet sometimes to speak and be the hearer ;
For he is twice himself who can converse
With his own thoughts, as with a living throng
Of fellow-travellers in a solitude.”

Jan. 8. — Last night had a meeting for the new converts. Had a large proportion of them present. They knelt in succession around the altar, after receiving a few words of advice and exhortation to faithfulness, then a few words of prayer, pronouncing over them the apostolical benediction : “ *The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.* ” — 2 Cor. 13 : 14. And while singing a verse of a hymn they retired to their seats, and a fresh company came up ; and so till all had been so *confirmed*, — a good Methodistic “ *confirmation* ” this, of truly regenerated souls ! By this means, also, we found who had not yet been appointed to class, and had the thing attended to. Then we had a prayer-meeting for mourners, and a number saved.

It was ascertained that *six hundred and forty* persons had been saved in justification and sanctification since the meeting commenced, the proportions thus : *two hundred converted* from the world ; *one hundred and forty* members converted — persons meeting in class before the revival, but unsaved ; and *three hundred* cases of entire sanctification ; total, *six hundred and forty*.

How *satisfactory* to record the name of every person saved in such a work ! It enables one to judge pretty correctly as to the character of the work, and preserves from *exaggerated reports*. All glory be to God ! He doeth the

works! How easy to gain the victory when Jesus takes the field! How hard the conflict when he stands aloof! "I go not up to the feast yet," said Jesus; but others went up. He was in the mountain, at prayer, while the disciples were rowing in vain against the wind and waves of the Tiberian Sea. But in the fourth watch of the night Jesus came to them, walking among the waves; fear came upon them when they ought to have had joy. They thought it was a *spirit*; but a voice came booming over the waves, "*Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid.*" Peter was soon out among the waves to meet his Lord, with only the plank of faith to support him, which the winds and waves soon deprived him of. But Jesus caught him as he was going down, and saved him, with the sweet words, "*O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?*" Peter remembered that, doubtless, in many an after conflict for souls! With Jesus aboard, they were victorious over winds and waves, and soon reached their quiet harbor. O, but there is much of this *administration* in these revival efforts!

Jan. 4, Saturday morning. — Pressed faith for purity, lovingly and intensely, last night; faith in a promise, a naked faith, stripped of all feeling, in a *naked promise*; "believe that ye do receive, and ye shall have." — Mark 11: 24. Faith is a *voluntary* act of the mind; otherwise it could not be a *condition* of salvation. Showed that everything *stands still* till this faith is exercised; as the "*unclean spirit*" went not out of the man's son, till the father cried out, with tears, "*Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.*" For Jesus had said to him, "*If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.*" Faith, under the Gospel, seems to be the finishing act of the mind. It is like *signing* a check on the bank, without which the best-

drawn check is good for nothing. The promise of Jesus is like an unsigned check until the believing soul *endorses* it by its faith; then it is *negotiable* at the bank of grace. Many do not understand this, and plead the promise most earnestly, and wonder that it draws nothing, while they refuse to *believe*. They might just as well present a draft at a bank, and plead intensely to have it cashed, while they refuse to *endorse* it. When we are pleading a promise for full salvation, we *endorse* it by believing that we do receive it; that instant we shall feel that the promise is honored, and we do receive. I love to press upon believers that sentiment of Mr. Wesley,—“It is of importance to observe that there is an inseparable connection between these three points: 1st, *expect it AS you are*; 2d, *expect it by FAITH*; 3d, *expect it NOW*. To deny one is to deny them all. To allow one is to allow them all. Do you believe we are sanctified by faith? Be true to your principle, and look for the blessing just as you are, neither better nor worse,—as a poor sinner that has nothing to pay, nothing to plead, but Christ died. And if you look for it *as you are*, then expect it *now*; stay for nothing. Why should you? Christ is ready; and he is all you want. He is waiting for you; he is at the door.” *Worldly wisdom* and the *wisdom of the serpent* will have much to say against such sentiments; but they will stand good and unimpeachable to the end of the world. I preached as one beating the air, for years, upon this doctrine, because I was in the *fog* on the simple way of faith. But no sooner did I clearly perceive the scriptural truth of those *propositions* of Mr. Wesley, *experience* them, and *preach them*, than the arm of God was made bare in the full salvation of believers. It was by pressing them home by all the varied illustrations I could command that those *three hundred*

persons, during the last four or five weeks, entered into this perfect liberty of the sons of God.

Jan. 6th, Monday, A. M.—Yesterday forenoon I preached in a small chapel at *Deadmanstone*, a few miles from *Huddersfield*. The lesson for the morning was Rev. 2. When reading the fifth verse,—“*and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent*,”—power came upon me to exhort some backslider present. I did so, with an extraordinary assurance that there was such an one present; talked to him as if he and I were alone with God; described what *he was, what now*; what his *house once was*, a place of prayer, its *state now*; that he was once a “*candlestick*,” giving light in his household, but now he was like an *empty and lightless one*. My appeals became sharper and sharper, that God was about to remove the candlestick out of his place into the grave, into perdition, unless he repented. My *gestures* became violent,—“*not saving the air, the land and thus*,” as Shakspeare deprecated — that would have been well in this instance; “*spreading themselves abroad*” did the *mischief* with the brass candlestick to the right. Out of its *socket* it went, rolling to and fro, till it found a resting-place far enough from the pulpit, but happened to hit nobody, though the chapel was full. It could not be *helped*. Did not design it, for certain; the people knew it; I seized it as an illustration of the *lightless backslider*, that thus and thus he should be removed out of his place suddenly, unless sudden repentance prevented the *terrible catastrophe*. My soul was strangely moved. The backslider *was* present, came forward to be prayed for, and the Lord saved him. Relighted the candlestick, and sent him home to his house, with his *heart all flaming with the love of God*.

Glory be to God! But, to “*preach the preaching*”

which God bids one, as he hinted to *Jonah*, *Jonah* 3: 2, is often like the *whirlwind*, tossing *SYSTEM topsy-turvy*. How often, by so doing, have I lost the good opinion of persons of taste and intelligence, but *won* souls! Ay, won souls, scores and scores of them! It is best to obey God, and *risk all else*. Amen. May I have grace to do so always,—for, O, it does require grace.

Returned to town, and assisted the Rev. John Ryan to administer the sacrament in Queen-street Chapel, in the afternoon. A gracious season. Was highly pleased with the chapel. A noble edifice, capable of seating more than *two thousand* people, I would suppose. In the *proportions* of its interior it is a *model*,—in *height* of the *galleries*, which quite surround it, and in the *position* of the *pulpit*, in its relation to every part of the building. The *ceiling* is just to my taste, the *true elevation*, neither too high nor too low, *plain-surfaced*, the true friend of *elocution*,—*vaulted* ceilings are a curse. The *pulpit*, which is at the opposite end from the doors, projects, and is surrounded by the audience. Behind the *pulpit* is the orchestra, joined with the main galleries, and sufficiently elevated behind the preacher to aid grandly in projecting his voice,—which plank does better than brick and mortar, always. *Fixtures* in *pulpit* in good taste; lighted with gas, as is all the house. A powerful organ and excellent *choir*, aided by nearly the whole congregation; all sing,—men, women and children. And when they sing it reminds one of what John heard of the singing in heaven, as the voice of many waters, or a *thunder* full of melody, and sweet as trembling harp-tones. A large *lecture-room* below, with many class-rooms, and a preacher's vestry, where he may pause and pray before he appears among the people, out of which there is a private stairway leading to the *pulpit*. No rattling of windows by

the wind, nor *creaking* of doors, nor *slamming*, nor noise of *carriages* without; for the chapel stands back a considerable distance from the street, and the space in front is flagged, like a palace-yard. Everything, in fact, is in *perfect order* and excellent taste. It *sublimizes* and spiritualizes the soul to look around. There is nothing *gaudy*, but the *greatest simplicity*. Would that all chapel-building committees and trustees could take a few lessons in Queen-street Chapel, Huddersfield! The congregation seems in harmony with the place; a fine, *intelligent-looking* people, and *devout*, good specimens of genuine *Yorkshires*. We shall get better acquainted by and by. What if the Gospel, like Ithuriel's spear, in Milton, should find the *DEVIL squatted* here amid all this devout intelligence! If so, he shall be made to *feel the touch* of its *celestial temper*; if so, then we shall have a blaze of opposition of some sort:

“ As when a spark
Lights on a heap of *nitrous powder*, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a *rumored war*, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;
So started up, in his own shape, the *FIEND*!”

Well, last night, in this chapel, to a vast crowd, preached from those awful words in Jer. 23: 19, 20,—“*Behold, a whirlwind of the Lord is gone forth in fury, even a grievous whirlwind: it shall fall grievously upon the head of the wicked. The anger of the Lord shall not return, until he have executed, and till he have performed the thoughts of his heart: in the latter days ye shall consider it perfectly.*” There were *twenty-four persons* found mercy, and *eleven* purity of heart. A good beginning. O, Jesus, ride on! subdue the people under thee! We were brought *low*, and thou didst help us. This is

known to all the people. Thy *finger* is seen, thy *power* is acknowledged. Man was humbled into the dust, was made nothing, as he sprang from nothing, and continues as nothing. Hallelujah !

Jan. 7th, Tuesday morning.— Brother Ryan preached last night a good sermon on Rev. 22: 16. *Four* souls were saved.

To-day, when walking out, met two young sinners, through whose lips Satan complimented me in no measured terms. I had reproved them for swearing. It only edged my spirit to preach as I have never done against all sins by which the devil peoples hell. Amen.

Jan. 8th.— A fine spiritual breeze last night. *Liberty* of soul, great freedom of speech, with simplicity. A timely lift so early in the week ; made the best of it, and in a *holier* sense than *Burns* intended :

“ Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave *Care* o'er side ;
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let 's tak' the tide.”

The two revivals are going on side by side, sweetly and evenly,—justification and sanctification ; like two great streams to the same ocean, or like the *two rails* in a railroad track. Over *twenty* saved when the meeting closed.

My soul enjoys conscious *purity*. What a *paradise* of sweetness there is in it ! The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, *cleanseth* me. *Doubts* are met by an instant application to that blood, through that promise.— Mark 11: 24. A *great promise* that, when one's *consecration* is *entire*.

My time is fully occupied ; pen a-going six or seven hours a day. My *correspondence* is a heavy tax on time and strength, extending widely over these three kingdoms

and America; occupied sometimes till midnight, *Mr. Webb* folding and sealing my letters as fast as written. I cannot as yet diminish in any direction,—it rather increases. But it is a fine opportunity to do good. It is my harvest; shame to let the *sickle* rust. There is a time in every Christian's life when he may do more good than at others. He is *wise* to improve it. *Letter-writing* suggests good *thoughts*, which I save for my sermons; *replies* to those at a distance tell well upon particular cases here; so that all is pressed some way into service in this *war*. My soul, too, is kept alive and happy by constant activity.

“Each morning finds some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.”

Jan. 9th.—A *hard onset* last night; could not *rise*; a *fog* on my spirit; *gloom* on the people,—some thought it *infernal*. Poor sinners felt it, too. *They know* when we have a hard time, and know, also, the *brightening* of the spiritual atmosphere, though they cannot understand it. Prayer-meeting *heavy* at first, but the *air* became heavenly after a while,

“And glory dawned on the gloom of hell.”

The power of God was revealed, and that “*ghastly squadron of despair*,” impenitent sinners, went away the saved of the Lord, with faces beaming like *seraphs*.

Eleven o'clock at night.—A good day, *constant peace*, and thoroughly active. I got a *spiritual start* in morning prayer, and kept ahead all day; a great advantage to begin the day well *there*; the mind well perfumed with grace then, the *fragrance* is sure to last all day. This seldom

fails with me; it is the *cream* of the day; when we give God that, the *milk* of enjoyment is sweet all day after.

Jan. 10th.—Managed to introduce Jesus in my sermon last night; he is the SOUL of preaching, as one said, and a sermon without him is like a body without a soul. "*I am the light of the world.*" Yes, my Lord, and the light of a sermon, too. One observes of him that "He arose on the world an object as *wonderful* and *new* in his person and office as the *sun* when it first took rank among the stars of heaven; and, like the solar light, while pouring a flood of radiance on everything else, he remains himself a glorious mystery." Ay, and, like the rising sun, he is still fresh, new, refreshing and lovely, in a discourse; and *floods* every truth, as the sun every plant, and flower, and gem, with heavenly radiance. As *light* is enthroned in the sun, so was the Godhead in the manhood of Jesus Christ, my Lord; and he is still sending forth his rays of omnipotence, benevolence and love. A large number of sinners looked unto him and were saved.

Saturday, A. M., 11th.—Bore down hard upon unconverted folks; showed the folly of *fretting* and controverting about *sanctification*, when in the dark regarding their own justification; that they could not reason correctly upon this high branch of experimental salvation, while ignorant of the *lower* branch; that it was like a *boy* trying to *read*, who had never learned his alphabet, or making an effort to read writing if unable to read *print*, or essaying to work out a sum in *division* when ignorant of the *multiplication table*. A minister should *disallow* it; otherwise he resembles a *tutor* setting a student upon some high effort of *logical deduction* or *mathematical* demonstration, before ever he had learned the *premises* from which his *deductions*

should be drawn; or the *axioms* upon which his *problem* should turn!

They understood and felt the remarks. More than a score of such fell down upon their knees, resolving to learn their religious alphabet, and commit such folly no more. "*God be merciful to me a sinner*" sounded sweetly! Most of them were enabled to *read* their own title to divine favor clearly before they left. The Lord Jesus does not confer his *honorary degrees*, as some colleges do their *diplomas* of *doctor of divinity*, in a *language* which the honored *recipient* is quite unable to read, and hardly knows what to make of it till he procures somebody to read it for him.

Some who had *professed* conversion had their wounds laid open to bleed afresh. Well, better have them *bleed now* than months hence, when there may not be so good a chance to obtain a *thorough cure*. Many *bleed to death* in their last sickness, and go to the judgment wounded all over with the Spirit's sword, as well as by the wounds *sin* has made,—wounds which *have* not been *closed*, *neither bound up*, *neither mollified with ointment*,—Isaiah 1: 5, 6,—and so perish forever. This *close*, searching preaching is *safe*, though it be *severe*. The work of *holiness*, however, is *advancing* with great rapidity and power.

Monday, A. M., Jan. 13. — A morning time, yesterday, on Rom. 1: 16,—"*For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.*" Much weeping. Glad to see it! Long looked for, is come at last! like digging for water, the *vein* is struck at last! "*We have found water*," said Isaac's servants. — Gen. 26: 32. We have found water, exclaimed my soul. *Chrysostom* called *tears* a *sponge* to wipe out sin; *objectionable*, somewhat,—the blood of Jesus Christ

for that. Nevertheless, *tears* in the eyes of hearers wipe out from a preacher's memory many an old score against hardness, indifference, naughtiness and unbelief. Besides, some winter says, *prayer* inclines God to show mercy, but *tears* compel him — ay, and compel the preacher to weep as fast as any of them. Ambrose was something of the same opinion, when he remarked that an offence which cannot be defended by argument may be concealed by tears. Tears, like rivers, are increased by tributaries; when the tears of a preacher flow with those of his hearers, the freshet has great force to sweep off old stumps and logs and dam-like hindrances, to be seen no more forever; — good things these tears! Blessed be God for the Gospel! It is a power among other powers in the universe. Attraction is a power, and so is gravitation, and repulsion, and adhesion; and so is the Gospel; it has all these in itself, in the high and supernatural sense; like them, invisible; and, like all other powers in the universe, it is perfectly adapted to its purpose. It is, so to speak, the counterpart of man; his wants, his longings, and many other mental facts, are all met and supplied in the Gospel. It is as necessary to his well-being as earth, air, fire, water, attraction, gravitation, repulsion, adhesion, sun, moon and stars, and stormy winds. The Gospel is a revealing power, a life-giving power, a light-giving power, a life-saving power, a sinner-awakening power, a soul-converting power, a sanctifying power, a sinner-detecting power, an invisible power, a supernatural power, a specific power, an inspiring power, a plenary power, a conscience-moving power, a consciously-felt power, a heart-softening power, an overcoming power, a transforming power, a compensating power, a merciful power, a soul-terrifying power, a sinner-restraining power, an available power, a soul-quickeningsoul-elevating

power, an eternal power,— *it is the power of God!* Great bones these! and when bone is brought to bone, and sinews and flesh come upon them, and the skin covers them, and embroidered a little with arteries and veins, and *breath* from heaven is inspired into them, and fire such as *Prometheus* never stole, it is a *formidable* power for a sinner to encounter. As Luther observed, it is a sword, a war, a destruction; it falls upon the children of Ephraim, like a *lion* out of the forest; but mild and benevolent to the penitent and to the believer, as the angel-visitants to Adam and Eve in their unfallen Paradise! So it was yesterday to the *crowds* who came under its influence. Hallelujah!

One has remarked that some come to hear the Gospel merely for its eloquence; others, as they would attend a concert of music, for mere amusement; others, to cull a few flowers, as they do in a garden, but not to subdue lusts, or to better the heart; others, to *feast the fancy*, while they *starve* the soul; others, in search of rouge for the imagination, like a woman who *paints her face*, while she neglects her health! Yes, and some come to feast the soul "with living bread sent down from heaven," and to drink of the living streams which make glad the city of our God. The weak come to be strengthened, the sad cheered, the sick and wounded to be cured and healed, the dark to be enlightened, the guilty to be pardoned, and the unclean to be purified. These, blessed be God, were not disappointed!

My soul *communes* with herself to-day, and with God. Thanks to his name for the privilege! She gains strength for fresh battles thus; she recounts her successes, retouches her doings, and lays all the glory at the feet of her risen and present Lord! Well, if eloquence was wanting, the Lord Jesus gave the good, sound, robust, sinner-awakening truth. If *flower-seekers* and *amusement-hunters*

were disappointed, *food-seekers* and *profit-seekers* were not. Praise Jesus for that fact! *Flowers* of oratory, "*rouge* for the imagination," as *rouge* for the *face*, from *safflowers*? Nay, but *tears*, in plenty, to wash off *paint*, if need be,—though I think English ladies don't meddle with *rouge* much, the climate and out-door exercise supply their color and excellent health,—tears, to wash away *hypocritical indifference*, more common than *paint*! *Tears are tell-tales*! "Others go to hear the Gospel as they would to a *concert* of music," O, but there was *melody* in the Gospel; the melody of *mercy*, and it sounded sweetly in the ears of many a drooping penitent. If "the echoing hills and answering firmament" did not reply to it, as to a nation's anthem, *scores* of *stricken consciences* did hold sublime communion with its "*joyful-sound*." If it did not, in that glad hour,

"Dissolve their soul in ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before their eyes,"

as some poet remarks, it did dissolve their doubts of *mercy*, by bringing the compassion and willingness of Jesus to save, and his ability, before their eyes! And then the choir, and the pealing organ, and the glorious voices of a multitude:

"With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

"Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

"He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out strong cries and tears,

And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

"He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meekest name.

"Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In every trying hour!"

What shall I say more? If it did not, as Milton hints,
"take the imprisoned soul, and *lap* it in *Elysium*," it did
lap it in the *brightening certainty* of a salvation nigh at
hand, to be realized in the conversion of *ninety* souls before
the Sabbath closed, and in the sanctification of *thirty* mem-
bers, all carefully enrolled, with their places of residence,
and mostly appointed to classes, by our indefatigable secre-
tary!

Surely, the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation!
Glory be to God for such a Sabbath-day as yesterday!
Let all the people praise thee, O *God*! let all the people
praise thee! — Ps. 67: 3. *Amen*, and *Amen*! We had a
dozen of the Sheffield warriors over, with *Brother Unwin*
at their head; they were flames of fire, and mightily moved
the people.

CHAPTER X.

WHISPERS TO OFFENDED HEARERS.

This chapter is made up of brief passages intended as replies to such as for various reasons took offence at Mr. Caughey's preaching. They are very abrupt, but very pointed. They are stray arrows, with sharp heads, and may be useful to the "itching ears" of any congregation.

I would rather be called "*impertinent*" by man, than "*unfaithful*" by the Lord. Which is safest, think you? By the way, this revival is the season for the study of human nature. It is with minds as with the *fields* upon a farm—it is the season, wet or dry, which develops the nature of the soil, and the *roots* which best flourish there accordingly. When all is quiet, and the Gospel comes in *word* only, how very *good-natured* sinners are! The preacher is a very fine fellow,—an *agreeable, eloquent gentleman*, if you please, of rare talents and learning;—the very preacher for them! How polite and amiable they are! *Fine times* for church-members, too! Religion is basking in the *sunshine* of the world, and they share in it. But, let the Gospel come, not in *word* only, but in *power*, and in the *Holy Ghost*, and with much assurance,—1 Thess. 1: 5,—searching the inmost of the soul, flashing the lightnings of eternal truth around the walls of the temple; then are the *dispositions* and the *thoughts* of many hearts

revealed.—Luke 2: 35. Let the truth of God strike home once or twice "*with unexpected vividness*," then behold the attitude of the carnal mind. What indignation, what malice, what revenge, may be, against him who flung the fatal weapon, and against all concerned!

We read of a *viper* which hides its teeth in its gums, requiring good sight to detect them. *Simplicity* might conclude them *harmless*. *Provoke* the viper: the teeth are instantly seen, protruding in battle array! It is thus with the carnal mind, the world over.

This *enmity* is not apt to slumber in a revival. It is like the American *snake*, seldom caught napping in hot weather. In cold weather, when the thermometer is below zero, there is no danger from snakes; bring them to the fire, however, and life and enmity will soon appear. It is like *fire* smouldering under a heap of ashes—that is, carnal enmity; stir it up, and it shows *red life* sufficient to kindle a conflagration that many waters could not quench.

A divine in Switzerland struck this chord with a powerful hand. He said, "Religion is that which so nearly concerns every man that it is hardly possible for a man to be without *sentiment* regarding it. For, on *ordinary subjects*, our tastes change and oscillate between likes and dislikes, from aversion to affection, without ever stopping in the *intermediate space*. But, when any subject presses upon our *hopes or fears*, our love or hatred, we are constrained to flee from *indifference*, as from a sort of DEATH. And why? Because we are creatures of *feeling and sensibility*! Therefore, upon the presence of a *fact* so immense and so overpowering as that of *religion*, which every moment solicits our decision, we may truly say that indifference finds its limits." How does this Swiss sentiment tally with your experience?

Open your *clock-door*, and observe the motions of the *pendulum*, how it vibrates and oscillates to and fro. It carries not a moment in the centre; neutrality is impossible while the *weights* are suspended and the clock moves. It is so with the *human mind*, when the weight of religion is upon it, and eternal realities are suspended, forcing the mind to action. Neutrality is next to impossible during a great revival; for it is then the mind feels most decidedly the *weight* and eternal consequences of religion. Like the pendulum in a clock, the mind finds no rest in an intermediate space, between *likes and dislikes, affection and aversion*; it is ever in one state or the other, and *flies indifference* — abhors it, as nature a *vacuum*. It must be on one side or the other; on the side of religion or on the world's side; on the Lord's side or on the devil's side. The *results* are seen upon the dial-plate of the clock; equally so upon the dial of our character. Moses cried, "Who is on the Lord's side, let him come unto me." He never suspected *neutrality*. It is thus I interpret certain phenomena which now begin to appear *unmistakably* — opposition from unexpected quarters!

Devils themselves cannot maintain neutrality. They could not in the days of our Lord. But [pardon me] there was a *dignity* and *candor* about devils not found in many human *opponents* of revivals. *Devils* always accosted our Lord with *respect* and *deference*. "*I know thee, who thou art, the holy one of God; art thou come to torment us?*" Again: "*What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God; art thou come hither to torment us before the time?*" Again: "*What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, that thou torment me not.*" Again: "*What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God*"

most high? I beseech thee, *torment* me not." Such was the language of devils, usually estimated as mind at its worst. Great *energy* in their deprecations, but great *respect* and *reverence*. But look at the treatment our Lord received from the tongues of sinners. Anything of this *respect* and *deference* to his character? "*Is not this the carpenter's son?*" And they called him "*a wine-bibber and a glutton, a blasphemer, a perverter of the nation, a drunkard, a friend of publicans and sinners, a Samaritan, the prince of the devils, mad, possessed of a devil,*" and other hard names and language. That Name, to which every knee upon earth, as well as in heaven, shall bow, made a jest and a by-word! That *devils* prompted to all this I would not deny; but it seems they could not, or *dare not*, do so themselves.

* * * * *

Well, some good among the "*evil*;" if my preaching "*hardens*," it *softens* others. That is a mercy. Walking out, the other morning, I noticed a piece of ice and a lump of clay; the sun was melting the ice and hardening the clay. There is much of this, possibly, going on among those who sit under my ministry. Was the sun to blame that his rays did not melt the clay-lump? You would not say so. Why, then, impute to my preaching that which the nature of the sinner produces in himself? If my illustrations "*play the mischief with sound objections*," pray, blame not them, but the gossamer nature of the objections themselves. If the objections were sound, my illustrations would be as harmless as the southern *fire-fly*.

If my preaching "*stumbles*" some, it *humbles* others; ay, and *converts* them, too. My Master's preaching had similar effects. He was "*a rock of offence and a stone of stumbling*," to many. — Rom. 9: 33. "*Behold, this*

child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel," said Simeon. — Luke 2: 34. There were *weepers* under his ministry; ay, and *eyes* as *tearless* as the firmament during the three years' drought under Elijah the prophet. By the side of my Lord Jesus allow me to stand, and *rise* or *fall* with him, in human estimation. "The *disciple* is not above his master, nor the *servant* above his Lord. It is *enough* for the disciple that he be as his master, and the servant as his lord." — Matt. 10: 25. Amen to what my Lord doth say!

If sceptics gather poison out of my "*flowers of speech*," they are not the first *wasps* that have sucked poison out of bee-flowers. It was so, also, with my Lord's preaching. Some of his hearers, after listening to a discourse full of heavenly eloquence, went and held a council how they might entangle him in his talk, — Matt. 22: 15; and others said, "*Never man spake like this man.*" The "*king-wasp*" of all was Judas; he kissed those eloquent lips, and betrayed. "*Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?*" Judas gathered no honey from those lips; or, if he did, it was soon converted into a poison that destroyed him.

Read over the eighth of John. How busily those wasps sucked honey out of his words, — those Pharisees, Sadducees, and the swarms that surrounded them! "*Why do ye not understand my speech? even because ye cannot hear my word; ye are of your father the devil, for the hists of your father ye will do.*" There you have a question, an answer, and the pedigree of his hearers. "*He that is of God heareth God's words; ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God.*" Here was another of *truth's* honey-flowers. But soon they extracted poison out of it! "*Say we well that thou art a Samaritan*

and hast a devil?" But he who changed the water into wine turned the poison they would administer into honey again, by replying, "*I have not a devil; but I honor my Father, and ye do dishonor me. And I seek not mine own glory: there is one that judgeth. Verily, verily I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death.*" Another beautiful flower, full of honey to the believer; but the wasps dipped into it, and converted its nectar into instant and deadly poison: "*Now we know that thou hast a devil. Abraham is dead, and the prophets; and thou sayest, If a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death.*" Then Jesus answered, "*Verily, verily I say unto you, BEFORE ABRAHAM WAS, I AM.*" Flower of eternity! the morning-flower of glory! the honey-flower of heaven! the delight of angels! the glory of saints above, below! They dipped into that, also, and transformed its sweetness into a poison which so envenomed them into madness, that they ceased gathering poison to gather stones to shower the best of beings; but he glided out of their presence, and passed away.

Had you been there, with your present views, you would have questioned the wisdom of Jesus in offering such flowers to such a waspish mass as surrounded him; for, certainly, the discourse made their hearts as hard as the stones they were about to fling at him. But, mark! it is stated in the thirtieth verse, "*As he spake these words MANY BELIEVED ON HIM.*" You see, now, what he was about. He was winning souls to himself—"many." He was in the midst of a revival just there. His preaching was productive. The devil-knew it, and set on the ungodly. Thus some were softened into believing faith under his ministry, while others were hardened,—for people are hard enough when they begin to throw stones for arguments. Hud-

dersfield sinners are not quite so hard as that, yet; so that I am *behind* my Lord, and not by his side, in *this matter*! Jesus aimed at *souls*, not *popularity*. He hazarded, indeed, a *shower of stones*; but, in doing so, he adorned his *diadem* with many immortal *gems*. Having gained his object, he quietly avoided the *storm*; stopping for a moment to give sight to a *blind man*. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; the threatened *stone-shower* brought eyesight to the blind man.

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CHAPTER XI.

ONWARD MOVEMENT OF THE REVIVAL.

THE following chapter will lead the reader into the onward movement of the revival.

Jan. 14, Tuesday. — Yesterday busy in writing most of the day. Felt the effects of the Sabbath's labor in confusion of brain and *absence of gladness* from the heart. Walked out in the afternoon, and the tired heart threw off its weight of care, regained its elasticity, and praised God aloud. "*Faith quickens and love sweetens every duty*," said an old Christian. That was my experience. But *joy*, like sunshine *brightens* everything. It is, besides, a sort of spiritual delight, which bears the soul onward, like a ship before the wind. My ~~self~~ felt very humble, however, and small, and unworthy — even a *blessedness in being little* in the world, and in self-estimation. Returned glad in heart, and refreshed, but trying to gird on the armor for this week's fight. There were ten or twelve saved last night.

Jan. 15. — A gracious season last night to *believers*. I spoke on the cultivation of religious principle, — "to aim at pleasing God in everything, — "one desire and one aim, entire devotion to God," as Mr. Wesley expressed it, or, as a divine in Switzerland defined it, "It is to submit one's *life* to a *single principle* and one's *conduct* to a *single*

impulse." Our world has one sun, and it answers every purpose; any more would be an inconvenience. A mill-wheel has one motive-power, turning it in one direction, and so there is harmony among the machinery within; but two motive-powers, driving in contrary directions, would create disorder, retard business, and strain and damage everything.

One motive-power for the soul! a constant, steady aim at pleasing God in every thought, word and action! Then, as Dr. Chalmers happily says, "there is the well-going machinery of a well-conditioned soul, and principles in full consenting *harmony* with the laws of eternal rectitude." But a second motive-power, turning the soul to *self-pleasing*, and *devil-pleasing*, and world-pleasing, sets all the soul out of gear:

"The wheels of action set ajar, —
The body with the soul at war."

Many felt the truth, and took higher ground in Christian *principle* — to aim at pleasing God in everything, and to seek all their happiness in him; which is, in fact, nothing less or more than practical and experimental Christianity, through faith in Christ Jesus. A large number were saved.

Ten o'clock, P. M. — To-night I delivered a temperance address in the Philosophical Hall. A great crowd, a stirring time, but the place like an oven. England has been called "a reservoir of strong drink." Well, there will be fewer by several hundreds to drink from it, after this night. It is hard *coping* with the *drinking customs* of this country, in the church as well as outside. But the principles of the temperance reformation are taking deep root; despite of opposition, they are making themselves to be felt. The *old citadel* had a shaking to-night; several of the *moderation* outposts and bastions crumbled and surrendered.

Jan. 16. — An *adoring* state of mind, which some, in old times, supposed to be the *highest love*. It is, certainly, a *sweet state of soul*, — full of gratitude, love, contentment, humility, and decided happiness, — a sort of *quit-rent* one pays to the Author of all our blessings. It is the duty we pay to Heaven on our goods. He who avoids the *duty* is a *smuggler*, and risks all his merchandise. There are many smugglers now-a-days, and many *forfeitures*. It costs some all they possess; and some lose their health, and others their *lives*, by running their goods through Immanuel's land without paying the duties. Sinners do not or will not understand, and wonder at the severity of God's government towards them. *Professors* are often in *trouble* for their neglect. God will have his *revenues*, or resume his property. "*She did not know that I gave her corn, and wine, and oil, and multiplied her silver and gold, which they prepared for Baal.*" — Hosea 2: 8. Ah! *Baal* received the *revenues* that belonged to God, just as the world and Satan receive them now! What does the Lord resolve upon? "*Therefore will I return and take away my CORN in the time thereof, and my WINE in the season thereof, and will recover my WOOL and my FLAX given to cover her nakedness.*" — Hosea 2: 9. Remarkable language! Those who think God cares little for this world, because of its insignificance, are greatly mistaken. *Sooner* or later they will find this out, to their sorrow. *Think of* this, O my soul, and be much in *doxologies*! Amen. In order to this, let me hold fast to CONTENTMENT; it is a buoyant, light-hearted; yet profound emotion — more of a *habit of mind* than an emotion, perhaps; but it is as full of sweet sensibility to one's happy condition, as of *rest and quietness* of mind. A contented mind may be likened to a *staunch ship*, which, though tossed among the waves, is

buoyant and unhurt. Discontent is like a leak—it sinks the ship, the poor *heart*, till all the waves go over it, and it sinks down, down into the *abyss* of misery. It is economy to pump out discontent as speedily as possible, but better economy never to let it in.

Ahab called Elijah “a troubler of Israel,” falsely; but discontent is a real *soul-troubler*. It brings troubles, frequently, “not singly, but in battalions.” It grieves the Holy Spirit. It arrests the kind designs of Providence. It tempts the soul to plan for itself,—to say, I know better than Providence seems to know what is best for me. Discontent would not allow the soul of one to hearken to that piece of good advice,—“The man who thinks he can manage his affairs himself better than Providence seems to be managing them has as much lost his wits as his faith; he might as well take upon himself to govern the world!”—but no; he would carve for himself, and cut his fingers!—and so he entered “Disappointment’s school, amidst the wreck of IS, and the wreck of WAS, things incomplete, and purposes betrayed; with sad fears, swayed by sorrow and *plenitude of ill*.” And what is this, O my soul, but the history of thousands in epitome?

Discontent *vitiates* PRAYER. Its requests are often granted in anger, and no good comes of them. “*Give me children, or I die*,” cried discontented Rachel. Her request was granted, but it cost her *life*. “O that *Ishmael* might live before thee!” prayed Abraham. The boy lived, grew to be a man; but Abraham had little comfort from *Ishmael*. He became a man of strife. His hand was against every man, and every man’s hand was against him.

There was weeping in the tents of Israel, and murmuring. They were discontented with the manna, the heavenly manna, and longed for flesh, and looked back towards

Egypt. Quails came in plenty, and with them the plague; while the flesh was but between their teeth, the plague was upon their bodies; — alas! and that encampment was called "*the place of graves*," for there were many buried there. — Numbers 10.

He who compared a contented heart to a *watch* hit upon a good simile; for, whether one runs, or walks, or rides, or is jostled about ever so much, the *main-spring* keeps its place, and every *wheel*, and the motion remains regular and perfect. I have often realized this. So did St. Paul: "*I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.*" A profitable education that! To have this the habitual state of one's mind is worth a world of wealth, for real happiness. To be pleased when everything goes as one would have it, — anybody may attain unto that. But, when things are *contrary*, to be content is grace, is holiness. The former is a *fortuitous* state of mind; the latter is *permanent*, and *independent* of events. The one is *accidental*, or a happen-by-chance state, as a face naturally pale and unhealthy may redden into blushes and healthy color; but the habitually contented are made constitutionally so, so to speak, by divine grace, like a fair face and healthy, naturally. To be fair and ruddy is the habit of the face; to be contented and happy, the habit of the mind. *Aristotle*, in his *Rhetoric*, makes a similar distinction, somewhat, where he speaks of color from passion and color from complexion; an idea I have once seen enlarged upon ingeniously by another old author.

Friday morning, 17th. — A *boisterous* time last night, and a *coughing* congregation, which one calls "*The English Christmas Psalmody*." Christmas! it lasts nearly all the year in England! Such *coughing*, in America, would lead to the suspicion that the whole congregation had entered

into a profound, ay, "*a galloping consumption.*" At present it sounds often like a perfect tempest. Many take no pains whatever to suppress it, but with open mouth sound it forth like a trumpet. One cannot be all the time *begging silence*, or *chiding*,—so now for it; the pulpit, or the pews, which shall be loudest?—at the expense of strength, grace, elocution, and comfort, and the *natural* in speaking and gesture, with "*a hubbub of words*" and empty sounds, and, finally, a right-down hard time!

One hardly knows what is best, whether to *insist*, *chide*, *beg* or *yield*, and be *content* that a *few* only should hear, or to rise bravely above it, as last night, at any *sacrifice*. Mr. Parson, at York, adopts as easy a course as any, and perhaps the best, under the circumstances,—*refuses* to raise his voice above it, but pauses at short and regular intervals, and allows them time to blow off, and then "*start off for the next station,*" railway fashion,—which might do very well, if the *stations* are not *too close together*. It is difficult, in the fervor of extemporaneous speaking, to command one's self so, especially, too, when the sermon must be short, and one is anxious to make a deep and telling impression, such as may be felt in the prayer-meeting afterwards. Besides, one has not always interesting matter at hand, such as with a low voice might *lure* to silence where people have such a strong propensity to cough. A little piece of good poetry, or some pleasant, touching anecdote, is an excellent *sedative*, but one has it not at hand always.

However, we had a good prayer-meeting; heard no more of the *coughing*,—a noise of another kind, a match for a thunder-storm—good old-fashioned Yorkshire Methodism in its glory. Poor sinners crying for mercy, as if they were dropping into hell, and believers telling them there was no reason why they should go there, if they would but lay hold

upon Christ by faith, while others were pleading with God for help as if they saw them half-immersed in its flames. Jude's advice received a stirring illustration,— "*Others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire.*" The saved of the Lord were many.

Saturday morning, 18th. — Last night, on the necessity of holiness, a disinclination to sin, a glorious privilege — the safeguard of a holy heart. Madame Guyon tells us that, after she had attained this inward crucifixion to the world, and entire purity, she found upon all the glory a defence, — Is. 4: 5; that, when anything selfish or sinful came up before her pure soul, it was instantly rejected, and a curtain, as if by some ever-present but invisible hand, was drawn before it, and her spirit remained *unsullied*. Paul may have hinted at this: "*Unto the pure all things are pure.*"

Want of inclination to sin, and an abhorrence of it — a distinct and unequivocal mark of entire sanctification, *distinct* from the experience of most justified persons. It is different to abstain from sin, not from want of inclination, but from fear of conscience and other consequences, and worst of all from lack of opportunity. A *thief* would steal if he had a chance, but he fears detection; another would indulge in strong drink, but he has not the means, or disease forbids him — ~~his~~ appetite is strong enough. A third would enjoy a certain dish, but it disagrees with him, and he dreads the penalty, and abstains; but it is a great self-denial, and costs him uneasiness. A fourth is a profligate, but to ~~indulge~~ would be to risk the loss of an expected legacy, or the loss of a coveted heiress. Ask that man who *dived* into deep water last summer whether he did not wish to take breath ~~down~~ there. "Yes, but it was *inconvenient* to do so," would be his reply.

How different to abstain from theft, or from strong drink, or from the tempting dish, or from alluring vice, from want of inclination, or positive dislike, or abhorrence! But such distinctions largely prevail, with regard to sin, between those professing pardon and those enjoying purity. Many, who really enjoy religion, refrain from sin, though they feel motions within in favor of it. Holy souls abstain from disinclination.

This is a powerful vantage-ground. Great numbers felt it to be so, sought and obtained. Jesus, my Saviour, preserve my soul in this state. O, search me, and see whether there is in my soul anything contrary to this teaching. Amen.

The new converts were greatly convinced of the need of a further and deeper work. This is the benefit of these continuous meetings. Their education is perfected early, before they are schooled in *heart-scepticism* — the plague of many an old professor. The knife of truth was very keen among remaining corruptions, scraping to the *bone*, and penetrating to the marrow of carnality.

That fable among the Turks has a good moral: that Mahomet, when a child, had his heart cut open, and a *black grain*, called THE DEVIL'S PORTION, taken out of its centre. A Turk has some notions both of natural depravity and the necessity of holiness. Not a few of these babes in Christ, with us, have had their hearts laid open by the Spirit's sword, and the *devil's portion* really taken away. That "*black grain*" of indwelling sin, had it been allowed to remain, would have given color to all their future character and history. There was much weeping and crying to God, and many shouts of deliverance. O, the depth and glory of that truth,—"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from ALL SIN"! I like that word "*cleanseth*,"

showing its *duration and continuous efficacy* till the end of life.

Monday, *Sept. 10th.* — Yesterday morning the presence of Christ in the sanctuary. Text, Col. 1 : 19, — "*For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell.*" Was enabled to prepare a glorious high throne for Jesus, and surely he was seated thereon; ay, and enthroned in many hearts. With one consent, and with one heart, and with many tears of joy, and acclamations of praise, the happy multitudes seemed to say,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

"O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall ;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all."

And many a poor sinner, saved and happy, did remember "the wormwood and the gall," and spread the trophies of his affections at the feet of Jesus, saying, with holy joy,

"Crown him, crown him Lord of all !"

What a divine glory seemed to beam upon the faces of the thousands present while I illustrated his divinity by his miracles ! as we have the glory of the rising sun reflected upon surrounding objects.

That sentiment of a writer had a sweet and lively verification, — that Jesus, determining to reap a large harvest of human hearts and sanctified affections, has sent his Spirit into the world to collect the revenue, to gather up his glory for him. Jesus tells us, "*He shall take of mine, and*





shall show it unto you; he shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you."— John 16 : 14, 15. St. Paul thrills upon the same theme,—"*But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the SPIRIT of the Lord.*"— 2 Cor. 3 : 18. The Spirit holds up the glass of his character and sufferings, and of the *glory that followed*; and how resplendent with glory do the souls of the people become, making even their faces to shine, like Moses!

In the afternoon prayer-meeting there were *sixty-eight* souls saved, of whom *forty* were pardoned, and *twenty* purified.

Crowds upon crowds last night, and hundreds had to go away, for want of room. About three thousand people filled the spacious temple in every part, aisle and all, thick as they could stand. The power of God was present, to "*kill and make alive*" in a wonderful manner. Indeed, during the last *eight days* the success has amazed us all. Over *one hundred and fifty* have been converted, and about *one hundred sanctified* throughout spirit, soul and body. — 1 Thess. 5 : 23.

All glory be to God! The work is his, and man is as nothing — only as an axe in the hand of the hewer. The axe has nothing to glory in; to the arm that sets it on belongs the glory. This is one of God's own illustrations — Isaiah 10 : 15,—"*Shall the AXE boast itself against him that heweth therewith? or shall the SAW magnify itself against him that shaketh it? as if the ROD should shake itself against them that lift it up, or as if the STAFF should lift up itself, as if it were no wood.*" No, no; why should they? The *axe and the saw* might have been left to be devoured with inglorious *rust*, had not the *hewer*

employed them; and the *rod* and the *staff* to rot and perish, but for the hand that lifted them up. Lord Jesus, thou hast used me as an axe, a saw, a rod, and a staff, upon the souls of sinners; but, O, *forbid* that my soul should lift up itself and glory! No; "*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ.*" Yet, my Lord, let it not offend thee that I record thy wonderful doings among this people, even as *we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us, of the wonderful works thou didst perform in their day.*—Ps. 78: 3, 4. These thy works are worthy, O Lord, to be had in everlasting remembrance.

Afternoon, four o'clock. — Happy, thrice happy, and honored of the Lord, is any minister of Jesus to whom the Lord condescends to say, "*Thou art my BATTLE-AXE and WEAPONS OF WAR; for with thee will I break in pieces the nations, with thee will I break in pieces the horse and his rider, man and woman, the young man and the maid.*"—Jer. 51: 20, 22. Not, indeed, in "the carnal warrior's" sense, but in the spiritual sense, with weapons of eternal truth, killing and making alive, wounding and healing, wasting, destroying and depopulating, the kingdom of Satan. How gloriously is our God doing all this in this town at present!

Go on, thou conquering Immanuel! behold, I am thine! Use me for thy glory. But, O, take me, and make me as *holy*, and as *pure*, and as *full of love*, and of the *Holy Ghost*, as I am urging others to be. Otherwise, woe is me! — like that Assyrian of old — Is. 10 — whom the Lord made *the rod of his anger, and the staff of his indignation*, and used like an *axe* and a *saw* upon a disobedient people. But he forgot himself, and *boasted*, putting on the *glory of high looks*, and saying, "*By the strength of my*

hand I have done it, and by my WISDOM, for I am PRUDENT; I have removed the bounds of the people, and robbed their treasures; my hand hath found, as a nest, the riches of the people; and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth; and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped." Poor man! God rebuked his pride, and sent leanness, and at last consumed him, soul and body. O, then let me be pure in heart and pure in motive, lest thou wilt at last break the *instrument*, cast it aside, as that in which thou hast no pleasure, when the work in which thou hast used it has been completed. Amen.

"Till glad I lay this body down,
Thy servant, Lord, attend,
And, O, my life of mercy crown
With a triumphant end!"

Tuesday night. *Jesus* was my theme to-night. No *diamond* like that dear name, for the bosom of a sermon. It throws a divine lustre over all. One of the fathers used to say, "If thou writest, it doth not relish with me, unless I read *Jesus* there; and if thou disputest, or conferrest, it doth not relish with me, unless *Jesus* sounds there." This spiritual taste still remains in the church of God. Every child of grace enjoys it. How insipid the sermon from which *Jesus* is excluded! Or, if admitted, it is in some out-of-the-way place, and draws little attention;—like a picture in disrepute by an exhibition committee, it is sure to be hung in a bad light, to the scandal of the deeply-wounded artist.

Lord *Jesus*, save me from this ever! *Jesus* had the very best position I could select, in the exhibition of truth. How sweet to my own soul was his name! Who can wonder at Lambert crying, out of the midst of the flames, "*None but*

Christ! none but Christ!" Amen, my soul! none but Christ. None but Christ can do wretched sinners good.

The BELIEVER was bidden to look unto Jesus, and to the *riches of his goodness*,—Rom. 2: 4; to the *riches of his glory*,—Rom. 9: 33; to the *riches of his grace*,—Ephes. 1: 7; to the *riches of his INHERITANCE in the saints*,—Ephes. 1: 18; to the *exceeding riches of his grace*,—Ephes. 2: 7; to his *riches in glory*,—Phil. 4: 19; to the *unsearchable riches of Christ*,—Ephes. 3: 8. O, what a *rich Saviour* is ours! How often, when unfolding his love and the riches of his glory, I feel to say, with the great and good Rowland Hill, "Who can comprehend this mighty subject? It has *breadths*, and *lengths*, and *depths*, and *heights*, which pass knowledge. But I don't think there is a little *sprat* to be found who would complain that there is too much water in the *sea* for it to swim in; and so I, with my poor little *sprat-like powers*, am permitted to plunge into this ocean of love I shall never be able to fathom or fully comprehend." O, Jesus, who would not *love* thee with his whole soul and mind? People feel honored by their connection with some rich friend. O, my soul, how art thou honored by being united to Christ!

How expressive! "*The UNSEARCHABLE RICHES of Christ!*" one is afraid to comment upon them; they are above all *notions*, *names*, *conceptions*, *parables*, *expressions*,—*infinitely so!*—*eternally so!* Well might one say, "Our *necessities* may be as many as the sands upon the sea-shore; our *desires* as boundless as the ocean these sands encircle; our *hopes* and *aspirations* as high as the heaven that looks down upon those sands and that ocean; yet in Christ there is a sufficiency of supply—infinite, unexplored, unfathomable." What a powerful unction in those words of John: "*And I beheld, and heard the voice of many*

angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders : and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying, with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive POWER, and RICHES, and WISDOM, and STRENGTH, and HONOR, and GLORY, and BLESSING."—Rev. 5 : 11, 12.

And next came the universal chorus, of every creature in heaven above, and on earth beneath, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and the *burden* of their united voices was, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever ! O, but I do wonder how there can be a mere Unitarian or Socinian upon the face of the earth !

Thursday, Jan. 23. — A *storm* last night ; the elements of eternal truth in tremendous motion. *That* sinner has studied *Shakespeare* more than his Bible, I fear ! Perhaps he was not far wrong ; for it was awful !

" Since I was man

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard ! "

Perhaps he may reflect upon another *storm*, which stands among the threatenings of God : "*Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest ; this shall be the portion of their cup.*"—Ps. 11 : 6.

An old Anglo-Saxon poet said, "*THUNDER is the loudest of noises.*" Well, this was well-nigh my *loudest preaching*, and it was the Spirit's *thunder-word*, surely, to many a poor sinner, who, otherwise, perhaps, had not been awakened till he heard the *thunder-wail* of the lost in perdition. However, my noise was nothing, compared with what terrified sinners made. There was a *storm* of cries,

indeed. O, how glorious it is, when the Gospel really becomes the power of God unto salvation! Surely it is worth weeping, crying and groaning, in secret for, no matter what persecution follows; for it is sure to raise the devil in sinners and formalists and carnal professors; the Gospel, with the power of God in it, is a thing intolerable to the whole of them. Well, they have had it so, for once in their lives. Plenty of material for critics and croakers. No matter; sinners were converted.

Friday morning, 24th. — A *cramped* time last night; fettered, overdid the previous night:

“The soul was dead, and feeling had no place.”

“*We have this treasure in earthen vessels.*” It is well: that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us, as St. Paul says. The work went on as usual; a great company saved. The people of God very happy.

“The peace of God, beyond description sweet,
Filled every spirit humbled at his feet.”

And my poor soul was happy, too; enjoying the sweet blessedness of being *little*, — *decreasing*, while Jesus, my Lord, is *increasing*.

CHAPTER XII.

THE "BESETTING SIN" DESCRIBED.

SOME one inquired of Mr. Caughey concerning the nature of the besetting sin. That inquiry is answered in the present chapter.

Let the "*Inquirer*" listen! You want to know what we mean by "the besetting sin of our nature." I reply, it is that which its title indicates,—BESETTING; it is that which waylays, encircles and besieges, the soul; that which *presses* it on all sides, perplexes it, entangles it, and often renders an escape from falling by it exceedingly difficult. It is that which most embarrasses the conscience in its decisions. It is the *habitual* sin, *ever-present*, and makes itself to be felt and known upon occasion. It has many servants; some of which may be mistaken for itself,—as in great houses a servant is often mistaken for the lady of the house, she dresses and appears so well.

I said, the other evening, you may remember, it is the *plague of the heart*; or, "*the sin of the inclination*," as one termed it. It is the bosom rebel, a traitor to the soul and God. It is the *bosom abomination*. In some it has one *complexion*, or *form*, or *tendency*; in others, another; and so on, differing in each, as *faces* differ. It is "*the complexion sin*," as one called it who mourned over it, and "*the sin of the temperament*." It is that sin which

grieves God, and frets your conscience,—brings *leanness* upon your soul, and Heaven's chastisements upon your body, the oftenest. It is that sin, that *tendency* in your nature, to which *Satan* most frequently appeals, and which is the aptest to *respond*. That is your *besetting* sin. Can you detect it now?—that sin which you think most of, the hardest to give up, or *deny*, and for which you are prone to invent many apologies.

Looking over my private note-book the other day, I met with the following, which had been noted down, some years ago, from an old author that fell in my way. He gave, it seems, some half-dozen marks whereby we may know our *besetting* sin. His exact language I shall not promise, as my notes are *meagre*; but this was the *spirit*, or *substance*.

You may detect it, 1. *In that for which you do not like to be REPROVED!*

Herod could not bear to have the sin of *incest* touched; if John the Baptist meddled with that sin, he endangered his head.

You are content to have the sins of others given to the knife; but if the minister puts his finger upon that sore, touches that sin, your heart burns with malice, or you become sick of the *frets*, and plan for *retaliation*,—a shrewd sign that is your *Herodias*!

2. *It is that sin your THOUGHTS run most upon.*

If it come as a *visitor*, your *thoughts* run to meet it at the gate, and hail it at the open door; beckon to it from the windows, and give it a smiling welcome. It never comes amiss at the *table*, in the shop, in the counting-room, in the house of God, in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the cellar or garret, out of doors, in doors, or in the bed. It is welcome *everywhere*; if *untimely*, not *unkindly*, or chidingly received; *deferred*, not *cashiered*. Which way

the thoughts go, the *heart* goes; and which way the heart goes, the whole *drift* of your nature runs.

That sin is apt to be *first* in your morning-thoughts, and last in your *night-thoughts*; present when you awake, present as you go asleep, and present when you awake again. He that is in *love* with a person cannot keep his *thoughts* from her. It is thus you may detect the *predominant sin* of your nature.

3. *It is that sin which leads you CAPTIVE the easiest.*

That is the *beloved sin of your soul*; the darling of your heart. Other *sins* may ask entertainment, but you can easily put them off, and congratulate yourself that you are better than other men. But, when the beloved sin is *suitor*, you *cannot* deny it; it quite overcomes you. That one sin is your bosom sin. The young ruler, who visited our Lord, inquiring, "*What good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?*" had denied himself of many sins; but one sin foiled him,—*covetousness*; rather than part with that, he parted with the hopes of eternal life. *He went away very sorrowful*, but would not be divorced from his beloved sin.

Here let me pause. Has any light dawned upon your darkness? Can you yet discover the features of your *idol sin*, through the murky gloom that surrounds it? Beware of it, else it may yet constitute you a guest of hell. Jesus once said, "Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, that, when ye fail upon earth, they may receive you into everlasting habitations;"—that is, be charitable and kind to the Lord's poor; for they may yet requite you in heaven, by being the first at heaven's gate to meet and welcome you; or they may receive you joyfully into *their* heavenly mansions, reminding you of all you did for them while in your own earthly mansions upon earth. So,

by making to yourself a *friend* of this bosom sin, it may turn out to be a FIEND,—the first at hell's gate, to receive and conduct you to the eternal prisons,—to be your torment! There is no *gratitude* in hell. But let us proceed:

4. *It is that sin which, usually, you use most ARGUMENTS to DEFEND.*

That is the *darling* sin. He that has a jewel in his bosom which he loves dear as life will defend it as his life, and with his life,—at the risk of life,—to the death. "*Doest thou well to be angry?*" said the Lord to *Jonah*. "*I do well to be angry even unto death,*" replied the irritated prophet.

It is that sin for which you will advocate and dispute with conscience and others,—perhaps wrest Scripture, to justify. Be sure that is the sin that lies nearest your heart; for any other you will neither dispute nor plead. Let others plead for them, if they will; or, *let Baal plead for himself*. But this sin never lacks an advocate when you are awake, or it is present; unless, indeed, it has procured you a soiled character, a broken skin, or a wounded conscience. Then you may be angry with it for a little while,—as *Samson* with his *Delilah*, when she thrice jeopardized his life,—but only to make up the quarrel again, soon, and to be taken again to the bosom, and to the soul's undoing, as poor *Samson*.—Judges 16.

5. *It is that sin which most troubles your conscience when in TROUBLE.*

In business losses, in family affliction, or in personal sickness, then it flies in your face, and *taunts* conscience. That is the *Delilah* sin. "*The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!*—and *I have been the cause of it!*" O, what a stab that is! O, what a bitter pill of real ill from the

hand of *one* you loved better than you did your own soul, and your God ! And memory, busy memory, acknowledges, and conscience lectures, and frowns the sky of the soul, lurid as the judgment heavens ; with a pale face, and trembling lip, and sorrowful soul, you acknowledge to it all. O, how heavily does affliction lie upon soul and body at such a time ! How did it double that sore trial of Joseph's brethren, when they said one to another, "*We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear ; therefore is this distress come upon us.*" — Gen. 42 : 21.

Had not their besetting sin, *envy, and its doings*, stared them in the face, they could have borne their trial with manly courage, trusting in God ; — even with *starvation* at home, and imprisonment abroad, staring them in the face.

6. *It is that sin which, above all, you are most unwilling to let go of.*

That is the endeared sin. You can part with all other sins easier than that. Jacob could risk all his sons into *Egypt*, Benjamin excepted. You can risk all sins else under the word, but your Benjamin-sin. When Benjamin was demanded, or the family must *starve*, Jacob cried out, "*Me have ye bereaved of my children ; Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take BENJAMIN away. All these things are against me.*" He had ten sons beside him ; but they were as nothing in his eyes compared with Benjamin. It is thus *you* may know your besetting sin ; all may go but that. What is life without that ?

A CASTLE may have several *forts* round about it. The first and second are taken, perhaps the third ; but, when it comes to the castle itself, the governor will *fight* for that, and die, rather than surrender.

It is *thus* you may detect your besetting sin. It is the last you will deliver up to the sword of truth,—clinging to it for dear life.

Are you ready for the text? Hearken: "*And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off; it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*"

"*And if thy foot offend thee, cut it off; it is better for thee to enter halt into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*"

"*And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out; it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell-fire; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*"—

Mark 9: 43, 48.

The allusion is *medical or surgical*. Men do not refuse to part with a hand, a foot or an eye, to save the *body* from death. Christ would have us part with a *SIN*, dear and pleasing as a hand, or foot, or eye, to save the *soul* from eternal death. Such a *motive* is necessary for him who sets out to cope with the besetting sin. It is by losing sight of the *consequence* that some fall such an easy prey to the *secret vice*. Jesus Christ would have us throw "*hell-fire*" between us and it, as the retreating general did against the pursuing enemy; he entered a narrow pass, filled it with wood and brush, and set fire to it; and, while the enemy was *fighting fire*, he made good his retreat and escaped. May the living God help every one of us to do the same towards our besetting sin,—yes, every sin,—till we finally escape to the land of the blest!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE "BESETTING SIN" DETECTED AND SLAIN.

THE subject of the last chapter is continued in this, in the same quaint, pungent and heart-searching style of address.

And so you have *detected* your "*Besetting Sin*"? You and it have been like some married couples, who know little of each other's real feelings, though they have lived together for years. You say, "When this sin was preached about, it was in my sight as a lion painted upon a wall; now, it is like a *living lion* meeting me, and roaring in the way, with all his whelps after him." Just so; what a change! It is like its *father* the Devil, who is said to *have great wrath, because he knoweth he hath but a short time*,—Rev. 12: 12,—and so he and all his *fiends* are in motion. Your *bosom* and all its *brood* are in motion. "*When the commandment came, SIN revived, and I died*," says the apostle.

The Lord has been showing you not only the particular sin of your heart, but the entire sinfulness of your nature, as well as your practice; "*the body of sin*," as St. Paul terms it; the *original fountain*, which has been the *evil spring* of all the streams which have defiled you.

So your defences are gone, your excuses ended, your plea is annulled, and *sin is nonsuited*. It is well for thee.

The loss be Satan's; thine be the eternal gain. You see now, what you perceived not before, that this sin, this *leading* sin in our soul, is to your nature what the devil is to earth and hell,—the *rallying-point* and support of all sin; the *great centre* to which all the evil of your carnal nature has been *tending*; where it has been *recruited*, and from which it has been *impelled* throughout spirit, soul and body. The *strength* of sin has been thereabouts, as the strength of Samson in his hair. I have no particular theory on the subject; no *hobby-idea* to prove or support. Your experience is suggestive, merely. Why did you not detect it before? The name of sin is legion. The *commander-in-chief* was lost in the crowd. You did not study yourself. You were a creature of circumstances, borne along on the current of events, without soundings, careless whether the water was salt or fresh, or what hand was at the helm. It is a miracle you are not in hell. Perhaps, chameleon-like, it has deluded you by its changes of color, aspects and positions. I knew a deeply pious man who was puzzled for years to know which of three leading tendencies of his nature was the king-sin. Sometimes he suspected the changes arose from different sorts of devils tempting him at different times. He could always tell, as he expressed it, when there was going to be "*a change of wind*," as he termed it,—the annoying influence about to blow from another point of his *spiritual compass*.

It is well you now understand. Providence has been warring against you on the account of this *ring-leading* sin. So has the Spirit of God; so has conscience; so have your reason and understanding; so have faith, law and Gospel, and the ministers of the sanctuary;—for the preached word has been against you,—always like *Micaiah* the prophet to *Ahab*, never *prophesying good concerning*

thee, but evil!—therefore you have *hated* it. — 1 Kings 22: 8.

If you yield to it any more, you will have trouble. The wise men of Troy, you remember, advised *Priam* to send back Helen to the Grecians, and not to allow himself to be captivated by her fascinations, as it was likely she would be the cause of a fatal war. Hear me, then, O thou "Inquirer," dismiss from thy soul this bosom sin; away with it to the devil, to whom it belongs! I urge no divorce. The union between thy soul and it was never *lawful*. God never joined *thee* and that *sin* together. "*Away with it! away with it! Crucify it! crucify it!*" Words like these were once unrighteously flung against thy innocent Saviour; fling them *righteously* against this bosom-sin. Anything to get rid of it. It will bring on against thy soul and body a more terribly fatal war than ever Helen brought upon ancient Troy. The King of Syria commanded his army not to fight with small nor great, but against the King of Israel only. A strange and unheard-of order; but it was obeyed. There was wisdom and foresight in the Syrian king. When the King of Israel fell, fatally wounded, the battle was ended; victory was achieved.

Direct all your force against this king-sin. "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter," saith thy Lord. Win the victory in its death, and all its troops and allies will soon be overcome.

How great will be the peace and joy of thy soul, then! How great the satisfaction of heaven! There will be joy in heaven.

Have you not read of Mithridates, the implacable enemy of the Romans? What joy in the Roman capital when news arrived that he was slain! What feasts were made! what sacrifices to the gods! Why all this stir for the death

of one? Because they counted that as good as an army of men were slain in his single death. It is thus I would have you view the destruction of this *beast* and devil in thy soul. *Austin* cried out, "Lord, deliver me from myself!" Rather pray, "Lord, deliver me from this part of myself!" O, come, now, bring out this *Agag*, and let him be hewn in pieces before the Lord. Open thy breast, O man, and pray God to send a bullet that may be the death of it!

Let me shout in thy ears! let me thrill thy very being with the war-cry of a spiritual hero, before he left the battle-field of the church, for glory! Hear him, to one like yourself, "O make an *onset*! run the sword of the Spirit to the hilt in the blood of thy sins! *Stab thy heart-lusts* to the heart with the knife of mortification! Fight a *duel* every day with inbred sin, and you will have *Christ* for your *second*!" Every day a *duel* with inbred sin? Nay, blessed be God! Hear me, every one of you who are troubled with *the plague of the heart*,—you may all have victory this hour. One duel ought to be enough for a lifetime. You all have had many duels with sin. Some of you have received more wounds than you have given; but none of them have been fatal. Thank God for that! You have fared better than many a duellist with sin, who is dead, buried and damned. Come on! this may be your last one, and victory. I know you cannot do this alone of yourself. "*Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?*" is a Bible illustration on the subject. He spoke well who said, a man might as well try to shake off the skin of his body as *the sin of his soul*,—that is, without divine influence; but this is ever near to assist all who fight against sin. I like the duel idea. That writer did not make a *vain pledge of Jesus being your second*. Fight this *duel*, then, this hour! Jesus will stand by you.

There is no law in heaven above or earth beneath to condemn you. If you are victorious and shall slay your antagonist, you may fear no *police*. *Hell-fiends* only are against you. Be it so; that is to be expected. You have nothing to fear from them. Your cause is good. Begin at once. Jesus is ready; he is by your side now. Hear his voice: Math. 21: 22,—“*And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, BELIEVING, ye shall receive.*” This is your weapon; sin and hell shall fly before it. Seize it; lay hold of it now, like a man! Christ is by your side to make it victorious. Talk not of swords, pistols or revolvers; this surpasses them all. “*And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*”—1 John 5: 4. That is but the *jewelled hilt* of the sword,—“*All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.*” But, to use an idea of Willis, it is “the jewelled hilt whose diamonds light the passage of the blade.” Have faith, then, in the will, power, strength, presence and veracity, of *Jesus*, and this shall be the hour when that old *serpent-sin* shall die that has stung you so often with his temptation;—ay, and every sin, the whole “*botly of sin*,” shall be destroyed. Some say, if the Pope were destroyed, and his power as a secular prince were annihilated, the Roman Catholic church would necessarily crumble to pieces and become extinct; which others question. Hearken! The same power which shall destroy this *prince-sin* of your soul is able, willing, ready to overthrow and extirpate all his subjects within you, and annihilate all the power of the enemy.

Victory is yours, if you only perform the conditions,—“*BELIEVE.*” But you will ask, “What am I to believe?” Believe that Jesus will keep his word of promise to, *you*;—that if you believe that you receive, you shall receive.

Offer yourself wholly to the Lord. Renounce the *devil*, and that *besetting sin*, and *every sin*, heartily and energetically,—for he never saves "the passive soul *antagonist* to nothing." No! but you must be *antagonist* to the devil and all his works,—*within you and without you!* *Desire* victory;—that is, full salvation from its power and presence within. *Pray* that thus it may be unto you. Offer the blood of the Lamb as the full *equivalent*, the New Testament price, the *infinite price*, for the salvation which is of infinite value. Let desire reach its highest point of intensity. What next? Anything more? Yes, surely; for, if you stop here, you leave off just where you began;—you are little the better for the effort,—no *nearer* the blessing; *abandon* the effort, and you will diverge wider and wider from it. What is to be done? Harken; "*Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have.*"—Mark 11:24. That is it! saving faith is there! That is the climax. You cannot get beyond it. If you stop short of it, you are unsaved; if you reach it, salvation is yours in that instant. Be on your guard here! Satan is in ambush! "Believe that ye receive," says Jesus. "Believe that you have it, and you have it," say some; that is simple *nonsense!* Those who can receive such a sentiment may; I could not, without first casting away my *sense, feeling* and *reason*, which would be next to casting away my *faith*. It goes far to make salvation wholly dependent upon MY WILL, instead of *the power of Christ*:—it would make a *Divinity* of my will. Alas! I might as well pretend by my will to create a world, or to thaw the ice around the pole, or to cleanse hell of devils. Who but God can will a thing, and it cometh to pass? It is God alone "*who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.*"—Ephes. 1:11. I know experimental salvation is the result of *two wills*,—

the will of God and the will of man,—and that what Paul said to Philemon God says, in effect, to every soul he would save, “*But without thy mind would I do nothing* ;”—that is, without thy will or consent. We know, also, that it is God that worketh in us, first to will, and then to do, of his good pleasure.—Phil. 2 : 18. But to say, *will it to be so, and it is so,—I have a thing merely because I WILL to believe I have it,*—is too much, in all reason, for man or angel. With regard to *inward holiness*, or the way to possess it, it is a figment of the *imagination*, which one of old called *the fool of the household* ; it is a disturbed *fancy*, a pleasing but deceitful *dream*—another illustration of the prophet *Isaiah’s* striking similitude.

“*It shall even be as when a hungry man dreameth, and, behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is EMPTY: or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and, behold, he is FAINT, and his soul hath APPETITE.*”—Isaiah 29 : 8. To make existence out of non-existence, purity out of putridity, a holy heart from an unholy, a clean thing out of an unclean,—Job 14 : 4,—it is not in the *will* of man, but in the *power* of God, to accomplish. Nor does the *demur*, “It is not the *WILL* that purifies the heart, but the Holy Ghost, when that faculty does its office,” relieve the matter of its tendency to grievous heterodoxy. Be it so; it is neither more nor less than to be sanctified by the *WILL*;—and the *will* forcing the soul to *believe* it has what it has not,—on the principle that if it believe it has it, it has it therefore. But we are said to be “*sanctified by faith*,”—Acts 26 : 18 ; *purified by faith*,—Acts 15 : 9. But what is this, but to substitute the *will* for faith? If such mean differently, they certainly express themselves unfortunately, nay, unscripturally.

Many have been *stumbled* here. I do not wonder at it. And now suffer me to *implore* all you who are in the habit, in these meetings, of instructing seekers of full salvation, to avoid such *teachings* and *phrases* as you would the plague. They have done more to bring the doctrine of sanctification by faith into disrepute than all else put together, the inconsistent lives of those who profess it excepted. There is no foundation for such sentiments in the word of God, nor in reason or common sense.

We admit, believing, has the consent of the *will*; nay, *without* the will there can be no rational, sincere belief. You cannot *credit* a promise, and *act faith upon it*, without the assent of your will. Nor can you "*believe that you receive*" unless *will* agrees to it. Let *will* withhold its consent, and believing, in the saving sense; is at an end.

Some of you may inquire, "How are we to *guard* against the *error*, seeing that the WILL is such a powerful, present and prominent *ally*, both of faith and unbelief?—indeed, inseparably connected with one or the other; for in assailing unbelief we have to *criminate* the WILL, and in urging to believe we have to secure the alliance of the will." To this I reply: Keep the *will* in its place. It is naturally a usurper. It made devils of angels. It would make *fools* of you, if you allow it. Keep the *will* in its place. Abide by the word of God, and by the *terms* or *conditions* of the promise;—instance, Matt. 21:21,—"*And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.*" The conditions are *prayer* and believing,—not merely willing, but believing. Instance, again, Mark 11:24,—"*Therefore I say unto you, what things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*" Other promises might be quoted, but these are sufficient. The conditions here are *to desire*,

to *pray*, and to *believe that you receive*. This is plain. Now, observe; *to will* and *to believe*, are like soul and body — they go together; but they are not the thing desired and prayed for, no more than the atmosphere that conveys sunshine to the earth is the sunshine itself; for it is but atmosphere still, when the sunshine is out of it: no more than the *telegraphic-wire* that conveys the *electricity* is the electricity itself; the *wire* may be there, and the electricity not: no more than a galvanic battery is electricity; *copper* and *zinc* may be there, plate upon plate, a pile of them, and yet no *galvanic action*. Do you understand me? *To will* and *to believe* go together; but they are not *the blessing itself*; the blessing attends or follows **THEIR ACTION**.

Observe the promise: "*Believe that ye receive, and ye shall have.*" *Believing* and *receiving* must go together. Now, observe there is a distinct difference between "*Believe that ye have it, and ye have it,*" and "*Believe that ye receive it, and ye shall have it.*" Is there not? You cannot but perceive it. The folly of man is evident in the first, the wisdom of God in the second. The one is at war with common sense; the other is in harmony with it. In one we behold an inlet to self-deception or hypocrisy, or both; in the other, a preservative from both. For, if you believe that you receive, and you *do not receive*, it is evident there is something wrong; — not with Christ's veracity, — that would be blasphemy, — but with yourself; and you must believe again and again, till you do receive, or have your *heart* searched, as Jerusalem of old, with lighted candles.

A difference? Yes; as much as to believe that you *drink* from a cup which is off in another room, when the thing is impossible; and to believe that you are *drinking*

from a cup at your lips, and the *pure water* is gliding down and over the palate that craves it.

Allow me to repeat,— for it is of the highest importance you should understand it,— *believing and receiving* go together. The *error* lies in *divorcing* them, and forcing the WILL to *create* what it should only *receive* by believing, — even by an outstretched, empty-handed faith, *taking* the blessing from above; — the *heart believing* that it does receive into itself all it has wished, all it has desired, all it has believed for. "Believe that ye do receive" all that your *craving soul* and *grasping faith* desired.

Guard yourselves, therefore, against two errors. 1st. Beware of forcing your WILL to *create* that which it must receive by *simple faith* only; that is, by believing that you do receive.

2d. Beware of *refusing to believe* until you *know* and *feel* that you have received; *that* would be to be saved by *knowing* and *feeling* — by *knowledge* and *sense*; but *neither* are *faith*. But we are saved by *faith*. To refuse to believe till you thus know and feel, is *infidelity* to simple faith.

Remember, then, the blessing of entire purity,— all that is comprised in entire sanctification comes by pure and naked faith,— *believing* that you *do receive it*. This is all Christ desires of you just at this point. To refuse this until you know and feel it is done, is like refusing to drink, or to believe there is anything in the cup at your lips, unless you are first assured that what you desire is safely deposited in your stomach! — a thing simply impossible. Upon one or other of these *two rocks* thousands* of our Methodist people split. The great *mass* of them seem to be *oscillating, like pendulums*, between these two errors, only one, here and there, stopping at the true Gospel centre. Those

who *refuse* to believe until they have received, long as they have to *wait* for it, are by far the largest number in our church. The first sentiment I have been combating has by far the fewest *adherents*; yet these are large enough, in number and influence, in some places, to embarrass the work of God greatly in this department.

Hear me, then, O my brother! Stop at the Gospel centre. *Oscillate* no more. Stay your soul upon the *veracity* of Jesus. *Desire, pray, believe.* If there happen to be any *defect* in your *consecration*, or in *renunciation* of sin, or any idol lurking in the secret place of your heart, your sanctifying Lord will reveal even this unto you. But keep on *desiring, praying, renouncing, consecrating*, as you can, and *obstinately believing* all the while. Never attempt to believe *you have* what you know and feel you *have not*. But do attempt, and with all your might, to *believe that you do receive it*, and he who has power to do it will cut the work short in righteousness, and save you to the uttermost.

Bear this in mind; when you do receive, you shall *feel* that you receive. The great *barrier* to be overcome is to resolve to take Christ at his word; — not to *feel* that you receive before you believe; for then the promise would have ran, “*FEEL that you receive, and ye shall have.*” Nay, but “*Believe that ye receive.*” *Believing* and *feeling* are very different. But to begin believing with an empty, hard, tossed and troubled heart! — there is the difficulty, a formidable difficulty to many; they *cower* before it, *shrink* back from the contest, and *vilely* cast away their shield of faith, and abandon the field. But those who will *hear nothing, see nothing, believe nothing*, but the pure, naked promise of Jesus Christ, that “*all things are possible to him that believeth,*” they, even they, shall have the vic-

tory — shall realize in a deeper and higher sense than *Petrarch*, when he penned those lines :

" Victorious *Faith*, to thee belongs the prize ;
On earth thy power is felt, and in the circling skies."

Close your ear against the Old Serpent! His *reasonings* are endless. He never tires hissing against the doctrine of faith, although he ruined our first parents by *believing* his promise that they should not die though they did eat the forbidden fruit. They *believed* before they tasted it. The Lord has met Satan on his own ground, and saves us by *believing* Him. It is this that *spites* the Old Serpent. But as we must *believe* that we receive, in order to receive, he makes capital of that, and overcomes many. Expect that he will *hiss* at you. *Regard* him not. Perhaps he may hiss you through human lips, even those from whom you expected better things. Heed them not. Close your ears against him, and against all who would *slur* the way of faith. Cut them all short by turning to your risen Lord, hearkening for his voice, and doing as he bids you, like a good servant, a dutiful child. "*Believe that you receive.*" Hold fast upon that, even with a naked faith,— a faith *unclothed* of feeling, stripped of all sensible enjoyment, an empty, hard, tossed heart—the heart you have within you now. Jesus will soon appear among the waves, saying, "*Fear not, only believe. Be it unto thee according to thy faith. Believe that you receive, and you shall have.*" You do believe you do receive. It is faith's triumphant hour. In that *glorious instant* you do receive, you are *saved*— sweetly, consciously, fully saved from sin; "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth

thee from all sin," — 1 John 1 : 1, — and the language of your soul is :

" 'Tis done ; thou dost this moment save —
With full salvation bless ;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

Now, indeed, you may "believe that you have it;" ay, but in this case you *have it* before you believe that you have it; *believing that you received* brought it; believing that you *have it* is an *after faith*, so to speak. A difference, there, and an essential one, too!

What did I say? "You may then *believe* that you have it." *Believe* that you have it! That is too *weak* a word; it is *defective*. Nay, but you shall *KNOW* that you have it. *Believing ends* where *knowledge begins*; their ground is not common. When I *credit a promise*, so as to trust my all upon it, that is faith or believing. When the promise is *fulfilled* upon which I relied, faith has no more place in this case; it is *knowledge*, now, and therefore improper to say I believe I have

Come, then, come all of you! and he who has entered the lists against his bosom sin, and its legion, come to Jesus. You come to him when you reach his promise; you *touch him* when you touch *that*; — that is the *hem* of his garment *now*. "Believe that ye receive," and you touch him. As many as shall thus touch him shall be made whole, whatever may be the nature of your spiritual diseases. This is faith's *climax*! — the top summit of its action! — its highest altitude for full salvation! Jesus cannot lie! So sure as he has, in this promise, delivered his sceptre into the hand of faith; so sure as he

has pledged his *veracity*, and brought himself under *obligation* to fulfil its askings; — so sure he will never *waive* with it — never! Victory shall be thine, and full salvation. Let us all kneel and test the doctrine, whether it be of God!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW CONVERT EXHORTED TO HOLINESS.

1ST. LET that new convert hearken! — The remains of sin — yea, the seed of every sin — is within, till you are cleansed throughout spirit, soul and body. That was a good remark of one, "*There is much of the old man in the new.*" Already have you been made sensible of the fact. Those seeds have taken root. They are rooted in that heart of yours, among the plants of grace, like weed-roots in a bed of vegetables. They must be uprooted, or they will destroy or dwarf the plants of grace within you.

Indwelling sin is Satan's capital. He who has a small capital will keep adding to it. It is Satan's investment, and he will not neglect it; the *devil's stock*, and he will watch its rise and fall in the market close as any stock-jobber. Sin is, in itself, an accumulating principle. A slight cold is prone to additions. It is so with indwelling sin. Its nature is to render you cold to duty, and cold in your affections toward God and his people. It contracts the *fine* affections of your soul, as a cold the fine vessels of your body, — rendering you chilly and shivering in the presence of a good Gospel fire.

It is just so with some old professors in this town. When we see a man shivering in the sunshine, or by a warm fire-side, we suppose his ague is bad enough. To see a professor shiver in the warm sunshine of the Gospel or encom-

passed by the blaze of a glorious revival such as this, argues an inveterate spiritual ague. The devil has his eye upon such, to give them a hot corner in hell, by and by. It is to save you from such an *ague* I address you, young convert, while you have indwelling sin in you. You have the elements of this ague within; it has begun, in fact, in these incipient stages.

Get rid of it. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth of it. The *medicine* is ready, if your faith is ready. Why not now? "*All things are possible to him that believeth.*" May you have no rest till you are cured of these ague-fits,—slight, indeed, at present; it would be a wonder were it otherwise, considering your present advantages. But it has a lodgment in your nature, and every exposure to "evil air," to bad company and bad influence, will add to it; your *ague-fits* will increase, until you will be ashamed to be seen in a *class-meeting*. Better you never had been converted, than enter the lists of these *aguish professors*.

2d. Let the "*prone to wander*" new convert listen.—If so now, that *proneness* may increase ten-fold hereafter. *Purity of heart* is your remedy. Be not deceived. Are you clear in your *conversion*? If not, in all *likelihood* you will wander back to the devil. Some children stray away from their parents and return again. His *eye* is upon you—he never took it off you in all your "*ins and outs*" among us. Forgive the apparent *harshness*. You understand me. I would fain *probe* your soul to the bottom. It will do you no harm, if a genuine convert; if otherwise, you may, peradventure, recover yourself out of the snare of the devil.

Be not deceived in your intentions regarding sin. You have put it away; surely you have, if regenerated. But have you parted with it forever, think you? Have you

quite removed your *eye* off it? no treacherous inclinations towards it? no hankering after it? Do you hate sin? There was much in that remark of one, that many deal with their sins as the mother of Moses with her boy — put him away, but provided for him; hid him in the ark of bul-rushes, as if she had forsaken him quite, but her *eye* was upon him, and, at last, became his *nurse*. Thus many *leave*, but *love*, their sins. They hide them from the eyes of others, but their *hearts* go after them. At last they take their sins to *nurse*, and give them the *breast*. Can you detect anything of this in yourself? Then let me shout in your ear, PERIL. "Make a clean breast of it," as they say sometimes to criminals. Resolve upon heart purity. It is your only safety. The blessing is your spiritual birth-right, if you are born from above. You will backslide, perhaps foully and fatally, without it. That was a wise prayer of *Beza*, "Lord, perfect what thou hast begun in me, that I may not suffer shipwreck when I am almost at the haven." Ay, that would make damnation what *Aristotle* said death was, "*The terrible of terribles!*" If ever you are to be saved from such a hell, you must *follow after holiness* with the same ardor that a hunter pursues his game.

Let some old Christians present look back upon past life. How near you were to falling, at such and such a time,—perhaps did fall,—altogether by your corruptions! How prone to step out of the order of God! How often has Providence formed itself into a hedge of thorns, or spears, to keep you back from ruin, as you were impelled on by your unsanctified passions! When about to be carried headlong into an ocean of miseries, it required an angel of the Lord with a drawn sword, between two walls, to keep you back,—as in *Balaam's* case,—forcing you to stand still,

with a bruised foot, or a broken limb, or a disordered body, or deranged affairs, or wounded feelings.

Behold that solitary backslider who sits over yonder. He has a history. Would that you could hear it, new convert,—that he would think aloud! What a commentary upon *my* remarks would be his experience! Backslider, what has been the root of all thy sins and sorrows? Anything else than indwelling sin? You were cleansed from *outward sin* in the days of your first love; but, alas! you were not cleansed from inward sin. As streams may be traced to their fountain-head, so may the troubled and polluted streams of thy wickedness and backslidings to the fountain of a corrupt heart. O backslider, I will take up for thee Martha's lamentation over her dead brother, "*Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.*" Lord Jesus, if holiness had been in my brother's heart, he had not died; for it was *unholiness* drove thee from his heart, and then he died. New convert, let his case be a *warning* to you. "*Christ in you the hope of glory,*" says St. Paul. And again, "*That Christ may dwell in your heart by faith.*" Yes; but reflect. Will Christ dwell in an impure heart? Does he esteem a clean heart less than you do a clean home? You cannot suppose any such thing. "*What concord hath Christ with Belial?*"—2 Cor. 6 : 15. An unholy heart is a *Belial*.

3d. A few words to another,—to "*one but newly found in Christ.*"—Yes, you find some *professors* who speak lightly of holiness, and of those who enjoy it. They seem to glory in the fact that they are not of the number—just as if it were a *merit* to be unholy. I wish I could shout those words of an old author into their ears, with the voice of a trumpet: "Some thank God they are not of this holy number; those who thank God for their unholiness had

better go ring the bells for joy that they shall never see the Lord!" As to yourself, study well that declaration of St. Paul: "*Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.*" Besides, let me advise, keep out of the company of such despisers of holiness. They will *shear* you of your strength; will rob you of all your desires after this great blessing; will prejudice you against those who profess and enjoy it. No man's heart can be right with God who speaks lightly of holiness. Dying Jacob said of some, "*O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united.*"—Gen. 49: 6. It seems they had slain a man in their anger, and in their *self-will* they digged down a wall. They would slay your hopes of heaven,—would encourage that within your heart that has slain its thousands and its tens of thousands. In their *self-will* they would dig down the wall of holiness from around you, and leave you exposed to the roaring lion of hell that is going about seeking whom he may devour. A longing desire after holiness is as a wall of fire around your soul. *Their* company is not safe for you *now*; at least, *their thoughts* are not the Lord's thoughts. *God is not in all their thoughts*; but such as have God in all their thoughts should be your companions.

With respect to the other parties, your duty is imperative;—abstain from their company. They will injure you. Polished metal never polishes *rusty* metals by mingling with them; no, but it is sure to catch their rust. A *well* person will not add to his health by sleeping with one who is *sick*. Do you understand me? It is equally true in spiritual things.

Ponder well St. Paul's declaration, "*Unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled.*"—Titus 1: 15.

What a sad state! How unwholesome their atmosphere! How perilous! Like the leper of old, everything they touch is unclean. Their *souls* are *leprous*; they are unclean. Their words leave their mark. Their *breath* is contamination. The atmosphere around them is unholy. They have never yet found the philosopher's stone, that turns all to gold — "*the faith that works by love, and purifies the heart.*" The *Satanic tincture*, that would turn the gold of the sanctuary into dross, is no secret to them. A stream pure as ever sparkled in the light of day is defiled and changed in passing through a foul swamp. A *thought* pure as sparkles in an angel's mind would be polluted in passing through such minds. *Foul hands* sully *linen*; an unclean mouth stains snow; a foul foot soils the mountain spring; — so does an impure heart all it touches. One of the seraphim noticed by Isaiah is needed, with a live coal to lay upon such mouths, ere they shall cease to stain the word of God in the utterance. — Isaiah 6 : 6, 7. They are as unfit for heaven as the devil. The golden streets would groan under them. Their breath would mildew the jasper walls, or taint the air of glory. The fire of God would check, banish or consume them; *war* would be in heaven once more. This is severe. But, as David said to his brother Eliab, "*Is there not a cause?*" Be warned, therefore. "*Evil communications corrupt good manners,*" is a hint of Scripture.

4th. Let "*a young beginner*" hearken. — You must learn to discriminate; that is, to distinguish, or make a difference, between religious characters. Professors differ. Make distinctions. Do not *jumble* them together as if they were all cast in the same mould, or were animated by the same spirit; else you will be tempted to think as I did when reading "*Mosheim's Church History,*" that for centuries

there was not a real Christian in the church. That was an error. The church was in the wilderness. Historians did not live in the wilderness; but in "the city full," rather than in "the void waste." They were not familiar with God's secret ones,—

"Whose warfare was *WITHIN*. *There*, unfatigued,
 Their fervent spirits labored. *There* they fought,
 And *there* obtained fresh triumphs o'er themselves,
 And never-withering wreaths, compassed with which
 The laurels that a Caesar reaped were weeds."

Not many *Sauls* among the *prophets* — not many historians among those *hidden warriors*. How could they judge or write of those they knew not or heard not of, except to their prejudice? Mosheim gathered his "*facts*" from such. History admits of animadversions, censures or criticisms, of the writer. He may be right, or he may be wrong or prejudiced. Study-life is apt to be *speculative life*, which often differs widely from real life and active life. People who always live in the *city* know little of the country; those who are always cloistered in the *study* know little of men — *books* are studied more than men. Historians, like history, must be taken and judged in the historical sense; that is, in the circumstances of time and place under which they wrote. Church historians, as already hinted, knew little or nothing of the "*hidden ones*" of God.— Psalm 83 : 3. They only MARKED the *surface* of *society*, and the *uphevings of error*, and the *stream of church contentions*, with its froth and its scum, and the prominent *actors* therein, who were more distinguished for their *fiery zeal* than for their personal *piety*. They did not see the *seven thousand who had never bowed the knee to Baal*,— 1 Kings 19 : 18,— a circumstance St. Paul took care to remember.— Rom. 11 : 4. But all historians

were not *Pauls* — far from it. Nevertheless, the Lord has reserved to himself such *thousands* in all ages of the Christian church; and he has frequently hidden them, for a time, from the eyes of the multitude. The poet struck a chord which vibrates through all the past, as well as the present, and onward through time:

“ *Believers have a silent field to fight,
And their exploits are veiled from human sight :
They, in some nook, where little known they dwell,
Kneel, pray in faith, and rout the hosts of hell ;
Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine !* ”

Ay ! after weeping, praying and mourning, in secret, over the sins of their times, but living a life of faith, and purity, and love, they fell asleep in Jesus, successively, and escaped to paradise, leaving those who knew them best to write the sentiment on their tombs, or to engrave it on the tablet of their own affectionate memories :

“ *Laurels may flourish round the conqueror's tomb,
But happier they who win the world to come ;
Eternal triumphs crown their toils divine,
And all these triumphs, Christian, now are thine.* ”

These remarks may guard you against *wrong conclusions* in your “ Church History impressions.” Similar views would have saved me from a *temptation* ; but I was *young* and inexperienced. The *same principles* are applicable to the *present age*. Use them as your *safeguards* in the facts you relate. “ *All are not Israel who are of Israel.* ” And all who are of Israel have not equal light on the subject of *sanctification* ; with those who have had *light*, and *improved it not*, but retained it for *speculation*, it has spoiled on their hands, and bred worms of doubt, like the misused *manna* of old.— Exodus 16 : 20.

You say, "Some doubt whether such a blessing is attainable until death. But by far the largest number admit its attainability in life and health; they seem to know all about the theory of holiness, and speak well of it, but when I ask whether they enjoy it, they say nothing, or confess that they do not. This discourages me, and holds me back. Why should I outstrip them? When I am equal with them in knowledge, then I may venture to surpass them in holiness." But is that a business principle? Do you intend to carry this modesty into your business operations? It would ruin you, most likely. There you must depend upon your own judgment, mainly — must act from the individuality of your own character. Your neighbor's rule and habit will not do for you. Some, besides, know how business should be done, but are too *indifferent* or *slothful* to do it, while procrastination is the bane of others. Your knowledge might be inferior to theirs, but it would be very foolish in you to follow their example; nor would you. No, indeed; you would plan and act for yourself, risk mistakes, and bid good-by to modesty, and "go ahead," as they say on the other side of the waters, rather than risk the consequences of their *procrastination*. Why not do so in your religious matters? O my young brother, fall not into the folly which St. Paul shuddered at and condemned, when he said he dare not be of the number of *those who measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves among themselves*. Hew out for your own self your spiritual fortunes, according to the Scripture rule, regardless of the paltry rules of others. "*What is that to thee? — follow thou me,*" is the call of thy risen Lord. "*Be ye holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy,*" should weigh more with you than the sentiments, example and experience, of *millions* such as you mention. There is much "head-knowledge" among

our professors, regarding sanctification. The head has gone further than the heart with many of them. The experience of the heart has not kept pace with the knowledge of the head. They *know* more than they have ever enjoyed. The atmosphere of such is not healthy, unless they are *rare* persons indeed.

An old mathematician demonstrated of him who performed a journey round the world, that his head travelled several thousand miles more than his *feet*, as his head performed much the widest circle. He proved, also, that had his journey been to heaven, instead, his *feet* would have *out-travelled* his head.

This is no new problem in theology. I have often seen it demonstrated, and so have you, in the characters you mention. We meet with such every day, who, for years, have gone the circuit of theology, but it has always happened, somehow, that their *heads* have travelled faster and further, than their *hearts*,—their *knowledge* has outgone their *experience*, especially in holiness.

However, we have something to set off against this fact. We have some, and they have increased to hundreds in this town within the last six weeks, whose *hearts* have kept equal pace with their *heads* in holiness. Nor would I undertake to prove that there are none among them whose *hearts* have not out-travelled their heads. St. Paul speaks of "*the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.*"—Ephes. 3 : 19. There are few who experience *full salvation* who do not find the *enjoyment* of it to exceed the *anticipation*. And what is that but *experience* surpassing previous knowledge?—the heart becoming *tutor* to the head? "*There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.*"—Job 32 : 8. There is an *inspiration* in PERFECT LOVE which

gives lessons to the understanding, seldom, if ever, learned otherwise. "What a change the soul undergoes when the body dies! Who among the living comprehends or conceives what it is? — *that* surpasses knowledge, also. How great the change when the whole "*body of sin*" dies, and the soul is free from its influences! I never saw any one who allowed that his previous information upon the subject was equal to the actual experience.

The admission has been made; the *heart* of some out-travels the head. I like the idea. The heart is apt to prove deceitful, if the head leave it too far behind; like Peter, who followed his Lord afar off, and a woman involved him in trouble; his *head* was right, poor soul, but his *heart* failed him.

We have those among us who are not remarkable for "*theological accuracy*," — the head may be at fault, now and then, nor does it offend them to hear of it; and the tongue, perhaps, unable to marshal its words in the exact theological order desired; but the heart, ay, the heart quite out-travels both head and tongue in the deep things of God. Their motions are not circular, like him who travelled round the world. They may never have gone, in abstract theology, the segment of a circle, as they say in geometry; nevertheless, Christianity, in its saving and purifying influences, has taken the entire circuit of their nature, subduing the whole to itself. Their hearts have gone further than their heads, but both are travelling heavenward; both will be *equal* by and by, and wiser than the wisest philosophers below, when they gain their crown above. Hallelujah!

However, let us praise the Lord, there are those among us whose head and heart travel together. They traverse the whole circle of theology, — all that lies within the horizon of theological investigation, — but the *heart* is never

left behind. As one remarked, "*Sanctification in the soul is a living spring, running with a kind of central force heavenward.*" Yes, and *head and heart* move together with the *living spring*! They are as familiar with the *straight lines of holiness* as with the circle of obedience. They have one direct aim,—to *glorify God*; one desire,—to be *always happy* in him; one endeavor,—to please him who has called them from darkness to light, to please him in everything; one object,—entire devotion to his will; one ambition,—to be *pure* as he is pure, and *holy* as he is holy, and to love him with all their heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and their neighbor as themselves; one absorbing desire,—to sink as deep in pure, loving humility as the grace of God can sink them, and to rise in the joy of faith in perfect love and holiness, as the grace of God can exalt them, fully resolved to

"Urge their way through grace forgiven,
To scale the mount of holiest love,
And seize the brightest crown in heaven!"

A noble ambition this! to obtain one of the first seats in glory. To use an idea of Mr. Fletcher,—a constant, evangelical striving to have ministered unto them an abundant entrance into the heavenly kingdom, and a *throne* among the peculiarly redeemed, who sing the new song which none could learn save those who were without fault, and who followed the Lamb whithersoever he went.—Rev. 14 : 1, 5.

They belong to *that succession*, the *true succession* of holy souls, of which our poor earth has never had a superfluity, but which it has never entirely lacked.

They are "*the regular liners*," to use a sea-phrase, which steer straight for the port of heaven, over the ocean of life, as the New York and Liverpool line of packet-ships.

cross the Atlantic straight to the destined port, and having nothing to do with the coasting trade.

To alter the figure once more: like *Abraham*, they walk up and down in the length and breadth of the *Canaan of perfect love*.—Gen. 13 : 17. *Caleb-like*, they said, long ago, "*Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it.*" And so, like him and a host of others, "*they passed over this Jordan, and possessed the land.*" And, like them, true to their principle,—*faith* in the immediate power of God, in accordance with his promise,—they took no round-about way to enter the land of holiest love, but went straight forward through the swellings of Jordan, undaunted by difficulties and perils. They were not submerged nor overwhelmed; opposition gave way, the obedient waters divided before them, like Jordan, and they passed over dry shod unto the land that flowed with milk and honey, and thus possessed their *promised rest*. There they abide to this day. Their numbers are increasing in this town daily. More than *four hundred* purified souls have joined them within a few weeks. Hundreds more are all in readiness to leave the wilderness side of Jordan to enter the promised land,—

"Where dwells the Lord our righteousness,
Who keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest."

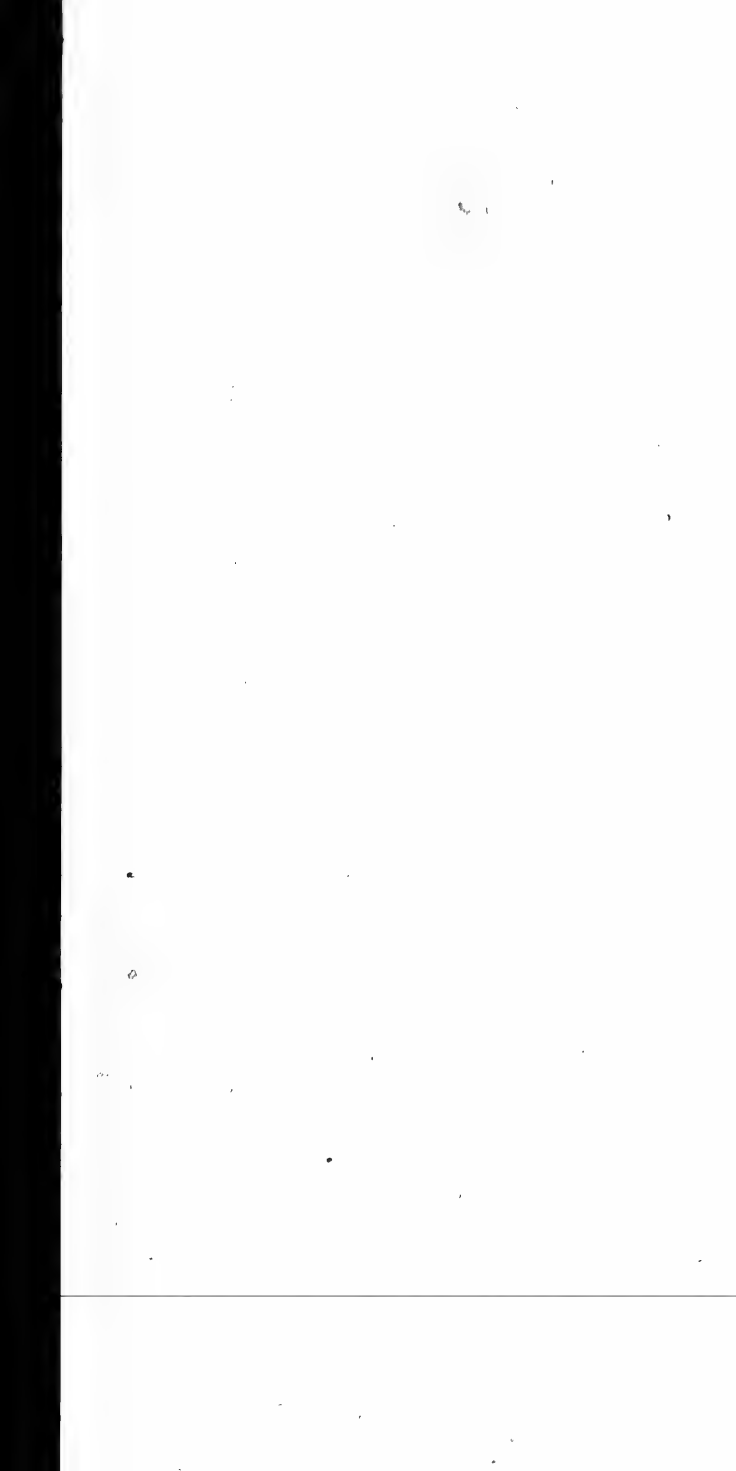
CHAPTER XV.

JUSTIFIED PERSONS DESIRE PURITY.

1st. To "*A perplexed and anxious inquirer.*"

Your *preferences* have not been for holiness. Your justification has been defective in one thing, to say the least,—a hearty desire for purity; that is the brightest *gem* that sparkles in *real* justification. *Solomon* says, "*A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.*" Purity is the crown of justification. If it be *genuine*, this desire is always attached to it,—as weight to lead, as heat to fire, as fragrance to the rose, as green to a healthy leaf,—inseparable. St. John comes down upon this point unmistakably. "*Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not appear what we shall be: but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.*" AND EVERY MAN THAT HATH THIS HOPE IN HIM PURIFIETH HIMSELF EVEN AS HE IS PURE."—1 John 3: 2, 3. It is upon this principle he speaks so positively, from the fourth verse to the tenth, that "*whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin.*" He who is thus aiming and ardently desiring to be as *pure* as Jesus will hate and avoid sin,—"*he cannot sin,*" certainly not when filled with such a noble ambition and ceaseless aspiration.

Some years ago a young lady in Philadelphia, since gone to heaven, lost her evidence of justification, through some sore mental conflict or other. But one day, when listening



to a sermon on Rom. 8 : 16, she regained it. "Then," said she, "with the blessing of justification in one hand, I held forth the other for full salvation." That was the proper attitude for a truly justified soul. She soon after obtained the blessing. Now, some have *neither hand*, right nor left, of soul or faith, held up for justification nor sanctification; they *possess* neither, *desire* neither. These are *unawakened* sinners; both hands are withered, and they refuse to stretch them forth unto God.

Others profess to grasp *justification* with one hand, but hold not the other forth for sanctification. It is well if such persons are not grasping a worthless pebble, instead of a priceless diamond. "*Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure.*" But here are persons who *profess* to have this hope, and yet recoil from the blessing of heart purity. Is my *surmise* unjustifiable, think you?

But there are those who grasp justification with one hand of faith, and reach forth the other for full salvation. Such are grasping the *true diamond*. Can you separate green from a healthy and growing leaf, and keep it healthy and growing? Or heat from fire, and keep it fire? Or sunshine from the sun, and keep it sunshine? As well try, habitually, to separate a desire for purity from your justification, and keep it justification. God commands you to be holy. "*Be ye holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy.*" How can you *continue justified* in disobeying so plain a command?

Again, "For this is the will of God, even your *sanctification*." How can you retain the blessing in question, with a *will* so contrary to God's will? You may answer these questions as best you can; they require none from me —

only this, I would not like to trust the safety of my state to such a justification. It is *deceptive* and *dangerous*.

A *desire for purity*, like a precious gem, is inlaid with this heavenly gift. Indeed, it is that which *preserves* the blessing from moment to moment. Dr. Clarke says, "Holiness, like every other gift of God, comes with the principle of *self-preservation* in it." That is, *holiness* preserves itself, and those who possess it,—a high encouragement to seek it. I would add, a *desire for purity*, like every other gift of God, has a similar *virtue*; it preserves *itself* and our *justification*, as salt preserves meat.

No wonder, then, that your "religious experience" has changed color so often. Not to go forward is to go back. Everything we behold is either advancing or receding, growing or declining, going on to a *higher state of perfection*, or sinking into *imperfection*. It is so with the human soul.

The day begins, advances to its noon-point, and then declines to *night*. The bud expands and opens into a flower, but hastens to decay. The *leaves* of a tree brighten into green, but soon tend to the *sear* and the *fall*. Spring pushes into summer, summer into autumn, and autumn into winter. Degradation is the tendency of our nature, unless aspiring after holiness.

This has been the CAUSE of your "sinning and repenting, and repenting and sinning again,"—your constant *oscillations* between darkness and light, and light and darkness; ay, and of *all your troubles*.

I have another character to address; my reply to him will have something more in it for you; so hearken, and attend also to the *suggestions* of your own memory and conscience.

2. Let "the afflicted without and the afflicted within"

give attention.—*There is found some good thing in you, towards the Lord God of Israel*, as in one of old,—1 Kings 14 : 13,—or you would not write so *freely* of “all your history and present state.” There is some *good* in you, and therefore the *dévil hates you*; but there has been *evil* in you, and therefore God has afflicted you. I say not this on the *evil-surmising* principle of *Job’s comforters*, but I gather it from your own *confessions regarding holiness*!

Your preferences have not been for holiness. There has been a sad misunderstanding between you and God, all these years. Not, indeed, upon the part of God. He can no more *mistake* than be *unjust*. But *you* mistook God’s call at first, or you unwisely procrastinated obedience to it, or *wickedly rejected it*. He called you to holiness on the day of your *espousals* to Christ. Yes, as sure as he called the Israelites, after they had crossed the Red Sea, to go straight over the wilderness into Canaan, so did he call you then, at that crisis of your “history,” to go over straight into the Canaan of perfect love. To pass over into the PROMISED LAND,—the land *that flowed with milk and honey*,—“with every blessing blest,—~~flavored~~ favored with God’s peculiar smile,” was among the first instructions the Lord gave to Moses, for that people. What shall I say? Can you deny it? To hasten over into the spiritual Canaan was among the first lessons of the Holy Spirit after your conversion.

The hour you left the bondage of sin, and escaped the cruel oppression of *hell’s Pharaoh*, light for holiness dawned upon your soul. When you crossed the Red Sea of your Redeemer’s blood, and shouted your deliverance on the shores of salvation, he called you into the Canaan of perfect love. More favored than those of old, who, with timbrels and dances, replied to Israel’s host, “*Sing ye to*

the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea," they, happy people, saw their deliverance, but not the land that flowed with milk and honey, their hoped-for *Palestine*.—Exod. 15: 14. But *you* beheld it! like Moses from Mount Nebo, —from the highest *Pisgah* summit,—the Lord showed you all the glorious land, unto the "*utmost sea*,"—Deut. 34: 1, 4,—and gave your ravished soul a taste of its beauties and privileges, and you sang:

" Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

" A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest ;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest."

But the tempter came. Moses greatly desired to go over into the Canaan to which he had led Israel, and said to the Lord, "*I pray thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon.*" But the Lord said, "*Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter,*"—Deut. 3: 25, 26,—a sad intimation to Moses. Did he say so to you? Ah no! Favored above Moses, he intimated his *willingness* you should go over and possess it. But, instead of saying,

" O that I might at once go up !
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess ;

This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness !"—

you turned away, saying, "*Not now, Lord; not now.*" Alas, alas! what could you expect, after rejecting such superior light—such glorious manifestations of the willingness of God to save you unto the uttermost!

More than once you had such a glorious view of your purchased inheritance,— your *birthright* inheritance. But, like poor *Esau*, you sold it for "*a mess of pottage.*" And so, as *Esau*, by that act, entailed upon himself and posterity an untold amount of disability and trial, so did you. More of this by and by. The moment you were "*born again,*" you became an heir to full salvation; ay, sure as you were "*an heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ.*"—Rom. 8 : 17. But you soon preferred something else. Like the Israelites, you gave the "*wilderness*" the preference, where were *fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought; where there was no water,*—Deut. 8 : 15,—*a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought and the shadow of death,*—Jer. 2 : 6,—rather than fight for your inheritance in the Canaan of perfect love.

I say not these things to make you *sadder*; but I want you to have a penetrating view of your past folly, if, happily, you may learn wisdom, obedience and holiness, from the things you have suffered. Besides, there are others present whose history has been almost as painful as your own. They, too, may perceive their error, and now, at last, be saved.

Like the Reubenites and Gadites, and the half-tribe of Manasseh, in the days of Moses and Joshua, you preferred your rest on the wilderness side of Jordan, with the *manna* of justification, and some other temporal advantages,

rather than the conquest of the land flowing with milk and honey. Like them, also, you may have helped others to take the *land of promise*, but returned yourself, soon as possible, to your old wilderness state. If you did not, like them, prefer that side of Jordan, because there was good pasture for your cattle, if you had any, yet there was some other temporal or carnal advantage of equal importance to you.

It is mournful to read of the *wheeling* talks of these tribes with Moses on the subject; their "*cattle*" were sure to be spoken of.—Num. 32. They plead for their *cattle*: "*It is a land for cattle; thy servants have cattle—bring us not over Jordan.*" Moses said: "*Shall your brothers go to war, and shall ye sit here? And wherefore discourage ye the heart of the children of Israel from going over into the land which the Lord hath given them? Thus did your fathers, when I sent them from Kadesh-barnea to see the land; and behold, ye are risen up in your fathers' stead, an increase of sinful men, to augment yet the fierce anger of the Lord toward Israel. For if ye turn away from after him, he will yet again leave them in the wilderness, and ye shall destroy all this people.*" This touched them; but the very next thought was about their sheep-folds and their cattle! They persisted in their request, offering to help the other tribes to fight and possess the land, but as for them, they begged to be excused from living in it. Their request was granted, and afterwards recognized by Joshua, as we find in Joshua 1:16. Alas for them! They were the first of all the tribes that were overcome by their enemies, and carried away captive, quite out of their chosen lands.

Apply this to yourself. *Your history is something like its counterpart.* How often were you *urged* by ministers and

others to go into spiritual Canaan; but you would not! The Holy Spirit again and again solicited you. The hearts of others were weakened by you, and not a few prevented. But you had selected your ground — your *land* was elsewhere, with some temporal advantages. Your *choice* was granted. There you set up your rest, and almost said to your soul, "*Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry*." Alas for you! there was no rest for your soul there. Can hell be satisfied with souls, or the grave with dead, or your stomach with wind? As easily, say, as your soul could be satisfied with earthly good; much less with secret intercourse with sin. But *troubles* came upon you, — losses, and crosses, and sorrows. How often, besides, have you been carried away captive by the devil and inbred sin?

Most of your *troubles* are *traceable* to this wrong choice in the beginning of your Christian career. This is all I have to say to you at present. Another person's case requires a few words. It has some resemblance to your own. If you follow me closely, you may find something more for yourself.

8d. To "*one who was called to purity, and refused*." — My closing remark to one just addressed is equally applicable to you. Your *troubles* are traceable to a neglect of holiness. It is *perilous* to resist a plain call from God "*to purity and perfect love*." He is sure to *change his countenance* toward such, and to place them under a *different dispensation* than before, so far, at least, as is *disciplinary and painful*. All justified persons are called to be holy, and *feel* it; yet I cannot help thinking some are called more loudly than others. Perhaps for the work they have to perform, the good they are capable of doing, the peculiar temptations which are sure to assail them, the *superior light*,

they have upon the subject, the shortness of their life, the peculiar crown or walk that may be awaiting them hereafter, if not in the present world. It will require another world to explain all the dealings of God toward us in this.

That "voice," which rang through your soul in the time of your "first love," "*Be ye holy, for I, the Lord thy God, am holy,*" was his call to you, as to young Samuel in the temple. He knew not the Lord's voice then, but you did, and became responsible. But you were young in religion, and he dealt tenderly with you, and would not cast you away; but his countenance soon changed a little, and your love cooled. Again and again he called you to be holy, but "*other affairs crowded in,*" and you still kept on in a "*low path,*" but in a good sort of a way," till the Lord intercepted you again, and asked you into a higher path, which you shrank from and became unhappy. These visitations were repeated, with like results. O ye young converts, mark these points of deviation from the will of God, and avoid them, as you would the road that sinners tread.

But that "ONCE"!—Ah! that was the crisis! The Lord drew nigh then. His banner over you was love. He gave you clusters of the grapes of Canaan; for he had sent your thoughts out to spy the land, and they had returned richly laden; but, alas! some of them brought a bad report of "giants in the land" that it would be troublesome to conquer, and troublesome to retain when conquered; and so a desponding thought came in, and then a murmuring thought,—why cannot I be allowed to go on in the good sort of a way I have been in? mixed with unfaithfulness, indeed, but still meaning to serve the Lord. So, resolving to have my own way, I hardened my heart, and rebelled, and turned away. I lost the sweet comfort I had just before; soon temptations encompassed me, as bees with honey in

their mouths, but stings in their tails, and stung me. Then other trials came, *crosses and losses*, and when I sought to have my perfect rest in God they rushed upon me like a troop, and overpowered me; since then, I have been walking softly, in a sorrowful way. The Lord has not *wholly* cast me away, nor does he smile upon me from above, as once; I cannot get to his breast. I dare not leave his service, I cannot leave his people; the *wicked* cannot be companions to me, and I am sure I cannot be a companion such as they would desire. My path is solitary and lonely, and the stillness in my soul is oppressive. What shall I do?

Poor soul! For the good of my spiritual children present, will you allow me to illustrate your case, without writing any more *bitter things* against yourself. Be not discouraged. Look up! Your pitying Lord is at hand to forgive, and change his dispensation towards you. If I open your wounds afresh, and they *bleed*, they may heal all the sooner when the heavenly *balm* of your Redeemer's blood is applied.

How soon might you have gone into the Canaan of *perfect love* when called to do so in your "*first love*"! And when brought to its very *borders* in that gracious but awful *crisis*, it was but a few steps, for Jordan was ready to divide for you to pass over. The Israelites, had they marched straight on from the Red Sea, could have entered Canaan in less than one month. Indeed, it only consumed about *eleven days* for the whole camp to travel from *Horeb* to *Kadesh-barnea*, which was on the very borders of Canaan. From thence they sent the *spies*, who brought back an evil report of the land. For, though they returned with most delicious fruit, yet with such an appalling account of the difficulties of conquest as filled the people with *unbelief*.

They rebelled against God, and would not go over Jordan. From that day their *sorrows* began. The *countenance* of God changed towards them, and he sent them back into that great and howling wilderness. The place where they thus sinned was named, significantly enough, *Kadesh-barnea* : *Kadesh*, that is, "*sanctified in them*,"— *Barnea*, that is, "*wandering son*." Because there God sanctified or honored his JUSTICE, in condemning them to a *judicial punishment* of spending a year in that dreadful wilderness for every day the spies had spent in searching the land,— *forty days*; *forty years* was their sentence. Thus Israel became a *Barnea*,— "*a wandering son*." They would not allow God to sanctify his *faithfulness* and *mercy* in them by installing them in that goodly land according to promise, and thus *honor* his veracity in sight of the heathen round about. Now he began to honor his *justice* in their punishment, in the sight of those very heathen. And so they wandered backward and forward, in that wilderness, during forty years, almost in sight of the fair and beautiful hills of Canaan. They were hedged in with difficulties on every side. They could not *go back* into *Egypt*, nor *go forward* into *Canaan*. *Ten* of the *twelve* spies were struck dead on the spot. Joshua and Caleb were spared, because they had said, "*Let us go up at once and possess the land; for we are well able to overcome it*."— Numb. 13 : 30. Nevertheless, these two servants of God shared the renewed sorrows of the wilderness during those *forty* years. After that, they did enter the land in triumph, but not till the carcasses of that whole generation of *unbelievers* had perished in the wilderness; all, except the two already mentioned, from twenty years old and upwards, laid their bones in that wilderness. By that time their children were old

enough to possess the land which their fathers and mothers had forfeited, and they did possess it.

I have passed over this mournful event in Israelitish history, because it so much illustrates your case, as well as that of some others present.

And now, what is to be done? Much depends upon *yourself*. You have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous. There is no necessity of your remaining any longer in this *wilderness state*. Pardon is offered in the Gospel for all manner of sins, and for the sin of *unbelief*, and this species of disobedience, also. It is *folly* in you to think otherwise. All things are ready. Jesus is as willing to sanctify you to-night as he was on that ever-to-be-remembered "*crisis*" in your history. He will not keep his anger forever. Your *punishment* has not been continued so much on account of that event, as for your continued unbelief. Satan got the advantage of you, and you allow him to keep it. That is why he has been displeased with you.

What shall I say to *arouse* you? You have injured the cause of God by your low state in religion. *Joshua* and *Caleb* had to suffer forty years for the unbelief of others. But how many have you held back from the Canaan of perfect love, by your sad example! You will know more of this in the eternal world. What *Daniel* was to *Belshazzar*, on the night when letters of flame followed the fingers of the supernatural hand on the walls of his palace, my ministry may be to you this night. *Listen*, therefore: reflect, *decide*! It is for your life. He has borne long with you,—*afflicted* and *chastised* you in many ways,—all for your good, to render you willing to be holy. "*Why should you be stricken any more?*"—Isaiah 1:5. Let the past suffice. The Lord is waiting to be gracious. You

need not die in the wilderness. If I rightly understand your case, you cannot doubt your *pardon*. You believe yourself to be a child of God. But that sorrowful impression of *unfaithfulness* to his call to holiness *haunts* you by day and by night — as the cause, too, of the waves of sorrow which have followed your wavering footsteps.

It is enough. He now invites you, by my ministry, to that goodly land that flows with milk and honey. I feel he does. Say, "By the grace of God I accept the call; from this hour I rest not till fully saved." Amen to what my sorrowful friend says! There are hundreds all around you who have entered the land of promise. Their souls are richly laden with its delicious fruit. They tell you that you are well able, God assisting, to make a conquest of your inheritance. Inbred sin has lost all its defences. The tall sons of *Anak* shall fall before you. There are Joshuas and Calebs to lead you in; their trust is in the mighty God, and in the power and efficacy of the cleansing blood of the Lamb. You may now possess the land. God has spoken the word. Your enemies shall be as grasshoppers before you. Through Christ strengthening you, victory is sure. Take him at his word. He has been pleading sorely with you in the wilderness, lo, these many years. God speaks to you in Ezekiel 21: 84, 85, 86; he has plead with you, as it were, face to face in the wilderness, and caused you to pass under the rod; but it was to bring you into the bonds of the covenant, that you might know him to be your sanctifying Lord. Come, now, come up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of thy beloved. He promises, in Ezekiel 36, to sprinkle clean water upon thee, and to make thee clean from all thy filthiness, and from all thy idols to cleanse thee; to take away the stony heart out of thy flesh, and to give thee a heart of flesh — tender, soft,

pure and warm, and full of love; and to give thee a right spirit, and to put his spirit within thee; and to cause thee to walk in his statutes, and to enable thee to keep his judgments and to do them; will save thee from all thy uncleanness; will call for the corn and will increase it, and lay no famine upon thee; and the land of thy experience shall be like the garden of the Lord; and the deepest, sweetest, most loving humility shall fill thy heart all the days of thy earthly pilgrimage, and thou shalt reign with him forevermore. Hallelujah! Amen.

Hearken. John 11:40.—“*Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?*” By thy countenance, O thou chastened and severely-trying one, I see thou art willing to be saved. Now even salvation has come to this house.

When St. Paul was preaching at *Lystra*, he noticed a poor cripple among his hearers—one who had never walked, but was a cripple from his mother's womb. Paul saw, by the man's looks, that he had faith to be healed, and steadfastly beholding him, said, with a loud voice, “*Stand upright on thy feet!*” and he leaped up and walked, amid the shouts and acclamations of the amazed multitude.

What do I behold? This,—thou hast faith to be healed, ay, more than *fourscore* of you are ready to leap into the land of perfect love, and walk up and down in the land which flows with milk and honey. “*Stand upright upon your feet.*” “*Believe that you receive, and you shall have.*” Now, even now, salvation streams into believing hearts, and the temple of the Lord is filled with his glory. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb, for ever and ever!

CHAPTER XVI.

HELPS TO A BELIEF IN ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

"ONE PRESENT" makes the following important inquiry :
"By what means may a *wavering mind* establish itself in the belief of ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION ?"

To this I reply :

1. *By a proper knowledge of the WORD OF GOD, and by a PROFOUND REVERENCE FOR IT.*

Consult the word of God. It will be "a light to your feet, and a lamp to your path." We read in the book of Psalms, "*They that know thy name will put their trust in thee.*" So they who know the Scriptures of truth, will put their trust in their decisions, for "*the Scriptures cannot be broken.*"—John 10 : 35. Jesus prayed thus : "*Sanctify them through thy truth ; THY WORD IS TRUTH.*" But I insist upon a *profound reverence* for the word of God. And for this reason : many have a more profound reverence for their *creed*, their *own opinions*, or those of *others*,—for their *prejudices*, or *favoured preacher*, or *commentator*, or *catechism*,—than for the *word of God*, though they are unwilling to confess it to their own consciences.

2. *By believing the truth.*

Refer again to those words of Jesus. "*Sanctify them through thy truth ; thy word is truth.*"—John 17 : 17. St. Paul explains, 2 Thess. 2 : 13.—"*Because God hath*



from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and BELIEF OF THE TRUTH."

But you are ready to ask, "What are we to understand by 'the belief of the truth'?" I reply: It is, first, to credit the truth in THEORY; and, second, to credit the truth in a PROMISE. By the first I mean to credit the doctrinal truth as laid down in the Holy Scriptures, and just inferences therefrom: such as, "*Be ye holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy.*" "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them."—Ezek. 36: 25—27. And again, "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.*"—Deut. 6: 5. "*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*"—Lev. 19: 18. Reënjoined by our Lord, in Mark 12: 30, 31. Proceed to the New Testament, where the doctrine is in its noonday glory. Harken to Jesus: "*Be ye therefore PERFECT, even as your FATHER in heaven is perfect.*"—Mark 5: 48. "*Blessed are the PURE IN HEART: for they shall see God.*"—Matt. 5: 8. Hear St. John: "*The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from ALL SIN.*"—1 John 1: 7. And again: "*And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure,*"—1 John 3: 3; adding, "*Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not: whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.*" Hear St. Paul: "*Shall we continue in sin, that*

grace may abound? God forbid. *How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?*"—Rom. 6: 1, 2. Adding, "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Listen to Peter: "For he that hath suffered in the flesh HATH CEASED FROM SIN; that he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God."—1 Peter 4: 1, 2. Here is a whole "body of divinity," on the subject. And I wish you to keep it in remembrance, as I may refer to it again. Now, it is to credit this great truth, according to the above theory. I could have added much more; but, then, one good "title-deed" to property is as good as fifty. By crediting the truth in a promise I mean placing unwavering and implicit confidence in such a promise as that in 1 John 1: 9. — "*If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*" To which add that promise of our Lord, "*And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.*"—John 14: 13, 14. Credit these promises; place unfaltering reliance upon the veracity of Jesus.

8. BY TAKING CARE NOT TO MISAPPLY SCRIPTURE.

That is, applying it to a purpose never intended by the Holy Ghost. *Mis-assigning* Scripture; that is, taking a text to prove what it never was designed to prove, *dragging* a Scripture away from the doctrine to which it belongs, and applying it to that for which it never was intended. Instance: "*My Father is GREATER than I,*"

which evidently refers to his human nature; this the Unitarians drag out of its place to prove that Christ did not allow that he was equal with the Father as regards Divinity,—therefore not God. The passage, you see, is mis-assigned. The true text for that ought to be this: "*I and my Father are ONE.*"—John 10: 30. And it belongs to a text of the same class, proving the same thing, that Jesus claimed to be God,—such as, "*And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, EVEN AS WE ARE ONE.*"—John 17: 22. "*For One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye brethren.*"—Matt. 23: 8. There you have the *perfect* equality of the Christian brotherhood. "*That they may be one,*"—equality recognized again,—"*EVEN AS WE ARE ONE.*" Here you have an assumption; equality with the brethren he does not look at, but claims at once equality with God. Could he have done so without being guilty of blasphemy, had he not considered himself EQUAL with God, and God, in John 10: 30? Is it not to this St. Paul refers, where he says, "*Who being in the form of God, THOUGHT IT NOT ROBBERY TO BE EQUAL WITH GOD; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and, being found in the fashion of a man, he humbled himself,*" &c.—Phil. 2: 6, 7, 8. This is a digression; but I have thrown out the hint for the benefit of that "Inquiring Unitarian." Pardon me, but it shows how such *misapply* Scripture. Nor is this misconduct confined to such. Those who deny the possibility of being cleansed from all sin before death are guilty of the same. The seventh chapter of Romans, for instance, is dragged away from the experience of an *awakened* and *penitential* sinner, which Paul personifies, and which it strikingly

illustrates ; and is held as a torch over the experience of all believers, to prove that none before death can attain unto a higher state. They do not understand that the passages* I quoted in the beginning are the *true torches* to illustrate the doctrine of a higher experience. There are other passages *mis-assigned*, but time will not permit.

4. *By a serious consideration of the PROPRIETY of this doctrine.*

That is, its *fitness* and *suitability* as to *time* and *place*, as well as *harmony* with the Scriptures. How *fit* we should be *holy and pure here*, that we might be *happy and useful here* ! How *becoming* to those who *serve so holy a God*, and *probationers for a holy heaven* !

5. *By not holding the truth in mere SPECULATION.*

That is, holding it in *theory* only, without reducing it to experience and practice,—the sin or fault of many of our Methodist people. Consider well what you have heard, and may the Holy Spirit guide you into all truth. Amen.

* See pages 285—7.

CHAPTER XVII.

HELPS TO PERCEIVE THE PROPRIETY OF EXPECTING FULL SALVATION IN THIS LIFE.

YOUR attention, for a few minutes! Let that person whom I addressed last night hearken! You say, "Last night you urged me to consider the propriety of the doctrine that we may be cleansed from all sin, in life and health. Now, here is just my difficulty. I have not materials of thought sufficiently strong to enable me to cope with the *prejudices of education*, and other *temptations* which assail my mind against the doctrine. It is true I have the Scriptures,—and I did admire the '*body of divinity*' of them which you presented so convincingly. But I am unable to classify and draw proper inferences; so as to silence objections within and without. Can you help me any further?"

Perhaps I can. But let me say I am a poor controversialist, especially with the children of God of *other denominations*. It is not my forte. I have no heart to it. It does not quite become a stranger. It is the proper work of the regular pastors, I think, if it must be done. Nor should it be in any other spirit than that of love,—seeing *that one is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren*.—Matt. 23: 8. However, I have no objections to offer you all the assistance in my power. As there are

others in like circumstances with yourself, they may be benefited, also, by this public reply. But I must apprise you time will not allow me to expatiate largely; — as brief as is consistent with perspicuity.

Let me ask you a few questions. You need not trouble about noting them down, as that will distract your attention and weary you; besides, I am not fond of seeing such *note-takers* in our assemblies. If you wish a copy of the questions afterwards, you can have them. Give me your undivided attention now, and if the Holy Spirit condescend to write the questions and answers on your heart, you will have no difficulty in calling the substance of them to remembrance.

1. *WHERE was the sin of our race contracted?*

There can be but one answer: In this world. And, besides, by our first parents, when in perfect health, and long before death. To our *original sin* we have added our own *personal impurities*, which bear the mark of years. Now, where is the impropriety of supposing we may be cleansed from them in this world?

If our first parents sinned when in perfect health, why may not their posterity be cleansed from it in perfect health? If they lost their holiness long before death, why may not we *regain* it long before death?

If Satan has tempted and polluted every one of us, less or more, in health, why may not Jesus *cleanse* us from it in health? Or, has Satan more power to *pollute* than the Son of God to *purify*? This would be curious theology, and Christ-dishonoring.

If Adam and Eve, and each of us, have been rendered guilty and polluted by believing Satanic promises, why, in the name of all that is good, may we not be pardoned and purified by believing Divine promises? That one, for in-

stance: "*If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*"—1 John 1: 9. Or, is Satan's veracity more to be depended upon than that of the Lord our God? Who of us has never *credited* Satan in his *temptation-promises*? Why, then, should we distrust the veracity of our Lord Christ, where he says, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father *may be glorified in the Son.*" Does he not here solicit us to place unlimited confidence in his *veracity*, as well as in the *virtue of his name*? Ponder these things. — I have another question.

2. *In what world was the REMEDY for sin provided?*

In this world, and both for *pardon* and for *purity*. Why not, then, have the remedy *applied* in this world? Where is the *impropriety* of expecting this, and urging others to expect it? That "we may be *pardoned* any time we repent and believe," you seem not to question; but, why exclude *purification* with the same readiness on our part? Why thus *limit* the application of that precious blood? — Another question.

3. *Is there any likelihood of our being cleansed from sin AFTER DEATH?*

In a Protestant mind there can be but one answer: "*None whatever.*" The *Roman Catholics*, indeed, fondly cling to the notion of a *purgatory*; vainly supposing that the *fires* of hell may do in another life what Christ's blood has failed to do in this. But is there any promise in Scripture to this effect? Not one. The Protestant, with the Bible in his hand, *rejects* the conceit. He recognizes for that *office* the blood of Christ alone, and in this life only. He believes, with the Bible and with the ancient church,

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that none suffer after death but those who suffer *eternally*. You see the *propriety*, therefore, of insisting upon purity of heart in the life that now is; otherwise we are undone forever.

4. *May we be cleansed from all sin one MINUTE before death?*

Yes, surely; for a moment after would be *too late*,—it is *eternity* then! As to "the article of death, when the soul is neither in the body nor out of it; or an *intermediate* state, which is neither time nor eternity," it is *simple nonsense*. Death affords nothing of the sort. The soul stays in the body till the stroke of death severs her from it finally. It is *time* with the soul till the *close of the last moment* of its connection with the body; after that, it is broad eternity.

The soul, then, must be cleansed before death, or not at all forever. A *moment*?—a *minute* before death? This is all we claim as a *basis* for our argument for purity long before death. Consider. What is a minute? It is the sixtieth part of an hour,—a small portion of duration, indeed; but it is *time*, nevertheless, as truly as the *hour*. Now, if the soul may be cleansed from all sin *one minute* before death, why not one *hour*?—a *year*?—or *years*?

Where, then, is the *impropriety* of insisting that we may be cleansed from all sin long before death? On rational and Gospel principles, none whatever. Let us abide by the Gospel and common sense. If "*metaphysics*" dip deeper than they, those may dive after them who please. But I know nothing in that respectable science which would go to teach or prove that the soul may effect its purification from indwelling sin merely by going out of the body. And, if it did, what becomes of the blood of Christ, the only revealed instrument of the soul's purification?

5. *Have we any* PROMISE we shall be cleansed from sin when dying?

No; not one *direct promise*, from Genesis to Revelation; at least, I have discovered none, and I am going through the Bible the second time upon my knees. "But do you deny the *possibility* of it?" No, indeed. I believe the largest portion of Christians are cleansed from sin at that time. Not that they are *necessitated* to wait till then; but, from *causes* to which they voluntarily yield, they do wait till then. But that is not to the point. The Lord may save without a special "*death promise*." Inference is one thing; a direct promise is another. Where is there such a promise? But I could count you off promises by fives, and tens, and scores, that we may be *purified* in health and life. Take that beautiful one, which shines in the New Testament like the sun in the firmament of heaven, pronounced by Zechariah, Luke 1: 73, 75,—"*The oath which he swore to our father Abraham, that he would grant unto us, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies [our sins are enemies indeed], to serve him without fear in HOLINESS and RIGHTEOUSNESS, before him, ALL THE DAYS OF OUR LIFE.*" Mark that,—"*all the days of our life*;" not when we are just leaving the body a moment or two before death,—no, but *all the days of our life*.

Ponder upon another question.

6. *How many New Testament ARGUMENTS could you bring against this doctrine?*

The seventh of Romans? But the opinion has long prevailed among the learned that this was the experience of Saul of Tarsus, not of Paul the Apostle. Some suppose he only personified a Jewish penitent,—that is, assumed his character,—one deeply convinced of sin, and of the insufficiency of all legal observances to procure him deliver-

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ance from its oppressive power. Besides, what became of St. Paul's rich experience in the *sixth* of Romans?—Instance: "*How shall we that are DEAD TO SIN live any longer therein?*"—Rom. 6:2. Does not this imply total separation from sin? as the soul is totally separated from the *body* at death, and has nothing more to do with it till the resurrection at the last day? Was not the pronoun "*we*" an inclusion of himself among the saved believers? And again: "*Knowing this, that OUR old man is CRUCIFIED with him, that the body of sin might be DESTROYED, that henceforth WE should not serve sin. For he that is dead is free from sin.*"—Rom. 6:6, 7. By the "*old man*" and the "*body of sin*," he meant the entire system of corrupt nature,—sinful self,—"*crucified*" and "*destroyed*;" truly so, as ever Christ was crucified to death upon the cross, bleeding to death drop by drop, till he actually expired. That was his illustration,—his idea of the death to sin which he and others had experienced, and, indeed, which harmonized so well with what he had written to the *Galatian* church, some six years previous. "*I am CRUCIFIED with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.*"—Galatians 2:20.

But, after all this, to insist that the *experience* in the *seventh* of Romans was really his is monstrous. St. Peter says, "*Grow in grace.*" Alas! what shall we say, if St. Paul retrograded so? But he did not! I call upon the *eighth* of Romans to bear witness! That one dash of his pen, in the second verse, is enough to blot out forever all the inferences which have ever been drawn against him, from the *seventh* of Romans! Harken: "*For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made ME free*

from the law of sin and death." Well might one exclaim: "Until the most palpable absurdities and contradictions can be reconciled, those two opposite states *can never* exist in the same person at the same time." What thinkest thou? When there is so little against, and such a mass of evidence in favor of, full salvation, where is the impropriety of pressing its attainment upon justified believers? Has God FORBIDDEN us to be *holy* in any part of the Scriptures? O no! but he has commanded it in the Old, and reënjoined it in the New Testament. "*Ye shall be HOLY: for I, the Lord your God, am holy.*"—Lev. 19: 2. And again: "*Sanctify yourselves; therefore, and be ye HOLY: for I am the Lord your God.*"—Lev. 20: 7. Now turn to the New Testament. 1 Peter 1: 15, 16.—"*But as he which hath called you is holy, SO BE YE HOLY, in all manner of conversation; because it is written, Be ye holy; for I am holy.*" He has not forbidden our holiness, then, but enjoins it; and by St. Paul declares anew that it is HIS WILL our sanctification.—1 Thess. 4: 3.

But is his *ability* to cleanse us from all sin before death questioned in the Scriptures? No. They teach that he is *able* to save us to the UTMOST,—Heb. 7: 25; and it is declared that "*the blood of Jesus Christ his Son CLEANSETH us from all sin.*" Mark that: "*Cleunseth,*"—in the *present tense*, not in the future merely, away in the extreme death-hour! Is there any hint that the blood of Christ receives any special cleansing efficacy from death? No; the above text disabuses it of that degrading insinuation.

Your reference to Eccles. 7: 20 is worthy of notice. "*For there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not;*"—*may not sin*, as the learned Dr. Clarke says the word may be translated;—*he may sin*,—*he is liable to commit sin.*

And again, 1 Kings 8 : 46.— "*If they sin against thee, for there is no man that sinneth not.*" The same learned critic quotes, the Hebrew word, which is similar to that in Eccles. 7 : 20, and renders the phrase, "*For there is no man that MAY not sin,*"—none that is not liable to transgress. That this was Solomon's meaning here, is evident from his supposition, "*If they SIN,*" showing that they might or might not sin; which seems quite a contradiction, or, to say the least, an unnecessary proviso, if no man can live without sinning. What thinkest thou? Is there not evidence on the face of it that Dr. Clarke was right in his translation? It seems as if St. John looked towards Solomon's admission when he said, "*My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye SIN NOT. And IF ANY MAN SIN, we have an advocate,*" &c.—1 John 2 : 1. Here is a total prohibition of sin, and an admission of our liability to commit it, uttered in the same breath.

But suppose we drop the criticism, and take it as it reads; what then? It was spoken of those under the *law*. Is it equally applicable to those under the *Gospel*? Is our dispensation no better than *theirs*? Are our privileges on a par with theirs? He who says so knows neither the Scriptures nor the power of God.

Let us set the two dispensations a replying to each other, like the Jura mountains and the Alps during a thunder-storm :

" And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, that call to her aloud ! "

Solomon : "*If they sin against thee, for there is no man that sinneth not.*"—Now, John, reply!

John : "*Whosoever is born of God doth not commit*

sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."—1 John 3: 9.

Solomon: "For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good and sinneth not."—Now, Peter, reply to that!

Peter: "For he that hath suffered in the flesh hath CEASED FROM SIN: that he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of man, but to the will of God."—1 Peter 4: 1, 2.

Solomon: "Who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin?"—Prov. 20: 9.—Now, Paul,—now is your turn!

Paul: "But now being made FREE FROM SIN, and become servants to God, ye have your FRUIT UNTO HOLINESS, and the end everlasting life."—Rom. 6: 22.

Peter: "Purifying their hearts by faith."—Acts 15: 9.

John: "We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not."—1 John 5: 17.

You refer me to 1 John 1: 8, 10.—"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us." To your remarks I reply: You should bear in mind the opinions St. John was combating. It was a blow at the errors of the *Gnostics*, a sect which prevailed at that time, some of whom affirmed that they were born pure and remained pure ever after, and therefore never had any need of the cleansing blood of Christ. These he told, right out, that they were *deceived*, and the truth was not in them. Others declared they had never sinned, therefore never needed any pardon; therefore the sufferings of Christ and his stoning blood were *unnecessary*. Against these John plainly *thundered* and *lightened*;

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-- for to tell a man he makes God a "liar," is to charge him with the most *outrageous blasphemy*; guilty of the highest and most daring indignity towards God; enough to make the sky of his soul black as the vault of hell charged with the thunderbolts of eternal wrath.

But what has all this to do with *us*? We neither believe nor assert such deceptive, blasphemous doctrine. We deny not that we were "born unholy and unclean;" therefore need the cleansing blood. We deny not that we have all sinned, and come short of the glory of God, and therefore needed a Saviour in all his offices. This is not the point under consideration; but this,—whether we may be cleansed from all sin. St. John had just declared that "*the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin*;" and shows in the ninth verse, exactly between the two errors, that "*If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*" Now, surely, when this is done, we may know it; and if we know it, can it be wrong, on proper occasions, to confess it to the honor of the cleansing blood? and should such be charged with *self-deception* upon such occasions?

But let us proceed. I have yet another question.

7. *Is the necessary union between soul and body an INSURMOUNTABLE BARRIER?*

No! for St. Paul prays, "*The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, soul and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.*"—1 Thess. 5: 23.

Indeed, the believers in a death-bed purification virtually yield that point. Because the soul, if ever cleansed from sin, receives that salvation in connection with the body. The term "*sinful body*" is frequently used, we are aware;

and with no very determinate meaning. I never use it myself, doubting its Scriptural propriety, or, indeed, whether there is any such thing. It is an absurdity to suppose matter can be sinful. Mr. Wesley was of the same opinion, and inquired of such as used the term in what part of the body sin is lodged. "It cannot lodge in the skin, nor in the muscles, or nerves, or veins, or arteries; it cannot be in the bones, any more than in the hair or nails." Where, then? In the soul; the seat of sin is there. The spirit alone is capable of sin.

Let me entreat you to beware of this, and other phrases, which have been urged against this doctrine again and again. Instance, that sentiment of St. Paul, "*They that are in the flesh cannot please God.*" Now, this I believe; but not as our opponents receive it, because they say it is equivalent to "they that are in the body cannot please God, because while in the body they cannot be holy." Indeed! Where is the soul, then, when it is cleansed in death? Where was *Enoch's* soul when he had this testimony that he pleased God?—Heb. 11:5. The same may be said of that host of worthies recorded in the same chapter. What does it mean, then? It means those who are in their natural state,—those who have the carnal mind, which is enmity against God,—as you may see by consulting the *passage* and the *context*.—Rom. 8:5, 6, 7. It certainly does not mean that those who live in the body cannot be holy. Listen to Mr. Wesley upon this very theme. "But let us attend to the reason of the thing. Why cannot the Almighty sanctify the soul while in the body? Cannot he sanctify *you* while you are in this house, as well as in the open air? Can the walls of brick or stone hinder him? No more can these walls of flesh and blood hinder him in a moment from sanctifying you throughout. He can just as

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easily save you from all sin in the body, as out of the body." The union of soul and body, then, is no obstacle in the way of your sanctifying Lord. See, then, the *propriety* of urging believers to expect this great salvation now, by faith!

8. *May we not be PARDONED long before death?*

This, I think, you have *allowed* already. But why not *purified* also? If he can pardon all sin, and save us from all *outward* sin, why cannot he cleanse us from all *inward* sin also? Did he not insinuate as much in that memorable appeal to the Pharisees, "Woe unto you Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess. Thou blind Pharisee! cleanse that which is *within* the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also." What did he mean? That they might be *pure* in heart. This, surely, was his meaning; for our Lord used no mere *rhetorical* flourishes. But if Christ knew he was requiring of these Pharisees an inward perfection that his own followers never could attain to, what are we to think of his candor or sincerity? Let us away with the suspicion! It is an *aspersion* on our Saviour's character!

The Lord promises us a *new heart* in Ezek. 36: 25, 26. But, lest we might suspect that when he takes away "*the stony heart*," and puts the "*new heart*" in its place, sin was conveyed in the transfer, he inserted this *sparkling gem* in the promise, "*and ye shall be CLEAN.*" Behold, then, and *acknowledge* the *propriety* of the doctrine you have heard enforced the last few weeks. Blessed be God, we can give a *reason* for the hope that is in us. We have no fears in making our appeal to the *Scriptures*, and to plain *common sense*.

Another question.

9. *Does not sin in the heart check growth in grace?*

But we are commanded to "*grow in grace.*" Can *Christ*, then, will the presence of what would *retard* it? *Satan* wills it, doubtless. He fosters it there for that purpose; nay, glories that it is there. Is *Christ* also the minister of sin? God forbid.—Gal, 2: 17.

But is *Satan* more desirous to *retard* our growth in grace than *Christ* is to advance it? With as much propriety might we suppose a *gardener* indifferent to the *weeds* which threaten to outgrow and dwarf his vegetables. Let us away with the notion of *Christ's* indifference, also. Would that we were all as *willing* and *desirous* to be cleansed from all sin as *Christ* is to cleanse us! What scenes of salvation we should this night witness! Let us cry out, with the poet:

"Make our earthly souls a field
Which God delights to bless;
Let us in due season yield
The fruits of righteousness.

"Make us trees of Paradise,
Which more and more thy praise may show;
Deeper sink, and higher rise,
And to perfection grow!"

10. *Does not the honor of Christ require we should be pure within?*

If we are unholy *within*, are we likely to be holy *without*? If the *fountain* be impure, can the streams be pure? If the water be *foul* in the *well*, can it be *clean* in the *bucket*? If inconsistent in *heart*, is consistency of *life* to be expected? If *Christ* and *Satan* divide the *heart*, will they not divide the *life* also? Division within and division without.—Is that for the honor of *Christ*, or his *cause*? Nay, verily!

On the contrary, if we are holy *within*, we shall be holy

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without. If the *fountain* be pure, so will the *streams*. If the water is *pure in the well*, it will be pure in the bucket; if the *heart* be pure, so will the life. If all be Christ-like within, all will be Christ-like without. These maxims are so self-evident they need no further argument. Aaron had a holy heart, and a visible *breast-plate*, on which was inscribed "*Holiness to the Lord.*" The *outward* represented the *inward*. When we have a *holy heart* within, "*Holiness to the Lord*" will be written legibly on the breast-plate of our *outward character*. When the king's daughter was all glorious within, her clothing was of wrought gold, and her raiment of needle-work. — Ps. 45: 13, 14. God himself is said to be "*glorious in holiness.*" When we are inwardly *holy*, we are made "*glorious within*" also; and our outward morality of wrought gold, bespangled with the *golden graces*, works of *love*, and *faith*, and *purity*, with all the fruits of the Spirit. O, who can find it in his heart, this night, to doubt whether this doctrine of immediate holiness be of God? It comes to us this hour bearing its *heavenly credentials* with it, as truly as the *visible breast-plate upon the person of Aaron!*

I shall trouble you with but one more question.

11. *Is not SATAN able to make his servants PERFECT SINNERS?*

Ay! perfect sinners, and perfectly *graceless* before death. Did he not succeed with Judas, even under the eye and ministry of our Lord? "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" — John 6: 70. Do you think that was the *last* of his *finished specimens* under the Gospel ministry? We have reason to fear such *transmutations* are going on daily around us. — And is Christ able to make his servants perfect saints? — *perfectly*

sinless? Or, has Satan more power than Christ? Has he more power to destroy the works of Christ than Christ has to destroy his works? Take care, all of you! that would be bad theology,—*blasphemy*, in fact, against Christ. For what purpose, but to destroy the works of the devil, was Christ manifested in this world?—1 John 3: 8. Read that chapter again, and you will find *that* to be the great Gospel pivot upon which his argument turns, that whosoever is born of God in the highest sense doth not commit sin.

You will not say that Satan is a better *transmutationist* than the Lord of heaven and earth; or, that he has more power to *finish off* our poor humanity after his likeness and image than God himself; that he can “*turn off*” his finished specimens sooner, at least, by many a year, than Christ. O, tell it not in Gath! publish it not in the streets of Askelon! lest the daughters of Philistia rejoice! Let no Protestant think so, or say so. Let him look at that glorious declaration of St. Paul, and look and believe. “*But we all, as with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.*”—2 Cor. 3: 18. A glorious and sudden *transformation* this!—depending, doubtless, upon the degree of our FAITH, and the steadiness and intensity of the look,—as quick, often, as the formation of your own image in the mirror into which you daily look.

Hearken to St. Paul, again: “*For when ye were the servants of sin, ye were FREE FROM RIGHTEOUSNESS. But now being made FREE FROM SIN and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.*”—Rom. 6: 20—22. Here, you perceive, the devil's servants and Christ's servants are set opposite each other. Let me ask a question: Has Satan outdone

our Lord? Has he made his servants "*free from righteousness*,"—that is, perfectly graceless, and perfectly sinful,—and has not our God made his servants perfectly "*free from sin*"? But this is St. Paul's claim. As Dr. Clarke remarks, in the one we have the *finished character of a sinner*, and in the other the *finished character of a genuine Christian*. "I know not," says that learned writer, "whether it be possible to paint the utter prevalence of *sin* in stronger colors than the apostle here does, by saying *they were FREE from righteousness*. It seems tantamount to that expression in Gen. 6 : 5, where, speaking of the total degeneracy of the human race, the writer says, *Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually*; they were altogether abominable; there was none that did good; no, not one." And I would ask whether it is possible to paint in stronger colors the entire prevalence of *holiness* throughout spirit, soul and body, than the apostle does, by saying, *they were FREE from sin*. This is all I have time to say on the subject at present.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IS SANCTIFICATION GRADUAL, OR INSTANTANEOUS?

YOUR question is a common one: "Is sanctification *gradual*, or is it *instantaneous*?" It is one frequently asked in a revival of this doctrine, and very properly, too.

I would reply, It is *gradual* in three respects, and it is instantaneous in one. We gradually advance in it, 1st. *From the moment we are justified.* Inward sanctification begins then; from that hour, we gradually die to sin and live to God. 2d. After we are *entirely* sanctified, we ascend, all through life, to higher degrees of it. 3d. After death, we shall rise still higher, and progress eternally in the love and image of God. There will be no period in our heavenly history when we shall cease this progression. I suppose it is the same with the wicked in all the infernal depravity of hell. This is a digression; but it is a terrible thought.

However, the idea of rising into higher degrees of *holiness* and *love*, through all eternity, is, to me, and to every Christian, a most pleasing thought. An old writer remarks, *Grace is glory in the bud, and glory is grace in the flower.* In short, glory is nothing else but grace commencing and taking its development. A student, who finishes his education in a university, takes the highest degree, and enters upon professional life, does not pause, but advances to higher degrees of knowledge and intellectual

greatness; that is, if he make a good use of his education. And, indeed, so he would were the Almighty to confer upon him an earthly immortality,—such is the nature and grandeur of the human intellect. The sentiment of a fine writer is beautifully true, that the most perfect human being is, at best, in this world, nothing more than an *unfinished sketch of humanity*; a creature full of *pre-assurance*, and *anticipation* of future development and final perfection.

In one respect entire sanctification is instantaneous; that act of the Holy Ghost, accorded to our faith, by which sin is entirely expelled from the soul,—when *the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin*,—is “an instantaneous deliverance from all sin; and includes an instantaneous power then given always to cleave to God.” Thus, as an excellent man remarked, it is *gradual in preparation*, but instantaneous in reception. And the more earnestly we long for this unspeakable blessing, the more *swiftly* the preparation increases.

The gradual preparation is often short. When the soul wills it, earnestly desires it, and quickly abandons all for it, and prays, as it should,—

“From this inbred sin deliver;
Let the yoke now be broke;
Make me thine forever.

“Partner of thy perfect nature,
Let me be now in thee
A new, sinless creature.

“Come, Lord, be manifested here,
And all the devil’s works destroy;
Now without sin in me appear,
And fill with everlasting joy:
Thy beatific face display,
Thy presence is the perfect day.”—

O, with one of old, cry "*Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me;*" and to all this add implicit trust in such premises as 1 John 1:9, Mark 11:24; then will our God *cut short the work in righteousness.*—Rom. 9:28.

If men have any great work to do, time and labor are required in proportion. A familiarity with this human rule tempts me to limit the *Holy One* of Israel, in the work of human sanctification,—making it a tedious process. But when God works little time is needed. As Mr. Wesley remarks, "What is *time* necessary for? It must be either to do or to suffer. Whereas, if nothing be required but simple faith, a moment is as good as an age." Nature has something to say. How soon the sun can fill our hemisphere with sunshine!—in the twinkling of an eye. When Providence sets out to banish night, how quickly it is done! No sooner does morning begin to ~~gleam~~ gleam over the sky, than day waves his banner over us, and, as the prophet Joel finely remarks, "*MORNING is spread upon the mountains;*" ay, and light and sunshine fill the valleys. Is it more difficult to banish the darkness and pollution of sin from the soul, and fill it with unity and love? If unbelief whispers "Yes," I would jog it with the question, "*Is anything too hard for God?*"—Gen. 18:14. I think it detracts from his omnipotence to insist altogether upon a gradual deliverance from sin; or, that it is not that *hateful thing* which God himself declares it to be; and this, also, would detract from his veracity and sincerity.

You ask for my "argument, if it be instantaneous." Well, I would say:

1. *We are constantly exposed to SUDDEN DEATH.*—Many real Christians die in a moment, by accident or otherwise; one moment in perfect health, the next in eternity.

What, then, becomes of the argument for the gradual work? If they are cleansed from all sin at all, it must have been in a moment, and when in perfect health. If a moment before, and when in health, why not a year, or ten years? The argument falls to the ground, therefore.

2. *We are JUSTIFIED instantly, and not by degrees.*

There is a *last moment* when a *believing penitent* is not justified, and a *first moment* when he is. This is common sense. It cannot be otherwise, if he is justified at all. The process may, indeed, be gradual and painful, but his pardon is instantaneous; consequently there must be a last moment and a first, as already remarked,—a last moment when he is a child of the devil and an heir of hell—a first moment when he is a child of God and an heir of heaven.

How is this brought about? By FAITH. “*Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.*”—Rom. 5 : 1.

Why not sanctified in a similar manner? The *instrumentality* is the same,—faith; “sanctified by faith.”—Acts 26 : 18. “Purifying their hearts by faith.”—Acts 15 : 9. By what authority do we insist upon the gradual process entirely? I say entirely, because we believe also in the gradual process. But a beginning implies an end; a commencement, a finish; progression, a termination. We believe in the *instantaneous*, therefore; that the believer, like a dying person, gradually dies to sin. The progress is gradual, and often painful; but there is a last moment and a first; a last moment when sin is not dead, and a first moment when it is;—as in the case of the dying person, a last moment when the *body* is not dead, and a first moment when it is. As with the believing penitent, a last moment when unforgiven, and a first moment when forgiven. What a change when the sinner is pardoned! How great when

the soul is sanctified! How glorious the change when a believer dies and enters eternity! How glorious, also, when he dies to sin, and lives all the life of glorious love!

8. The EXPERIENCE of the children of God is another argument.

It is seldom we meet with a justified person who is unable to assign an ERA to the forgiveness of his sins;—at such and such a time, "God, for Christ's sake, forgave me my sins, and enabled me to rejoice in his pardoning love." Now and then we meet with an exception; but they are exceptions to a general rule. Indeed, the work of repentance, faith, regeneration, is such a painful, strenuous and personal affair, it seems hardly possible to pass through it without knowing it, or without marking it as a distinct era in the history of our feelings. Persons who are the exceptions are usually the subjects of painful doubts. Whereas, those who have had a clear conversion at first are generally not liable to them,—that is, if faithful to the grace of God. A person who has been shipwrecked, and rescued at great hazard from a watery grave, is never likely to forget that event. There is a kind of moral and spiritual shipwreck experienced by all who grasp the plank of faith thrown out by the Good Samaritan, and escape upon it to the shores of salvation!

We may say the same of those who are *entirely sanctified*. It is seldom we meet with any such who are unable to assign to that great blessing a distinct era also. We allow there are *exceptions*, but they are exceedingly rare, and those few are seldom the clearest in their testimony.

A few years since I was struck with Wesley's testimony upon this point. "I will simply relate what I have seen myself, in the course of many years," says that eminent divine. "Four or five and forty years ago, when I had no

distinct views of what the apostle meant by exhorting us to '*leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and go on to perfection*,' two or three persons in London, whom I knew to be truly sincere, desired to give me an account of their experience. It appeared exceedingly strange, being different from any that I had heard before. The next year two or three more persons in Bristol, and two or three in Kingswood, coming to me severally, gave me exactly the same account of their experience. A few years after, I desired all those in London who made the same profession to come to me all together in the Foundery, that I might thoroughly be satisfied. I desired that man of God, *Thomas Walsh*, to give us the meeting there. When we met, first one of us, and then the other, asked them the most searching questions we could devise. They answered every one without hesitation, and with the utmost simplicity, so that we were fully persuaded they did not deceive themselves. In the year 1759, 1760, 1761 and 1762, their numbers multiplied exceedingly, not only in London and Bristol, but in various parts of Ireland, as well as England. Not trusting to the testimony of others, I carefully examined many of these myself, and in London alone I found *six hundred and fifty-two* of our society who were exceedingly clear in their experience, and of whose testimony I could see no reason to doubt. I believe no year has passed, since that time, wherein God has not wrought the same in many others; but sometimes in one part of England or Ireland, sometimes in another,—as '*the wind bloweth where it listeth*,'—and *every one of these (after the most careful inquiry, I have not found one exception either in Great Britain or Ireland) has declared that his deliverance from sin was INSTANTANEOUS; that the change was in a moment.* Had half of these, or one third, or one in twenty, declared it was grad-

ually wrought in them, I should have believed this with regard to them, and thought that *some* were gradually sanctified, and some instantaneously. But as I have not found, in so long a space of time, a single person speaking thus,—as all who believe they are sanctified declare with one voice that the change was wrought in a moment,—I cannot but believe that sanctification is commonly, if not always, an *instantaneous* work." This testimony of Mr. Wesley is worthy your closest attention. It differs little, in my opinion, from the experience of those who enjoy that blessing in the present day.

My last argument is drawn from

4. *The PROMISES and COMMANDS of God.*

Hearken to them again; for you can hardly hear them too often. "*Be ye holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy.*" "*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.*" "*Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.*" "*And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself even as he is pure.*" Now, these partake of the nature of commands, as well as promises; and they are for the *living*, and not the dying or the dead.

It is clear, also, that so long as sin remains in us we cannot be *holy* as God is holy, nor *perfect* as he is perfect, nor *pure* as Jesus is pure; nor can we love God with all our heart so long as sin and unholiness divide it.

But can we be thus? Most surely; for why should God command us to be what it is not possible to be? But can we make ourselves thus holy, perfect, pure? Nay, verily, no more than devils! or than the Ethiopian can change his skin, or the leopard his spots!

How, then, is it to be done? God himself must do it

for us. St. Paul settles that: "*And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit, soul and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it.*"—1 Thess. 5: 23, 24. God himself settles the point: "*Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you.*"—Ezek. 36: 25. Does God desire us to be what he commands us? Surely, yea. We would not, surely, slur his character by insinuating the contrary. Besides, it is stated 1 Thess. 4: 3 that it is THE WILL OF GOD EVEN OUR SANCTIFICATION. It may not be the will of God that we should be *rich*, or *great*, or *noble*; but it is the will of God we should be *holy*. There can be no division of opinion upon that in this assembly.

But does God desire us to be holy now? to be *perfect* now? *pure* now? to love him with all our heart now—this moment? Most certainly. To suppose the contrary, would be to set God a *trifling* with us, and us trifling with God!

Had he said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, &c., at such and such a time in the future,—not till to-morrow, or next day, or next week, next year, or just as we are about to step into eternity, or in a prayer-meeting, and not when the word of the Lord, the will of God, is made known,—I should have wondered at it; but I should have certainly limited that great salvation to such and such periods. Or, had the apostle St. John said, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth partly from sin when we are in health, but shall cleanse us from all sin when in death," why, that would have been my doctrine in this pulpit. But when he says, distinctly and plainly, "*The blood of Jesus Christ*

his Son CLEANSETH us from ALL sin,"—CLEANSETH, which surely cannot mean in the *future*, but the present; and *from ALL*—*all sin*, which cannot mean a *part*; then, by the help of God, I will preach the doctrine of present salvation from all inward as well as all outward sin, with the same assurance as I would preach on the Godhead of Christ or the day of judgment. What thinkest thou?

What, then, is the true and just conclusion? We may be *holy, perfect, pure; may love the Lord our God with all our heart, and soul, and might*. We cannot be thus of ourselves. God must do it for us, if it is ever done. He *wills* that we should be thus, and thus now. Are you aware you now stand with me at the highest summit of my argument for this universal and instantaneous change in our nature? But *why* is it not *immediately accomplished*? Because the change depends upon the union of TWO WILLS—*our will, and the will of God; the power of faith, and the power of God*. The *will* of God is not wanting, neither his *power*; for this you have already admitted in your own heart. But *our will* and *our faith* are wanting, and without these God chooses to leave the work undone; for without our *will* and *faith* he will do nothing in this matter. *Both* are evidences of our sincerity, as well as the *mediums* through which he saves us. "Sanctified by faith." "*Purifying their hearts by faith.*" "*Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*" As the atmosphere conveys the sunshine to the earth, so *faith*, or *believing*, conveys the cleansing power of the Holy Ghost to the soul. The blame, then, if we are not entirely sanctified, rests with ourselves.

In conclusion, I would say to your friend, at present, what Mr. Wesley said to me in his day: "What rational

objection can you have to the loving the Lord your God with all your heart? Why should you be afraid of it? Would it do you any hurt? Would it lessen your happiness, either in this world or the world to come? And why should you be unwilling that others should give him their whole heart? Or that they should love their neighbor as themselves? — yea, *'as Christ hath loved us.'* Is this detestable? Is it the proper object of hatred? Or is it not the most amiable thing under the sun? Is it proper to move terror? Is it not *desirable* in the highest degree? Why are you averse to having the whole *'mind which was in Christ Jesus'* — all the affections, all the tempers and dispositions, which were in him when he dwelt among men? Why should you be afraid of this? Would it be any worse for you were God to work in you, this very hour, all the mind that was in him? Why should you hinder others from seeking this blessing, or be displeased at those who think they have attained it? Is anything more *lovely*? anything more to be *desired* by every child of man? Why are you averse to having the whole *'fruit of the Spirit'* — *'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, meekness, gentleness, fidelity, goodness, temperance'*? Why should you be afraid of having all these planted in your soul, yea, in the soul of every inhabitant of the earth? Why entertain an aversion to be *'renewed in the whole image of him that created you'*? Is not this more desirable than anything under heaven? Is it not consummately amiable? What can you wish for in comparison of this, either for your own soul or for those for whom you entertain the strongest and tenderest affection? And when you enjoy this, what remains but to be *'changed from glory to glory, by the Spirit, of the Lord'*? Why should you be averse to *universal holiness*, the same thing under another name? Why enter-

tain any prejudice against this, or look with apprehension, whether you understand by that term the being inwardly conformed to the whole image and will of God, or an outward behavior in every point suitable to that conformity? Can you conceive anything more amiable than this — anything more desirable? Set prejudice aside, and surely you will desire to see it diffused over the whole earth. Is it perfection, — the being '*sanctified throughout spirit, soul and body*'? What lover of God and man can be averse to this, or entertain frightful apprehensions of it? Is it not, in your best moments, your desire to be all of a piece, — all consistent with yourself — all faith, all meekness, all love? And suppose you were once possessed of this glorious liberty, would you not wish to continue therein, — to be preserved '*blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ*'? Why be averse to entire consecration — offering up all your thoughts and actions as a spiritual sacrifice to God, acceptable to him through the blood and intercession of his well-beloved Son? Is not sin the greatest evil on this side hell? And is not an entire deliverance from it one of the greatest blessings on this side heaven? Why, then, be averse to deliverance from it? Do you *love* sin, that you are so unwilling to part with it? Why not rather wish to have sin totally rooted out both of your life and heart?" How would your friend receive a succession of questions like these? How would he answer them? Would he *attempt* it? Nay, what *thinkest thou*? And all ye who hear me this night, what think ye? Now is the day of salvation; this is the accepted time. All things are ready. Look for it every moment by *faith*, not by works. If by *works*, then you are not under enough, not convicted enough, not good enough, — and by such "*enoughs*" you may perceive you are seeking it by works till this hour. But if by *faith*,

why not this moment, *as you are*, and *where* you are? Come, my Saviour! bless every believing soul. Apply the cleansing blood.

" O, let it sink into our soul
Deep as the inbred sin;
Make every wounded spirit whole,
And every leper clean !

" From every evil motion freed
[The Son hath made us free],
On all the powers of hell we tread,
In glorious liberty.

" We walk in glorious liberty,
To sin entirely dead ;
The Truth, the Son, hath made us free,
And we are free indeed.

" Throughout our soul thy glories shine ;
Our soul is all renewed,
And decked in righteousness divine,
And clothed and filled with God.

" This is the feast, the life, the peace,
Which all thy people prove ;
Love is the bond of perfectness,
And all their soul is love.

" Safe in the way of life, above
Death, earth and hell, we rise ;
We find, when perfected in love,
Our long-sought paradise ! "

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, one God and our God, for ever and ever. Amen and Amen.

CHAPTER XIX.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE — THE REVIVAL.

WE resume our extracts from Mr. Caughey's record of his mental exercises, and of the work of God in Huddersfield. It contains some very interesting incidents, and some affecting meditations.

Jan. 27, Monday morning.—Return unto thy rest, O my soul! Thy place is in the dust. *Humility* becomes thee. Thou hast nothing whereof to boast — nothing upon which to look with complacency. Aside from Christ, what is there in the *full sum* of all thy sayings and doings to recommend thee to God, or upon which thou couldst rely for a single moment? O, with what tremendous arguments mayest thou enforce humility on thyself! But this need not hinder thee from praising God. A high day yesterday in Zion; *scores* of sinners saved.

Jan. 29.—A solemn letter from a *friend* in Hull, who says:

"Two of your spiritual children, *sailors*, have gone to heaven; they were *drowned* in the sad shipwreck of which you have read. *Thirteen* women were left widows by the catastrophe. Many others who were seals to your ministry have ascended.

"A ship has lately returned to port with one who was con-

verted under your ministry abroad,—the young sailor who was awakened, you may remember, the night you described so terribly a *sea-scene*. He mentally exclaimed: 'It was just so; that is for me; he means *me*!' and soon cried for mercy, and found it. He went to sea, and found himself a lamb among wolves, and they worried him to death,—spiritual death,—calling him '*the Caughey convert*,' till he lost his hold on Christ. Another young sailor was his chief persecutor, and the cause of all his troubles. After a long voyage the ship returned to this port, a few days since. Alas for the persecutor! he was taken almost immediately with the small-pox, and died miserably. The incident has been sanctified to your young friend; he is now seeking the Lord with all his heart.

"The poor '*backslider*,' whose character you pictured so vividly when last here, died last week, and was buried on Saturday. You said: 'There sits one in this congregation who is hardening his heart, and resisting the Holy Ghost.' You then described his history and character fearfully, and that it was impressed upon your mind that he would die soon; but that before he died he would acknowledge all this,—even on his death-bed. He did, indeed, *acknowledge* all, and died. I cannot speak as to the safety. Strange that such instances of divine interposition do not convince men. As many as *thirty* of your spiritual children have *fallen asleep* in Jesus since you left us. Very remarkable.

Yours, very truly,

"WILLIAM FIELD."

The work of restitution is going on. One of our friends received the following note:

"DEAR MRS. D.: I send you the enclosed £1 to repay

you for what I stole from you a number of years since. Forgive me. Pray that I may be honest with God and man. It made me uneasy this long time. I concluded to restore it, when listening to *Mr. Caughey's* preaching. The Lord bless you and yours, prays one who is unworthy of God's mercies."

To-day I received the following letter from a good man in Leeds:

"DEAR SIR: In the month of August, previous to your last visit to *Leeds*, I was sick in the Leeds Hospital, and an unconverted sinner. As I lay delirious of typhus fever, I dreamt that a stranger from a far country stood before me. He was in the act of preaching salvation to poor sinners, urging *me* and *all of us* to flee from the wrath to come, and warned us against *false prophets* that would come — *yea*, and had already come.

"He approached me and asked if I was *willing* to be saved. I said I was. Then, laying his hand upon my shoulder, he said: 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Instantly I saw Jesus Christ upon the cross, between the two thieves. He was bleeding. I saw his five wounds plain to my eye, as ever the Roman soldiers who crucified him did.

"I asked, 'What is to become of my wife and child?' The stranger replied, 'They shall be saved, too.'

"I recovered, and told my wife my vision; but she treated it as *dreams* are treated; but soon after our child died. Thus was one saved out of the three.

"Well, sir, on the Sabbath night you preached at Oxford-place Chapel, my wife was there, got awakened, and converted to God. Home she came, a new woman, with the

news about a strange minister who had arrived in town; telling me of the cries for mercy among sinners stricken down by the word of God. *Two* out of the three were now saved,—one in heaven, the other on earth.

"My soul was seized with a strange emotion. I said, 'I'll go and hear him, too.' I went; but the moment I saw you in the pulpit, I exclaimed, 'That is the very man I saw in my dream in the hospital.' *True* as eternity, sir, is what I am telling you. The *sermon* troubled me. After sermon, you came down and made your way through the crowd, and came to me and paused, and laid your hand upon my shoulder,—you did, sir,—just where I felt it in my hospital dream. I left the chapel; but heard you again and again; seeing nothing before me but eternity, with its blackness of darkness.

"Well, sir, one night, in prayer at my house, when I was pleading for mercy, light sprang up in my heart bright as noonday; but I did not understand it. The following Sabbath I was freely justified by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Now, the *three* were saved; and my wife and self are on our way to heaven. I hope, sir, you will see in these things tokens of the providence of God. We have one favor to ask,—a copy of those lines you repeated from a German poet; and tell us how the work is advancing in Huddersfield;—and yet another favor, that you will visit us in Leeds before you leave England. J. S."

I know not how to account for the above on any other principle than as a *divine interposition*. I have only inserted his initials; but he gave me his name in full, and place of residence.

January 29. — A great infidel struck under conviction the other night; but made out to totter to his lodgings very

miserable. But, finding no rest, he ventured back, and at length cried for mercy, wrestling Jacob-like till he found it, and a changed nature within. He has written a long letter to my friend Dr. Booth; giving an account of the matter, thus:

"My name is T. S., thirty-three years of age, a native of Yorkshire; was a Roman Catholic till fifteen years of age; but soon after became a Deist, and well-read, too, in the works of Voltaire, Paine, etc. I left my wife in Nottingham last October, with oaths and curses, more like a devil than a man. In November I was prostrated by sickness, and was brought to the brink of the grave, but was fearless of death. I recovered. Walking down street, saw a placard on the wall, announcing Rev. Mr. Caughey to preach. 'Money again!' I exclaimed to one by my side. 'I tell you it is money they are after. They must be *hard up*, to get this man all the way from America to get a full house, theatre-like, for money. It is all *priestcraft*.' Sabbath came; took tea with a friend at Newtown, to kill time. But conversation fell short; so talked of this Mr. C——. Asked my friend to go and hear him; would have asked him to a public house, but, as he had taken the *pledge* lately, thought I would not tempt him. We came to Queen-street Chapel, and sat in the furthest part of the gallery,—a bad place for hearing. Mr. C—— introduced the question: 'Is man immortal, or is he not?' I did not believe it. But he introduced the testimony of Cicero. I instantly listened to what the Roman senator could say on the subject, when these words pealed in my ears: 'If I am wrong in supposing that the souls of men are immortal, I please myself in my mistake. Nor while I live will I ever choose that this opinion, with which I am so delighted, should be wrested from me. But, if at death I am to be

annihilated, as some minute philosophers suppose, I am not afraid those wise men, when extinct too, shall laugh at my mistake. When I consider the wonderful activity of the mind, its great memory of the past, its vast capacity of penetrating the future,—when I behold such a multitude of discoveries thence arising,—I believe, and I am firmly persuaded, that a nature which contains so many things within itself *cannot be mortal.* The preacher then, appealed to us Englishmen, with the Bible in our hands, doubting the immortality of the soul, when *Cicero*, without any Bible, came to such just and clear convictions on the subject. His appeals marched into me, and knocked Tom Paine out of me. To clench the nail, he shouted, 'Where is that Infidel? I know he denies the immortality of the soul,—and he is here.' He then went on to describe me. My head dropped; I said, '*That's me.*' The tears gushed from my eyes. The preacher even went on to detail my late attack of sickness. That God had raised me up from the margin of the grave; and why? That I might hear the stranger, and repent, believe and be saved! Yes! I have been sick, indeed; and here I am out of hell. The sermon closed; I desired to stay for prayer-meeting, but my companion said 'No.' So, failing in courage, we left when they were singing. During three days thoughts on the immortality of the soul were ever present,—could not disengage my mind from them. On Wednesday I nearly yielded to resolve to venture to hear him again; but decided not, and spent the evening in reading a newspaper. Next morning, too late for work; employer out of humor. It was well; it was the means of my salvation. Read the Bible; resolved upon hearing Mr. C. Started for meeting, planning in my mind to sit near the door, so as to make my exit soon as sermon was over. On entering, was led on and on, till

right in front of the communion-rail I found a seat. The text was on *Satan's devices*.—2 Cor. 2: 11. After sermon, I said to myself, 'Go away!—have served the devil long enough; led by him into all manner of wickedness. However, let me pause, and see results.' A few women only went forward for prayer. 'Go away,' something seemed to say. But I could not; a strong power rested on me,—held on to me, till Mr. C—— passed by me, when I trembled, and my knees smote together. I shook as with an ague-fit; cheeks wet; tears flowed; my sins, a burden, oppressed my soul; felt my legs would not bear me out of the chapel; thought I might be able to reach the altar; tried; found myself there on knees, but prayerless. One said, 'Cry to God; say, *God be merciful to me a sinner! Lord have mercy on me.*' I replied, 'What! I pray? I, who have scoffed at religion, and persecuted its teachers! I! a *play-actor*,—an Infidel of the vilest kind!—I pray!' But I did pray, compelled from a feeling within; and yet, to my apprehension, without any feeling. But I did believe then and there *Jesus died for ALL*, and he can save me,—even me, who once called him '*The carpenter's son!*'—me, the vile wretch, who has ridiculed the Saviour in many companies,—defaming his character. His blood was now my plea; his atoning, cleansing blood, so often despised. I believed, wrestled on in mighty prayer; but neither *pardon* nor love to God visited my heart. At length they began to sing something like this:

'He will save you; He will save you,
He will save you just now!
I believe it, I believe it,
I believe it just now!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
I believe it just now!'

"I saw, by faith, my Lord Jesus Christ seated upon his throne; felt his wings spread to me,—had *pardoned* me. The load was all taken from my mind, off my heart; taken off just then, quite suddenly. I shouted, 'Glory! glory!—hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!' My tongue was unloosed to tell what a great sinner I had been, and what a great Saviour I had found. Went to my lodgings, knelt in prayer; went to bed; could not sleep for joy and gladness. Arose for prayer and praise in the night, and again at five in the morning; still feeling perfectly happy. Told my companions what the Lord had done for me. They said nothing, nor do they persecute. Explained to them what a slave of the devil I had been, which they knew very well. Declared I would now be a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ."

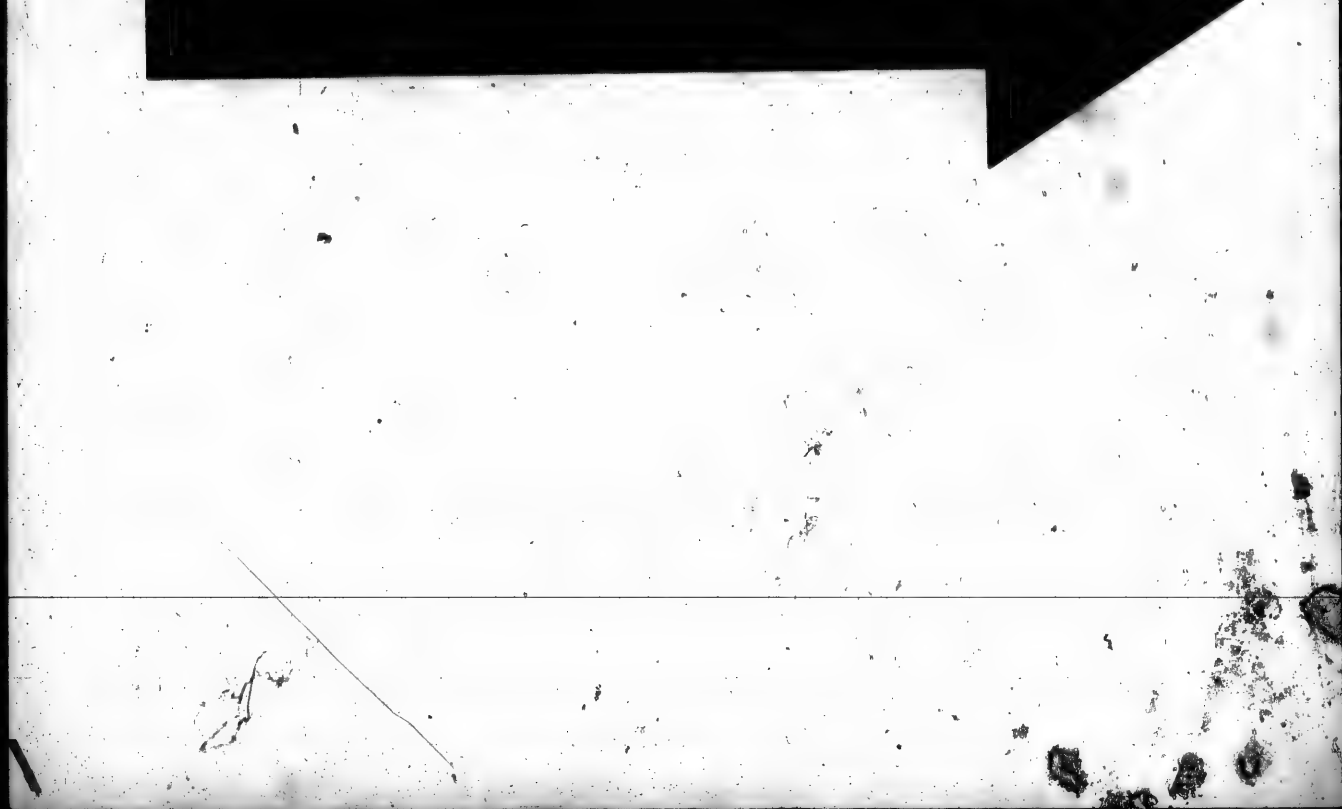
Dr. Booth, our beloved physician, who sent me this letter, exclaims at the bottom, "Glory be to God! Is not this another brand plucked from the fire of hell?" To which my soul replies, *Yea! Amen, Praise the Lord!*

But how curious that one *pagan idea* should weigh more with some men than a hundred declarations of the Bible! Well, we must take sinful men as we find them, and find out "the joints of the harness," where they may be pierced!

David picked up the smooth stone out of a *babbling brook*, that slew Goliath. "*Breakers* ahead, sir!" once gave me a soul! It was a cry from the pulpit; it entered a sinner's ears, swept over his conscience. There was no rest for that sinner till he found mercy; till the hand of Jesus reached him, as it did sinking Peter. He is now preaching the Gospel, I believe, or preparing to do so.

The Holy Ghost has many arrows in his quiver. Cicero's arrow, shot at "*the minute philosophers*," pierced an Eng-







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lish infidel two thousand years afterwards. These are *words* which never die, but have a sort of *vitality* about them which is imperishable.

- Well, *Ahab* was not the *last* man who was *wounded between the joints of the harness* by a bow drawn at a venture. Besides, the soul sometimes *outgrows* its infidel panoply, and renders itself *assailable*. Nor was *Achilles* the only hero invulnerable in every part except his *heel*;—a classic fable, but it has a moral. His mother, while dipping him in the river *Styx* when an infant, held him by the *heel*; that part was not *dipped*; *there* he was vulnerable, — he might be *wounded* mortally there.

The devil dips his children in the *Styx* of infidelity, to render them proof against the arrows of the Gospel; but, in doing so, he must hold on to them by some part, like the *mother of Achilles*,—and that cannot be dipped conveniently; there they are assailable. Satan's hold upon this Huddersfield infidel was a denial of the soul's immortality; there the arrow of *Cicero* pierced him.

Belshazzar was a cheerful sinner on the night of the great feast, till a *hand* wrote something on the wall that spoiled his wine and his wit, "and put an end to his mirth and his monarchy together." The hand of conscience wrote something on the walls of T. S——'s soul, which put an end to his *jollity* and his *infidelity* together.

Another private note lies before me, telling of a sudden death close by, within a few days. The man, notoriously wicked, snatched away by death, almost within hearing of our shouts of victory through the blood of the Lamb. He had scoffed at the people on his way to the meetings. But, when seized by death, their prayers were the boon he craved. Those around his death-bed gave little encouragement to praying people, and *chilled* them. The closing

scene was *terrifying*. He *assailed* those wicked persons who waited to see his end; painted their characters in horrible colors, and ordered his wife to put them all away, for their presence tormented him, and to burn the *gaming-cards* which were in the house, and to lead a new life. His *shrieks* roused the neighbors from their beds; and, putting himself into an attitude to fight a *duel* with the devil himself, he instantly expired. It seems he was a fine-looking man, and appeared full of strength; but his hour had come.

I received the following letter, the other day:

“*Huddersfield, Jan. 22, 1845.*

“DEAR BROTHER CAUGHEY: The following instance of the power of God to save came under my own observation. It occurred lately under your ministry, and may serve to cheer your heart, as a proof, among many, that your Master is with you.

“On the 9th instant I went to Manchester, where I met an old companion in sin. We had both served Satan together in the time of my impiety. ‘Well, JEM, how are you?’ was his first salute. ‘Bless God, very happy!’ was my reply. He looked surprised. I added, ‘*Andrew*, souls are being saved in *Huddersfield*; ay, scores and hundreds, praise the Lord!’ ‘Indeed!’ ‘Yes, glory be to God! — and if *you* will come and hear for yourself, you, also, may be a happy man.’ ‘Is everybody saved who hears that preacher?’ ‘No; only those who *will* it.’ I pressed him to come over and stop at my house. ‘I’ll come,’ said *Andrew*, ‘on Saturday, 18th instant.’ We parted; and on the 18th *Andrew* arrived, late. I had been crying to God for him much. I introduced the subject of religion. But *Andrew* cut the matter short by saying, ‘I must be honest

with you ; I am an infidel in my views.' My heart sunk within me ; but, having confidence in God, I pressed my plea for the Bible till *one o'clock* in the morning. Next morning, being Sabbath, had a *few friends* at my house, when the subject was renewed with Andrew, till it was time to go to meeting. We left him in the hand of God, and took our places in the chapel.

"Well, sir, you announced your text, and took up the thread of conversation just where we had dropped it." The word came with power, and with the Holy Ghost, and much assurance. Andrew actually trembled under it. After we returned, I said, '*Andrew*, how did you like the sermon ?' He replied, with indifference, 'O, very well.' 'Well, but what did you think of his taking up our conversation precisely where we had left off ?' 'Think ! why, that *you* had told him everything, or *somebody* did.' I declared to him that not one of us had had any communication with Mr. C——, or any one else, upon the subject, but that I thought you were directed by the Lord. 'It is odd ; and the preacher looked straight at me,' rejoined Andrew.

"The *crowd* was great at night, two thousand people being present. I had strong faith for Andrew, although he was still *hard*. After sermon, I found him among the *penitents*, groaning, sobbing, crying for mercy,—which he found, to his exceeding joy.

"Next morning he was out at the six-o'clock prayer-meeting, beseeching God to keep him faithful until death. When giving an account of his conversion, he said, 'As I listened to the forenoon discourse, the feelings of a little child came over me: Presently it was as if I had been seized by the hand of a giant, shaking me violently by the collar.' I now saw why he *shook* and *trembled* so. 'I feared observation,' he continued, 'and would have gladly

escaped from the chapel. I attended a select meeting before sermon. Mr. C. had us all kneel. After giving us some instruction on the nature of repentance and faith in Christ, and prayer, he urged us to promise God, there and then, that when sermon was over we would go forward for prayer. This I did not like, and mentally refused. Mr. C. exclaimed, "*What means that man who draws back? Can you justify it? Shall you be able to do so when in eternity?*" Then he plead with God for the man, which I knew to be myself. He plead till I was broken down, and mentally yielded the point, when I secretly *promised* God. The matter being now settled, my way was plain. Heard the sermon, kept my promise, and found Jesus Christ the Son of God to be my Saviour indeed.'

"And now, dear sir, may God give you countless multitudes of such seals to your ministry, is the daily prayer of your sincerely attached brother in Christ,

"JAMES DYSON."

Jan. 30.—Lights dull last night—gloomy chapel; want of judgment at the gasometer, I suppose. When the Mills stop, at eight o'clock, the gas is reduced accordingly, which is well enough if done *moderately*, which they have failed in during several nights;—like some preachers we have known, who were so afraid of what they called wild-fire, they kept reducing it and putting it down, till they had no fire at all, tame nor wild, and the spiritual thermometer at zero. So fearful of the effects of a few Glories, Hallelujahs and Amens, as to gradually decrease and thin them out, till, as Mother Unwin used to say, there was not a "*chirp*," and the place of worship silent and gloomy as a sepulchre!

However, a badly-lighted church has an ill effect upon a congregation; it renders the people stupid and gloomy-

looking, and *really* so in their feelings! It discourages the preacher also, weakens faith, and renders success doubtful. It should not be so, but it is so; and constituted as we are, it is difficult to avoid its being so, so much are we liable to be affected by *circumstances*.

Xenophon tells us that the city of *Larissa* was captured during the consternation caused by an eclipse of the sun. The people thought the *world was coming to an end*, or that the *gods* were displeased, and so reasoned it was no use to *hold out*, or *fight*, as *courage* was useless under the *frowns* of the *deities*. So the city was taken, because no one had a heart any longer to defend it.

Ah me! if twinkling lights and a gloomy house do not create consternation, they do stupefaction — remind of bedtime — make it seem later than it is; if no fears about the world's coming to an end just yet, a *fear* that the sermon is going to be "a long-spun" becomes rife if the preacher does not happen to be lively; — that by the time the sermon is ended, the meeting should end.

A gloomy atmosphere, besides, is kindred to UNBELIEF, and then evil reasoning comes in; — to some it seems as if *God* is absent from the place. "*God is light*," is a New Testament axiom; it seems an *instinct* of our common nature so to think of *God*. Plato said, "*Light is the shadow of God; and God is the light of light itself*." But *darkness*; what is it? "*A privation of light*," say the philosophers, which leaves us wise as we were before. But it reminds timid Christians of the "*prince of darkness*;" and, forgetting that it is said in the Scriptures that *darkness and light are both alike to God*, — that he can *see*, or *hear*, or *bless*, in the dark as well as in the light, — the idea of *divine absence* takes possession, and it is hard to be dispossessed.

How often, when leading our *spiritual troops to charge the enemy*, have I been made to realize this, however unreasonable it may appear! The *strange vacancy and dullness*, with lights twinkling amid the gloom, construed into the presence of Satanic influence; and who shall be *positive* Satan never takes advantage of such a state of things? "*We are not ignorant of his devices, lest Satan should get an advantage of us,*" says St. Paul. The meeting is *captured* by these unhappy impressions; or, if *some victory* is gained, as last night, it is after a hard fight with *Unbelief, Morpheus, and the Devil!*

Give me a church brilliantly lighted, if *success* is to be the order of the night. We are creatures of feeling and sensibility, and are influenced by such things in spite of us. A gloomy or chilly house, an unwelcome current of air, a creaking door or a window rattling in the wind, I have known to put preacher and people "all off the poise within," eventuating in a hard and unprofitable time. They are sure to lessen the congregation; — *sinner*s, especially, are not fond of frequenting such an uninviting place. I have known some preachers to laugh at such *trifles*, and to take no small credit to themselves for being superior to them; but a trifle more knowledge of human nature, and closer observation, would render them more serious matters than they are aware. Look at *public saloons* in cities and villages, — how *brilliantly lighted* and *inviting* they are! and how *crowded*! "*The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.*" — Luke 15:8. "*Let your LIGHT so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven,*" might have a secondary application in *church-lighting*, I think. However, these are *facts*, — *evils* that should be remedied or avoided by those who have charge of

such matters. *Inattention* to them is bad economy, *financially* as well as *spiritually*. *Huddersfield* is the place for attention to such things. The dim *gas-lights* will soon have a remedy, now that the cause has been ascertained. It is seldom one meets with a class of men in Methodism who have so entirely incorporated the Lord's business with their own as here. *The affairs of the church are their affairs*; they conduct them upon the same principles as they do their own; what ought to be done is done, and with despatch. That is the way to sustain and keep in action a vigorous church. Methodism has great vitality and strength here. It is written, *They shall prosper who love Zion*; and our leading brethren here realize it to be so, for time and for eternity.

Jan. 31.—I forgot to note that last *Friday night* we had a sweet and powerful time on Holiness, and that *thirty* persons professed to receive the blessing, and *eleven* were *justified*. Last Sabbath *one hundred* souls were saved and recorded. O, may every name of them be found at last in the *book of life*! — Rev. 3 : 5 ; 21 : 57.

Last Tuesday I rode over to Leeds with Mr. Webb. We enjoyed an agreeable season at the Wesleyan Missionary Tea Meeting and Bazaar; — a great variety of articles for sale; among the rest, a few verses celebrating our hard-fought battle in Leeds. O, but it did bring to remembrance scenes of conflict and victory. Satan fought *hard* for his kingdom those *five months*, but the Lord did give us the victory in the conversion of *sixteen hundred* souls, and in the sanctification of *one thousand* believers. *All glory be to God* in the highest, from whom cometh such victories through Jesus Christ our Lord !

I preached that night in *St. Peter's Chapel*, the largest in England belonging to the Wesleyans; accommodates be-

tween three and four thousand hearers, and it was full. Had an *awful time*; those who would not yield fled in *terror* at the close. Wit is a perilous talent; hard to be suppressed, I suppose. One of the preachers in the pulpit, observing the scene, turned to the other, and said: "See! they run as if the devil was after them!" I am sure the devil was angry that his children should have such a *fright*. Could I have stayed a little longer in Leeds, should have had *poetry* of another order, doubtless; but, after fifteen souls were saved, we started for Huddersfield, where we arrived at one o'clock in the morning.

Had a good time last night, here. If the name of Jesus happened not to be in my text, he had a place in the sermon. Blessed Jesus! Thou art my love, my life, my all in all!

"Insatiate to this spring I fly."

Saturday morning, Feb. 1. — *Purity* my theme last night. A *snake* may cast its coat, but keep its skin. A *sinner* may cast off much of the "*old man*" in outward, and even inward character; but, if not cleansed from all sin, there is a *snaky inclination* in his nature that may *wound* others, or the cause of God, or himself, eternally.

That was a shrewd saying of one, that "a profession of religion, without *purity*, is like a fair glove drawn over a foul hand." Purity is the *prime jewel* of moral worth, in man or woman. What is the most *graceful* dress humanity ever wore, if the one who wears it has a *filthy* person? We would shrink from such a creature. But such is he who makes a graceful profession of religion, and carries about him an unclean spirit, an impure heart; he lacks the prime jewel of moral worth — *purity*. He resembles those Swiss smugglers in whose company I crossed the *Jura* moun-

tains not long since. We noticed that they wore a profusion of jewelry, and marvelled that persons otherwise so dirty-looking should be so adorned. *Gold* chains, with gold watches, thrown around *necks* that would have puzzled one to say when they were washed with pure water; and fingers glittering with rings and gems, that *seemed* never to have had a moment's fellowship with *soap*! But we received a hint they were *smuggling* them into France from Switzerland.

There is a good deal of *smuggling* going on in *religion*, — avoiding the Lord's *customs* on *taxable goods*: *purity of heart* is the *duty* for outside accomplishments in religion. Many are deceived thereby, and many *deceive themselves*. God we cannot deceive. It will be sad if we are detected in the last hour, and lose all our accomplishments and our souls together. It will certainly be so if our *outside appearances* are found to be *contrary to inward realities*; if underneath all our *fine professions* we have impure hearts; — as those people with *filthy persons* under gold chains, rings, and jewelry.

Feb. 3, Monday morning. — A gracious sacramental season yesterday. A melting time on the *sufferings* of Christ. "*We preach Christ crucified*," says St. Paul. "We should look at sin in two glasses," observes one; "in the glass of Christ's precious *atoning blood*, and in the glass of his *death*." Thus, when Paul preached a *crucified Christ*, he preached against *sin* most effectively — described it as a crimson die.

Jesus was "*a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief*," says *Isaiah*. Grief and Jesus were no strangers. How sensibly that touches an audience! When did the cup of grief ever pass by untasted? And

" Can we thy houseless nights forget ?
 The cold dews on thy temples lying ;
 The taunts, the spear, the bloody sweat,
 The last long agony of dying ?
 Thy present gifts so large and free,
 The transports of eternity ! "

Ay, that "*bloody sweat*." Ah! who can forget that grief, or, being reminded of it, remain *unmoved*? Grief met him at the *garden entrance*; but never, no, never had he met grief before with a heart so full of sorrowful emotions. His disciples marked the change in his appearance, — that he began to be "*very heavy*;" that he entered the garden with sighs and sobs of grief, and with *mournful utterances* and *broken exclamations* of SORROW — such as, "*my soul is sorrowful*;" a little further on, "*my soul is exceeding sorrowful*;" a few steps more, and he exclaimed, in yet more saddened and lamentable accents, "*sorrowful even unto death*;" — shows how *deep* and *real* it was. Ah! it was not a mere *semblance* of sorrow, but *real, downright sorrow*. When King Artaxerxes noticed the *dejection* of Nehemiah, he inquired, "*Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? this is nothing, else but sorrow of heart*." O Jesus, my Lord! this is nothing else but sorrow of heart! But why art thou thus, if thy death is but as a *martyr's death*, witnessing for the truth? for *before* thy day, and *since*, have men gone forth joyfully to die for it. Ah! a *martyr's* sensations afford no solution of the mystery of thy passion, O Christ! — he *began to bear the weight of the world's atonement*, which martyrs never bore, and which all the *men* upon *earth*, and *angels* in heaven to help them, *could not have borne*!

Further on in that solitary garden of Gethsemane, his fal-

tering steps were heard, with stifled groans. No wonder his poor disciples were overwhelmed with sorrow, too, till pitying grief called upon *sleep* to soothe them into forgetfulness, while a hovering *angel* longed for permission to minister to him, all prostrate as he now lay upon the cold ground. *Thrice* had he declined that mysterious cup of our grief proffered to his trembling lips by the hand of his Father, saying, "*O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt,*" — and all this, as the apostle says, with "*prayers, and supplications, with strong crying and tears, unto Him that was able to save him from death, and was heard, in that he feared.*" — Heb. 5 : 7. *In the thing he feared, he was heard.* What was that? for did he not finally drink of that cup? If the *mere cup of death* was it, he was far from exemplifying the courage of a martyr. But if that cup contained the FULL PENALTY due to the sins of the whole world; — if Jesus was the *representative* of that world, to die in its stead — the *sacrificial lamb* of God, to bear the general sins away in his own *suffering person*, making a full atonement for the same; — then in some measure we comprehend the *character* of the sufferer, and the *nature* of those sufferings which ensued. I had power on this point, — exclaiming, let us *cover our faces*, as *Elijah* with his mantle, as our suffering Lord passes by. Let us *recognize* in the *emotions* which sway our hearts, and in the *tears* that bathe our cheeks, that we know and *feel* those sufferings were no common sufferings, that grief was no common grief, that agony was no common agony! No, no! — men nor angels cannot measure it, — cannot estimate it! —

"A weight of woes more than whole worlds could bear."

With what *tender sympathy* do those words of Jesus fill my heart,—the last words he uttered before he tasted of that cup, “*Oh my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, THY WILL BE DONE;*” if *man* cannot be saved except I drink it, my *heart*, my *lips* are now ready; and then that dark cup of our grief and sin penalty touched his lips, and he drank it; but it was taken VOLUNTARILY,—a fact the infidel was called upon to mark. It had his full and free consent, through intense *love* and *pity* for the infidel’s soul and for my soul,—for every soul of man. What a *powerful hold* this gives one of an audience!

How *instantaneous* the effect of that *cup*! “*The bloody sweat,*”—how familiar the phrase! Do we properly comprehend it? How terrible the import! The blood first oozed out through every pore in *crimson dew-drops* all over his body, increasing in magnitude till, as St. Luke tells, *his sweat was like great drops of blood falling down to the ground*. There is evidence, too, that the night was not sultry, to cause sweat; for a *fire* was needed a few hours afterwards in the midst of a hall, where Peter desired to warm himself. He sweat lying upon the cold earth. He was bathed in blood caused by no world weapon; was crushed in soul, and bruised in body, but by no mortal hand. It was the *storm and agony within* which made the blood to appear without. Ah! how terrible that *storm*! How intense that *agony*! How intolerable that *pressure*! The tides and waves of the ocean, mighty as they are, are arrested by a slender strip of insignificant sand, as Jeremiah notices: “Though the waves *toss* themselves, yet cannot they prevail; though they *roar*, yet can they not pass.”—Jer. 5: 22. Not so the *purple tide* in our dear Redeemer’s body. Its crimson waves were set in motion by that storm

within,—a storm hitherto unknown and unfelt in any human frame, and never to be endured again!—that *tide*, those *waves*, driven on by it, soon rushed through and over all opposing barriers, deluged the surface of his body, stained all his garments as one treading in the wine-press,—Isaiah 63 : 1, 3,—and reached the earth upon which he lay! In the prime of *manhood* he entered that garden,—in the bloom of youth, and health, and vigor, and with a *constitution* which never was debilitated by sin or by disease, he took that cup with no earthly liquid filled, and behold the result!

And how *men's feelings* looked out of their faces at the cry, *Sinner!* behold the Lamb of God! *Weep* for him who *wept and bled* for thee! Yes, thou dost weep; thou canst not help it! But O, weep not so much over the sufferings of thy innocent *Redeemer*, but weep for *thyself*—for thy *sins*! Begin the imitation of thy Lord, with *prayers and supplications, strong crying and tears*, that thou mayest be pardoned and saved from that dreadful hell from which thy Saviour's tears redeemed thee! And thou hast reason to *fear* it; for be assured that those agonies in the garden, and those sufferings of which Calvary tells, only indicate what thou must suffer in hell, if thou thyself shalt drink of that cup as a satisfaction to infinite justice for the sins of thy soul. Alas for thee then! It will require an eternity to drink it. If a few hours of agony and death sufficed thy Redeemer to make an atonement for thy sins, it was because of the exceeding dignity of his person, and the infinite merit of his sufferings.

It is good to *particularize*,—to single out this and the other character in an audience,—to discern the *who* by the *EXPRESSION*, *differing* in this and the other, according to temperament, education, habits, views, prejudices. It makes

the Gospel a *personal* thing; brings it *home* to the individual bosom; puts the *honeycomb* to the lips, or the cheering *cordial*, or the bitter but medical *potion*, or the *potent remedy*. How *inspiring*, as yesterday, to behold or hear the *individual effects*, — the responsive word, or look, or tear, or shout, here and there, over nearly *three thousand* souls! Truly the Gospel is designed for the *whole world*; and there is a decided and an electrifying advantage in having *an immense mass of mind at once under its sound*. Perhaps more *angelic beings* assemble then. Did the Lord intend to teach this, ordaining that his famous temple should be in a manner lined with angelic figures? One of the *fathers*, a short time after the apostles, tells us that a certain person of undoubted veracity and piety declared to him that he had seen a vision of angels leaning forward towards the altar, and listening, as soldiers around their general. If they are *ministering spirits* sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation, where should they be, but hovering over such a mass of redeemed souls? — the *interests at stake* forbid one to suspect indifference. It is reasonable, also, to suppose a greater amount of divine influence present under such circumstances, to say nothing of the *electrifying* effect of such an imposing spectacle upon the preacher.

This is a *digression*. No matter; I do not feel good for much else to-day than to *scribble* and write out all the feelings and impressions of my heart. After *prayer*, I love the companionship of my pen; I like to note down ideas while they are *fresh*. From the sinner I had a ready transition to the believer, and with good effect. All hail, *believing* soul, over yonder! I see by thy looks thou art sympathizing with thy Lord. Thou hast redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of thy sins. Yes, thou mayest well

shout through thy tears! Shout, then, and I will help thee to shout, "Glory to God, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever, Amen!" Ay, scores of you shout, for you express it all in your looks; let it go up to hundreds and thousands, and when all present are at it, would that the whole town, and all England, and all nature, might join in it at once! — a shout like a great thunder, such as John heard, — "*Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the LAMB for ever and ever.*" — Rev. 5 : 18.

And yonder sits a poor brother; and over there as poor a sister; — not poor in grace, nor in faith, bless God! but poor in this world; — coat none of the best, — worn as thyself with the world's rubs: who cares for thee? JESUS does. Why does he care for thee? Thy sympathies for his sufferings are met by his sympathies for thy sorrows and trials in life. Fear not. He has a crown for thee; but thou must be tried, and faithful, and true, a little longer. Jesus sees thee! He is coming to receive thee unto himself. He is filling thy heart with the sunshine of his presence now. Yes, shout! I love to hear a poor saint shout. More of you! *More* be it! Shout, then, by the dozen! Let Christ's poor have their jubilee! "*Amens, Glories and Hallelujahs,*" never disturb me when preaching, if God is in them, as now. They vibrate upon my *heart-strings*; they thrill my very soul; they electrize my whole being! Hallelujah! *The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!* Dry your tears, ye saints, and think how high your great Deliverer reigns! "Let us stay in the garden." Very well, then, let us stay in the garden. Let us administer the *sacrament* in the garden of *Gethsemane*! Forget that you are in Huddersfield, or in England. Imagine yourselves in the garden, as you surround the table of your

risen Lord: Let the scenes of *Gethsemane*, if you will, as well as *Calvary*, be present to your imagination and faith, as you surround the table of your blessed Redeemer.

Hearken to a voice, not from the hills of *Judea*, but from the hills of Ireland! The *Irish harp* never sounded sweeter to my soul than in the following lines, by one of her sons. Hearken! — *sob*, but shout not; weep, if you will!

“ Alone in that still midnight hour,
When gloom involved the mountain round him,
And hell's dark spirits given the power,
As they had long the will, to wound him,
The strength which Heaven supplied withdrawn,
What wonder that his frame should languish,
Aware that morn's approaching dawn
Must rise on its commencing anguish?

“ Deserted by the world he came
To save, which o'er his woes exulted;
Ordained to die the death of shame,
By those for whom he died insulted;
His Father's smile withdrawn from him,
And his few heedless followers sleeping,
What marvel if his eyes grew dim
And his lorn soul went wild with weeping!

“ The dateless sins of centuries past,
The countless crimes of unborn ages,
Upon his burthened shoulders cast,
To bear through torture's lingering stages;
To be by one false friend betrayed,
Just ere another has denied him,
While none remain to lend their aid,
Or stand in death's dark hour beside him:

“ All these, and many a wilder woe,
Dark phantoms of unknown existence,
Came crowding round, above, below,
And gathering in the gloomy distance.

Till from his bent brow poured the blood,
 Down on the stainless soil before him,
 Even though the pitying angel stood
 And waved his wings of healing o'er him.

"Man ! durst thou after *this* complain,
 And weary Heaven with wild repining
 That thou hast felt some passing pain,
 And seen some rainbow hope declining?
 Know that, whatever griefs came o'er,
 Whatever pangs misfortune gave thee,
He suffered *then* ten thousand more,
 And gladly suffered all to save thee."

Ah ! this was, indeed, a gracious time ! I suppose there were two thousand people at the Lord's table,—and such weeping ! There were other effective points in the discourse,—where *Grief* met Jesus at Pilate's bar, on the streets of Jerusalem, with the cross on his bare and bleeding shoulders,—on *Calvary*, on the cross,—heaven and earth sympathizing and coloring with his woes,—till all the sky was draped in black, and blackness lay heavy on all the land.

Had an *immense crowd* at night, and a *storm* from the pulpit. *Critics* and *croakers* and *all their family* were in an amaze, with backsliders and sinners,—as if in the predicament of Wordsworth's *Wagoner* :

"*Astounded* in the mountain-gap,
 With peals of thunder, clap on clap,
 And many a terror-striking flash —
 And somewhere, as it seems, a crash
 Among the *rocks*, with weight of rain,
 And sullen motions long and slow,
 That to a weary distance go —
 Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,
 A rending overhead begins the fray again !"

The Lord did help my soul. *His truth* flashed like

fire;—to use an idea of *Petrarch*, "like heaven's own thunder it smote the trembling mind." The slain of the Lord were many. If this does not raise the devil and bring a storm about our ears, then Satan is *asleep*, or has quit the field, that's all! There are some "*unwedgeable and gnarled oaks*" here, requiring some of those *bolts* which the poet called upon to split them! The Gospel is no tame affair when *preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven!* It has *bolts*, too, effectual as those which fall in thunder. There was a *splitting* and a *rending* of "*the oaks of Bashan*" last night; and a *rending* away of souls from the devil, the world and sin, to Jesus, who received, healed and saved them.

"And many to his name allegiance vowed,
Who owned another *master* till that hour,
But now shook off his vows, and praised Redeeming Love."

The number saved by *eleven o'clock* that night, and registered, was *one hundred and thirty souls*, besides *ten children!* All glory be to God alone!

It is a curious circumstance, and I think worthy of record,—for I verily believe it is recorded in heaven,—that this day's remarkable success is traceable to the prayers of a company of converted Sabbath-school children. *Last Saturday* afternoon they assembled for a *prayer-meeting* among themselves. During the meeting, it seems, it came into the mind of one of them to pray for the salvation of a certain number of souls, in pardon and purity, the following day,—*one hundred and forty* was the number named. The idea took with these young believers. Their *faith* fastened firmly upon the power and goodness of Christ, that it should be so. They plead, and felt, and ventured to believe, that it would be so; and it actually was so! On

examination of the *register*, it is found that forty of those saved yesterday were cases of purity, and the remaining *one hundred* were conversions. But these praying children included both blessings in the word "*saved*," which they had used before the Lord, I suppose, with great emphasis, — knowing well the meaning of the term. Thanks be unto God for Sabbath-school *instruction*! Jesus thanked his Father that he had *hidden* these things from the *wise and prudent*, and revealed them unto babes, because it seemed good in his sight. It is so still. And, as our Lord said, on another occasion, when the *blind* and the *lame* were healed by him in the temple, and the place rang with the sweet voices of *children* crying — "*Hosanna* to the Son of David," and the *Chief Priests and Scribes* were trying to *scowl* it down, saying to Jesus, "*Hearest thou what these say?*" — "*Yea*," he mildly replied, "*have ye never read, OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES AND SUCKINGS THOU HAST PERFECTED PRAISE?*" — as if a *string* were wanting in God's praise, till *infant voices* supplied it!

A poet says, "*The child is the father of the man.*" The *elements* of the future man, good or bad, are often developed in the child. May it be so in these! If the *infancy* of their faith be so strong and prevailing, what may it not *reach* in its manhood, if they remain true to it and grow in grace, up to "the bright and burning noon of their intellectual day"! We read that "*The Spirit of the Lord began to move SAMSON, at times, in the camp of Dan between Zorah and Eshtaol.*" — Judges 13: 25. That was an early earnest of his future power.

* * * * *

There is a society of *Socialists* in this town, — Infidels, *hard-faced men*, — bold and daring for their evil cause; *wills* deep in their souls to oppose the Bible. Of course

our doings are intolerable. They have an edifice set apart for their *Sabbath day and evening* gatherings, where *holy time* is outrageously desecrated. An old woman passing by the structure, the other day, paused to read the inscription high on front, and, her sight not being good, she read, "*The Hell of Science.*" "There! did you ever! — what are they going to do with science? — the *Hell of Science!*" — and passed on. "*The Hall of Science*" is the motto; but the old woman was not far out of the way, after all. They have had it from the pulpit rather hot, for their patience, of late. Their *assemblies* have been *thinned*, almost broken up; and, besides, *numbers* of their adherents have been lately converted. The *wasp's nest* has been greatly disturbed; they have tried to *sting* and do other mischievous things, which have rather recoiled upon themselves. *Public opinion* has given them some significant frowns. A few expressive symptoms of dissatisfaction with the revival among certain *would-be* "*higher class*" ones have given them courage; but they counted too fast. It is hard coping with the *power* of God; — not the first time a revival of religion has turned into foolishness the wisdom of the crafty. They are vexed that human nature will so patronize "this hell and damnation." We have something better than that, gentlemen; although *even that* is worthy of an escape from, — not from *hearing* about it, — but from *suffering its realities* in eternity. Well, they have concluded to send in a *flag of truce*, asking for a cessation of hostilities, or at least a decrease of the cannonade, and time for explanations. A *deputation* has waited upon me. One, in the name of the rest, entered his protest against my "*misrepresentations and unbearable inferences,*" — that I had even injured his character! Poor man! I neither recognized his *name* nor *face*, — although not unlikely I may have drawn his por-

trait pretty correctly in the pulpit; and, not liking his own likeness, and his neighbors recognizing it, he of course felt himself scandalized. I remarked, my habit was to attack *infidelity* in all its shapes, forms and complexions; and if it sheltered itself under the wing of *Socialism*, they must not be surprised if a few of my arrows should lodge in its feathers. It might be somewhat annoying, but their best way was to thrust out the *traitor* to good morals and religion, and let the *arrows* of the Gospel pierce him on his own unfenced commons; that, if I had injured their society, to prove it, and they should have ample satisfaction. The *plaster* shall be as large as the wound. Perhaps you have no objections to tell me, honestly, what are your real principles in a religious point of view. Do you believe the *Bible* to be a revelation from God? "We do not." That there is an hereafter after death, and that you have each a *soul* to enjoy or to suffer its awards? "No, that is not our creed." But you surely believe in the existence of a God? "No, I do not," and he became somewhat excited. Indeed! that is worse and worse. By denying you have a soul that will live forever, you place yourselves on a level with *brute beasts*. This is hard upon you, but is it anything more than fact? But, alas! by denying the existence of a God, you exhibit a capability brutes possess not. You are Atheists. "I have thought,—I have reasoned thus." Hold! what is that which *thinks* and *reasons* within you? Your very *soul*, perhaps, whose existence you have just denied,—that which *thinks* and *reasons* within your body may do so without the body, by and by! Take care that it *thinks* and *reasons* *correctly* in this world, or it may be worse for it the next! "I think for myself. No man shall dictate to me what I shall believe." O, that is all well enough; but see to it that you think not *erroneously*; we are but

conversing now, not dictating. "I have more *independence* than others. I think for myself. I moved step by step, till I reached my present vantage-ground in *belief*." Your *present unbelief*, you should say. You have some talent, sir. It is a pity you should employ it in proving yourself nothing but a *brute*. "A *brute*?" Yes, a brute! what are you else, if *soulless*? "I want *superstition* hooted out of the world, and our *Socialist principles* better understood; then we should have a very different state of things." Doubtless! Men without a *soul*, a world without a *God*, the Bible a fable, Christianity a dream, accountability after death a figment of the imagination, hell a superstition, eternity a blank! A *changed world*, indeed, should *Socialism* prevail; — black as the *globe* which I noticed on the tomb of Voltaire, in Paris, a few months since; — ay, and one of hell's appendages. What advantage would it be to me, pray, to believe as you do? My soul is *happy* in believing what you discard. Would I be more truly happy in your unbelief? What *benefit*? — what good by *disbelieving* as you? Would it *improve* my morality, purity, happiness, or safety? You believe I am safe enough, even now, as regards eternity, do you not? "O, certainly." Now hear me! I believe *you* are in danger of *eternal damnation*. Whether truth or error, that is my belief. Why, then, should you wonder that I try to *disturb you, overthrow your errors, and convert you to Christ*? But, I do wonder why you should try to *convert me*, or any Christian, to your way of thinking, unless your heart is as dark as your principles; — the *devil* for such business!

After urging the possibility of resisting, grieving and quenching the Holy Spirit, and sinning away the day of grace, and the consequences, hardness of heart, and repro-

bacy of mind, and an untroubled depravity to *believe* or disbelieve anything, I turned to one of the deputation, and said: Does this man represent correctly the principles of your society? "No; I don't go quite so far," the *chief* interposed, saying, "it is no use conversing any more about it,—let us go;" and drew towards the door, feeling somewhat *different* than when he came in; reminding one of that odd picture in Holland,—a *Dutchman* with a full-blown bladder upon his shoulder, while another behind is pricking it with a pin, and uttering a Latin motto, signifying "*How soon is all blown down!*" Now, then, what are to be their next *tactics*? We shall see.

Feb. 4th.—My *hoarseness* rather increases. The work advances with unabated power. There are *adversaries*, but they cannot effect much; and the power of God is sweeping them away before it. *Error* seems like chaff before a whirlwind. Not less than *nine hundred* sinners have been converted since the revival began, last December; and about *four hundred* believers have been *entirely sanctified throughout spirit, soul and body*.—1 Thess. 5: 23, 24. All glory be to God on high, for ever and ever! Amen. My own soul is in a flourishing state; but the *body* makes some *complaint*. The Lord has ever been better to me than my *boding fears*; I must go on *unflinchingly*. If the *battle is the Lord's*, as I believe it is, and I am *necessary* to lead on his spiritual troops, he will strengthen the outer as well as the *inner man*. With this confidence, let me *onward*, vigorously and courageously. Amen.

CHAPTER XX.

PLAIN DEALING WITH OBSTINATE SINNERS. — A SERMON.

THE following discourse is in Mr. Caughey's severest style of address — a style and method which he employs with a class of sinners who resist all milder methods. In its present form and place it may, perchance, reach the conscience of some unconverted sinner.

—
“*He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*” — Matt. 18 : 48.

The words are Christ's ; the application of them is mine ; the effect to be produced must be left with the Holy Ghost. Therefore, *He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*

1. The Psalmist speaks about an approaching calamity upon certain “hairy scalps” which go on in wickedness against the Lord. They are very busy, just now, among us. *Depravity* has descended to our days, as well as *hairy scalps*. The latter are very convenient, useful and ornamental ; but we could dispense with depravity. Had they a little more hair, some might claim kindred with another species in all but *accountability* ; that they have, — the worse for them. This is severe ; but St. Jude was quite as much so. Hearken to him : “*But these speak evil of those things which they know not : but what they know naturally, as BRUTE BEASTS, in those things they corrupt themselves. Woe unto them !*” I shall venture still fur-

ther: a little more of the devil's image upon them, and they would be little else than devils covered with flesh! That is severe, but not more so than our Lord in regard to Judas: "*Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?*" Some here are graduating fast into that horrible state of spiritual depravity. It is terrible to think so, terrible to *say* so, and a thousand times more terrible that it is *really* so with some of you now present. Let us, my brethren, weep over them now; cry unto God for them now, that he may awaken and save them before they do arrive at that terrible state.

The Lord himself has threatened them. Listen: "*But God shall wound the head of his enemies, and the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his trespasses.*" — Ps. 68 : 21. "Wound the HEAD;" — mark that! *fatality* there, or *finality*, or what you will that implies a decisive and terrible blow. That was an apt comment on the same passage, by a shrewd man, — "A wound in the head is *deadly*, dashing out the brains of all their counsels." Such a blow is coming. Lord Jesus, fetch them a Gospel blow first, by my ministry! If they repent, well, — *souls* are saved; if not, O, it is too late to look over their heads, and a little beyond, to that dreadful future that is awaiting them!

2. *He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.* — That man must be very near hell when he has nothing else to rely on but religion, — none else to "throw his squibs at the Holy Spirit of God." It is an awful thing to make merry with damnation, and laugh at the thunderbolts of God.

Eusebius tells us of one who took a piece of Scripture to make a jest of, but was presently struck with a *frenzy*, and ran mad. *Luther* observed, "Whom God intends to

destroy, he gives them leave to play with Scripture." Think of that, sinner! ay, and thank God you have not been bereft of your reason, or damned in hell along with those frenzied ones of whom Jesus tells, whose only employment is *weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth!* Better begin to weep and wail here, where your mourning may be turned into joy, and finally into eternal triumphs!

Hearken to me. It is dangerous work to sport with a *revival*; it is the work of the Holy Spirit, as is the Bible. But I suppose "it is the heart that gives color to our destiny,"—the degree of light in the head, and viciousness and malice in the heart. Beware of "*the sin unto death.*" A revival has often been to sinners what *Samson* was to the Philistines;—it has made sport for them, but pulled down upon their heads the fabric of *God's judgments.*

It is *perilous* to tell the Almighty you know nothing better for sport than his work. It was only the other night I found a rough-looking young man kneeling among the penitents, as if *he* were one himself; I caught a glance at his face, and saw a titter there. Satan appeared to have used him rather roughly; his head looked as if it had been combed with a brier-bush. I whispered in his ear he had better take care of what he was about; that in trifling with religion on his way to hell, he might happen to make a shorter journey there than he expected,—might get there sooner than if he *respected* religion. Glad I was to be informed he took the *alarm*, sought mercy in earnest, and found it. He will never regret, if faithful; and sure I am Jesus Christ will treat him better than his *old master.*

I quite agree with one who said there are people in the world, had they it in their power, would *jeer* religion out of it; and added, that God would do *them* no injustice, if he ordered *Death* to hunt them out of the world,—a thing

he has *often done*, and will assuredly do with some in this town unless they repent, according to that awful declaration in the book of Job, to which I ask you all reverently to listen. Job 18.—“*The light of the wicked shall be put out, and the spark of his fire shall not shine. The light shall be dark in his tabernacle, and his candle shall be put out with him. The steps of his strength shall be straitened, and his own counsel shall cast him down. Terrors shall make him afraid on every side, and shall drive him to his feet. His confidence shall be rooted out of his tabernacle; and it shall bring him to the KING OF TERRORS; — brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation. His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the streets. HE SHALL BE DRIVEN FROM LIGHT INTO DARKNESS, AND CHASED OUT OF THE WORLD. Surely such are the dwellings of the wicked, and this is the place of him that knoweth not God.*” What do you think? Is not that a terrible passage? CHASED out of the world,—as a vagabond spirit,—as the devil was chased out of heaven down to hell.

The assurance once given to a religion-scorning sinner I have no hesitancy in applying to a *wickedly-witty* sinner, — that his *chair is in the mouth of hell*.—Prov. 19 : 29. Ay, indeed, and when death capsizes the chair, the occupant falls where flames attend his fall. One who saw many sights — fair sights, beautiful sights, wretched sights, mournful sights, terrible sights — says that the *worst sight* he ever saw was a sinner going *laughing* to hell. It was added, there is still another, and the world affords no sadder sight; — a poor, *Christless* soul shivering upon the brink of eternity; just beginning to awake out of its long dream at its entrance into the world of realities, and shrinking into the body, with the cry, “O, I cannot, I *dare* not die!

Lord, what will become of me? O, what shall be my eternal lot?" This, I say, is the saddest sight our world affords. Sad, indeed! *Both* are bad enough. Neither of them are *rare* sights in this town!

3. *He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*

We want an apostle James to cry amidst these streets, with the voice of a Jonah, "*Be afflicted, and mourn, and weep: let your laughter be turned to mourning, and your joy to heaviness.*"—James 4: 9. "*Woe unto you that are full! for ye shall hunger. Woe unto you that laugh now! for ye shall mourn and weep. Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation.*"—Luke 6: 24, 25. Do you understand these dreadful threatenings?—that they have a literal and spiritual signification?—*literal and spiritual* even for both worlds? The prophet Ezekiel saw a *roll*,—that is, a written parchment,—in a supernatural hand, and it was spread or unrolled before his eyes; and he found written therein lamentations, and mourning, and *woe*. It was written thus, within and without, as you may see by the passage,—Ezek. 2: 9, 10; written *without* in the *letter*, that every one might read, as a predicted history of coming sorrows,—*within*, in the hidden and *spiritual* sense, requiring the spiritual and far-seeing eye of the prophet to read and understand;—and then to CRY them out and into the ears and consciences of the people.

4. *He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*

We are all endowed by our Creator with distinct and significant talents. We are not jumbled together, as so many atoms, in *undistinguishable* masses,—accountable only to God, if you please, as some *corporate bodies* suppose themselves to be—not as *individuals*, but only in their *corporate capacity*;—a *damnable* error, which sends many an individual to hell for the sins of the *corporation*.

And why? Because he gave his individual vote for this or that sinful measure, and God, who saw it, and his conscience, together, held him accountable. A terrible thought; should like to pursue it. The *digression* would be too wide. But had I a voice of *thunder*,—ay, loud as the *archangel's trumpet*,—I should like to thunder that truth into the ears of all corporate bodies upon the face of the earth. This let me say: our gifts and talents are *distinct*. Our *mental characters* differ as our faces, and we are individually accountable for them, though living, moving and acting, among *thousands*. This *fact* is known in heaven and hell. Be it known upon earth also. *Satan* tempts to the *perversion* of talent upon this principle.

I have a *question* to ask.—Did you notice in our lesson before text, Matt. 25, our Lord's parable of the *talents*? One servant received five talents, another *two*, and a third *one*. The *first two* doubled their capital by *trading*. But the third, being too lazy to use it, or fearful of losing it, went and hid it in the earth, where it remained a long time. His *doom* on the *reckoning-day* was terrible, as you heard;—was sentenced to *outer darkness*, where there was *weeping*, and *wailing*, and *gnashing of teeth*;—was damned, not for *abusing* his talent by *ill-doing*,—no, but for not *doing good* with it. "*He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*" What, then, must be the final doom of him who abuses his *talents* in serving the devil, and ruining himself and others thereby?

The sentiment of an old writer is worthy to be heard.—"*The perversion of the faculties is at all times more shocking and disgraceful than the absence of them by nature.*" One would almost think *Antisthenes*, the old Grecian philosopher, had been drawing an *inference* from the parable referred to, when he said, "I would rather be punished with

madness, than abandoned to vicious courses." It was on the same principle one of old sounded that note of warning among the young men of his day: "The Lord will call us to a *strict account*, both for PRINCIPLE and INTEREST of those talents he has intrusted to us!" Impressive, dreadful thought! Young man, let it enter into thine ear, and sink down deep into thine heart, never to be removed!

5. *He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*

There is some talent in those productions you have come to hear my opinion of. *Devils* love the fun you have had over them. *Samson* made sport for the Philistines.—Judges 16: 27. Odd if it turns out that some poor, backslidden *Samson*, whose eyes the devil has put out, has largely contributed to this sport for the devil and Philistine sinners. Stand from under, there! Get out of the way! Fly from backslidden *Samson*! He will bring down some crashing judgments upon your heads. Expect no good luck in his company. Fly from him fast as your *fears* and your *feet* can carry you! O that the TRUTH of God might this night reach him, as the *power of God* did *Samson*, in the memorable calamity! For, should he be smitten down by it into *repentance*, he might in his fall bring down to the ground the *pillars* of wickedness which support more than one "Hall of Science,"—falsely so called,—when the cries of the *wounded* might reach the ear of Heaven, not to be returned with doleful echoes, as in hell, but with answers of pardon, healing, salvation!

6. *He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*

What answer shall I return to him that sent me? Is it one of *repentance*? Alas, is it rather one of persistence? What shall I say, before you fly from this awful place? Let me drop this word in the ear of every one of you: "Those who employ their TALENTS in *contriving methods* to sin,

God shall hereafter employ his WISDOM to *contrive methods to punish.*"

Are you all of one mind? Do not some of you *falter*? — almost upon the point of detaching yourselves from this *confederacy of sin*. "*How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, follow him.*" — 1 Kings 18 : 21. You, like those of old, answer not a word. You need not; the answer looks out of your subdued faces. Lead the way, ye bold, ye penitent, ye resolved! Here is a great Saviour for great sinners! Mercy was first offered at Jerusalem to his murderers. I offer mercy, through his precious blood, to you his caricaturers, who, if you could not reach his person in heaven, have tried to pierce his *influence*, his *name*, his *character*, and his *image*, in his children upon earth. With a full heart and full eyes, I offer pardon in full through him who died for you. But you must *apply* to Jesus himself for the pardon. I cannot dispense it. No human being upon earth can *absolve* you; only Jesus can! He is both able and willing,— and *now*. Come now to Jesus. Ho, ye despairing and disconsolate,— come! The ocean that covers *pebbles* covers mountains also in its depths; so the *blood* covers great sins, as well as *small sins*,— as the world has it, though it would be difficult to prove there is any such thing as small sins, unless we could prove there is a small *damnation* in the bottomless pit! Come, then, come as you are. Cast away your *weapons* of rebellion. Let *mercy* be your plea. Plead the merits of his blood. Come and kneel with his friends here at the footstool of mercy, while we sing,

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve :

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" I 'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Like mountains round me close ;
I know his courts, — I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

" Prostrate I 'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess :
I 'll tell him I 'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

" Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But, if I perish, I will pray.
And perish only there.

" I can but perish, if I go —
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

CHAPTER XXI.

WARNINGS TO SINNERS. — A SERMON.

"WHO *hath ears to hear, let him hear.*" — Matt. 13: 43.

1. Your attention! To all whom it may concern.

English history tells us of a great *freshet* in the river *Severn*, producing an inundation which invaded the country around, laying extensive portions of it under water. In one place it was observed that dogs, and cats, and hares, and rats, swam off for dear life, all in company, and congregated upon a small piece of ground the water had surrounded, but not covered. There they abode peaceably together, forgetting their natural antipathy to each other, as if aware of their common danger. Well, so it is now in Huddersfield. This revival is *inundating* the whole town; and sinners that fought like dogs and cats have laid aside their mutual antipathies in their struggles for dear life to some rising ground of common infidelity, which, God knows, is always low enough; but it affords them a slight chance of escape from this flood of salvation which is sweeping everything before it. And how peaceably they behave towards each other now, scowling only at the revival-flood, — agreeing to oppose the revival only, at all risks! But its waves rise higher and higher, undermining their positions, and one after another of them is swept off from his companions, cries

for mercy, is saved, is changed in nature, and landed safely, a new creature, on Immanuel's ground ! Glorious sight, to see one and another and another thus saved, and lifting up their hands in prayer for a like salvation to those they left behind !

Turn to the forty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel's prophecy, and you will find a revival *symbolized*. An angel of the Lord conducted the prophet to where the *symbolical waters* were issuing from under the temple of God ; where he measured them at the distance of one thousand feet, and the waters were ankle-deep ; a thousand feet more, and they were knee-deep ; one thousand more, to the loins ; another thousand, and they had become a river. To *wade* now was out of the question ; he that would pass over must swim or drown. But, mark ! Wherever the waters flowed, they *healed* ; — everything that moved in them became healthy and lived, where all was *death* !

The prophet saw the river of Gospel salvation, — such as has reached this town, and is inundating it. *Sinners* who are dead to God and to divine influence try to escape from it ; but it follows them, overthrows them, submerges them, — and in their submersion they pass from death unto life, — lands them on the Rock of Ages, new creatures in Christ Jesus !

These are facts. Were I to request it, *thirteen hundred saved sinners*, and more than *six hundred purified* believers, would stand upon their feet this instant, as witnesses to the fact, — all the saved of the Lord during the last twelve weeks ! Hallelujah !

2. And now, once again, "*Who hath ears to hear, let him hear,*" A man in Germany said that some ministers of Jesus are *storm-birds of misfortune to SINNERS* ; — meaning that if they were not converted under their minis-

try, sore and sure judgments are likely to befall them. I am not prepared to deny it. But this let me say, great *revivals* of religion are often *storm-birds* of misfortune to those who harden their hearts and refuse to be saved by them. It is likely to be so here. The "*storm-bird*" is passing and re-passing over. Beware of coming judgments.

If you will look into Ezekiel's vision of the *holy waters*, you will find that the *miry places and the marshes* thereof, which were not healed, were given to *salt*; they were *salted* by the just judgments of God. *He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.* He that is not salted by the Gospel, cured of his sinful maladies, and saved from his sins, may expect to be salted by judgments!

It is often said, "God is on the throne of grace now; by and by he will be on the throne of judgment." I think he is even now seated upon both. For, when a revival like this is in progression, God is *judging* those already who are refusing to be saved;—that is, he is judging them worthy of punishment, and in the act of passing sentence of coming *affliction* upon this and the other-resisting sinner; ay, *sorrows and death-penalties*. Remember what St. John says: "*There is a sin unto death, I do not say that he shall pray for it.*"—1 John 5: 16. Think of that, all ye who are shutting your eyes against superior light,—the illuminations of the Holy Ghost. Harken to the word of the Lord, by the prophet Micah: "*Hear, all ye people: hearken, O earth, and all that therein is: and let the Lord God be witness against you, the Lord from his holy temple.*"—Micah 1: 2. The *temple* of the Lord is the place of judgment now,—moved from Sinai to Zion. Thank God for that. Still, it is a place of judgment, and God himself is witness. O sinner, sinner, sinner! hear the

word of the Lord. Repent now, and be saved, before the sentence of our God goes out against thee.

That was a wise remark of one—hear him: “When I go to hear the word of the Lord preached, I go upon my *trial*; and, if I look not better to it, the word that I hear may procure me loss and damage, and much hurt. It may be a matter of my guilt, and sentence me to death.” Just and solemn reasoning that. What do you think of it, all ye who are yet halting between two opinions? Is there not just cause of alarm? We read that the *plague of Athens* followed a year of *unprecedented health*. A revival is a year of *spiritual health*, and is usually attended by the smiles of heaven, temporally as well as spiritually, coming down upon the region all around like sunshine. Those who do not receive soul-health have *bodily health*, that they may be able to attend to soul-health. But, if such a *help* is abused, then follows some plague or other. — Job 21: 23.

3. Again, let me cry aloud, “*Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.*” Remember the *Severn*, and the dogs, and cats, and rats, and hares! Wise animals those, when compared with some sinners among you. Self-preservation is the first law of nature in *brutes* as well as men. How instinctively disposed they are to get out of harm’s way! How well they can read the indications of the coming storm, and betake themselves to places of shelter! Dogs howl, and cattle low, before an *earthquake*. What does this revival indicate? Let the *sinner* consult his own *conscience*. There are *judgments* for abused mercies. That which may not be general, God can make individual. “*He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*” I once heard a *Presbyterian* minister in *Pittsfield*, Massachusetts, preach on this text: “For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.” One sentiment he uttered made a

deep impression upon my mind. "Eternity only can show how a SAVIOUR *freely offered* and deliberately rejected affects a man's condition in the eternal world." There is a terrible import about such a sentiment. But I would say, Even your *future in this life* can only show how a Saviour freely offered and deliberately rejected affects your condition. Sinner, what are you about? What do you propose? Is this revival to leave you *unsaved*? Is the harvest to pass, and the summer of salvation to end; and you not saved? Depend upon it, you may have a short autumn and a speedy winter, long nights and a dreary desolation! Be warned,—make timely preparation. Haste away from the "*windy storm and tempest.*" Delay not. The time is at hand.

"The hour of fate is hovering nigh,
 _____ the winds are still,
 But the cold waves swell high and heavily,
 And there is *danger* in them."

The fowls of the heavens in the North American climate know their time. They discern the signs of approaching winter. A few sunny days in "the Indian Summer" cannot deceive them. The lovelier the weather, the more *severe* that which is to follow. They act as if they believed so. Far to the north, their noise is immense,—great as we have in this revival. Why their noise? To gather in stragglers; to attract the attention of all their tribes, that not a wing may be left behind; to prepare for a flight to sunnier and more hospitable climes. Away they fly, at length, navigating the atmosphere;—never northward—that would be perdition,—*southward*! They know the true point of compass without compass or chart. God has taught it them,—the same God who teaches *your conscience*, sinner, the true point of the spiritual compass. Would to God

you were as willing to be guided by it as the fowls of heaven! But you are not. "Let that pass for the present. Away they haste from the northern storm, with its ice and its snows. Farmers in their fields behold them high in air, out of reach of gun-shot, moving on compactly, wing to wing, pointed like a ship, prow and stern. Now and then they alight upon some verdant tree-top, or settle down into some seedy dell by lake or river brink, for needful refreshments. Then up and away for the sunny south,— where they arrive, at length, minus of one or two or more of their number, which by *unwatchfulness* or *low-flying* became the prey of the fowler.

Now, mark! an early flight of birds southward in northern climes is a pretty sure indication of an early and severe winter. The Lord of birds and men tells them this by that which we call instinct. For Jesus hints that a *sparrow* cannot fall to the ground without the notice of their Creator and ours.

What is a revival of religion but a similar phenomenon among rational beings? The same God that prompts the *birds* to a flight from the coming storms and desolations of winter incites sinners to fly from the storms that must surely overtake the unbelieving and impenitent. There is a *moral* in Job 37: 6, 7, 8. But read Jeremiah 8: 7. There God speaks right out of the heavens, and, pointing to the fowls of the air, tells sinful men to look, learn, and be wise. "Yea, the STORK in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the TURTLE, and the CRANE, and the SWALLOW, observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord." O, what a tender, *com-plaining reproof* does our God convey by such an allusion! Sinner! will you *hear* and *regard* it?

4. Again let me cry out the words of Christ, your Lord

and mine. "Who hath ears to hear, let him hear." Think of the *birds* again. It sometimes happens, though not often, I believe, that stragglers are left behind. For a short time they enjoy themselves very well, picking up the leavings of the flocks that are gone,—never seeming aware of their error till winter is on them with savage brow, with all his ice-clad legions, when they perish, or drag out a pitiable existence till spring returns again.

But it is thus sinners perish, after neglecting the Spirit's call, and the good example of others. So true was that saying of one, long since passed into eternity, "Many will *fear* till they *feel*, nor think of danger till it becomes inevitable." O ye careless men and women, listen to me! Is it not bad to refuse to *fear* the wrath of God, till you *feel* it hopelessly? Is it not sad to refuse to *think* of peril, till you are involved in its calamities?

I suppose you have all heard or read of that dangerous *whirlpool* on the coast of Norway, called the Maelstrom. It is a perilous part of the sea for sailors—a whirlpool of an amazing sweep. It sometimes roars like a cataract, when there is a strong westerly wind. But, what is singular, its violence is said to be greatest in calm weather. Then the power of the vortex is tremendous. If a ship, during a calm, is heedlessly allowed to enter its dread circumference, and no wind springs up to aid her escape, she is sure to be swept round and round, till swallowed up and lost. O ye careless ones, listen to the following story, the sorrowful tale of a lost ship, and behold in it your own peril if you yield to the influences of hell around you!

There was fine weather along the coast of Norway,—a smiling sky and smooth seas. The captain and crew of a certain ship, having nothing to do, determined to enjoy it,—

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were in high spirits, and, to increase their hilarity, they resorted to the intoxicating bowl; all but the *pilot*, who seemed to be as fully aware of the peril as your own conscience, sinner,—for they were then not far from the sailors' dread, the *Maelstrom*.

But the captain and crew feared nothing. They commenced a merry dance on deck. The revel increased as they continued to drink.

"Come, dance around, my jolly boys!" said the captain. And away went the merry tars in continued circle around the deck, shouting till their lungs were spent. It was a drunken revel.

"Captain," said the sober pilot, who alone refused to join the jollification, "we must drop anchor at once. The wind has died away, and the ship has performed a quarter-circle within the last half-hour."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the captain. "Fill your glasses, my merry lads! Dance around, I say; the good old ship is keeping us company!"

The pilot rushed back, with a pale and concerned look, to note indications of the tale-telling compass. Presently he returned with a face livid from fear.

"Captain!" he cried, "for the love of Heaven drop anchor at once, till the wind springs up, for we have entered the *Maelstrom*. See with the glass. Yonder ship has cast anchor, and she is now making signals to us."

"Away, thou fool!" screamed the captain. "My lads, I'll give you a song." He began —

"Away, away with the brow of care!
The devil is blithesome and merry;
Odd boots it where, if there's pleasure there,
With plenty of champagne and sherry."

The pilot became frantic. No one volunteered to aid him in dropping anchor; it was a feat impossible for one to perform. Now a signal shot boomed from the other ship. A boat put forth with a line securing it to the vessel. The pilot ran to the heavy life-boat, but could not move it. In vain he called for aid. Still the dance and shout and song of revelry went on. Once again he flew to the compass, and in despair seized the useless helm,—for no wind filled the sails, and still the ship moved on the mysterious circle. For the last time he came to give the solemn warning to the now reclining captain and crew. He begged and prayed to them to heed their danger;—danger seemed to have a fascinating sound, and he was answered with a laugh. As they laughed, he wept, cautioned them with tears, and threw himself into the sea. With strong frame he swam through the fatal current towards the boat put forth to rescue, and reached it in safety. As long as line could be found in the anchored vessel, the boat continued its way toward the ship with the drunken crew. They came within hail, and called on them to save themselves. One or two, sobered by the sense of danger, threw themselves into the sea, and succeeded in reaching the boat; but the others became stupid. The line was at length exhausted. The ship could now be seen slowly moving on its narrow circle, yet those on board put forth no effort to their own preservation. It was a fearful sight. From the other vessel every eye was strained with an intense gaze. Rapid, hurried action was there. Still the line was extended, with every species of material that could be found for the purpose. Necessity became the inventor of hopes never heard of in ordinary emergency. It availed not to reach the vessel of the drunken crew. Without power to aid, those in the boat beheld them hastening on into a terrible grave, with the agony and excitement

each moment increasing. Still they waited. Night was coming on. Faster and faster grew the motion of the ship. At last the approaching shadows warned them to return. The fated ship was seen through the gloom continuing her circles with increased volition. Darkness came down, and cast a veil over the scene. When morning dawned the ship and the drunken crew had vanished forever from sight!

Hear me, O ye careless ones! We know of nothing that so vividly illustrates your infatuation as this. Why will ye die? Already are you performing those mysterious circles,—verging rapidly to the Maelstrom of hell! Sin, like the intoxicating cup, infatuates you. We have hoisted our signals. Again and again has the report of our solitary signal-gun boomed in your ears. We have approached within hailing distance. We offer you assistance. Zion's ship is waiting to receive you, anchored to the Rock of Ages. Jesus, our captain, bids you welcome. Some of your companions have taken the alarm, and abandoned you. They swam through the fatal current, and are safe. You all may do the same. We have exhausted our line. Your circles in the fatal influence are becoming narrower. We entreat you to *heed* your danger,—it is positively real. We repeat our entreaties. We sound a fresh alarm. The parting ray of salvation — perhaps the last one — is now falling upon your head. Let your *numbers* be lessened. Hinder not those who are ready to fly from perdition. *Necessity and hope* have been busy in inventing means for your rescue,—means never resorted to in ordinary emergency. Will nothing avail? Must you perish, for whom Jesus died? Shall neither tears nor earnest cries avail? Darkness is gathering around you fast. We may see you no more. God have mercy upon the *doomed* then! But

hear it heaven, and earth, and hell, angels, men and devils,
— they doom themselves! See, see, see! the doomed! the
doomed! the doomed! Farewell! Perhaps before morn-
ing trembles over our sky you may have disappeared under
skies of *blackness and darkness, for ever and ever!*

evils,
! the
morn-
ander

CHAPTER XXII.

ALARMING CRIES. — A SERMON.

"WHO hath ears to hear, let him hear." — Matt. 13 : 43.

What! the same text? Yes, the same text. There is much need for the cry it contains, as you shall hear.

1. *The sinners of this town never had a fairer gale for heaven.* Never had finer weather for the skies. It is sometimes said "it is a pity *fair weather* should do harm." But I would join with another in saying it is a thousand pities to see miserably-blinded sinners go into everlasting darkness by the light of the Gospel. Alas, alas! so it is. Lord Jesus, interpose! The people of this town never had a better chance to be saved. Never better aids to work out their salvation. *The Sun of Righteousness* seems now in his meridian glory over us. But there are days of darkness coming. Solomon says God has set the day of prosperity and the day of adversity, "*the one over against the other*," and so urges consideration. — Eccles. 7 : 14.

2. Again let me cry, "*Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.*" Mercy and judgment follow each other closely as winter follows summer and autumn, or night follows day, or death life. *Mercy rejected* is sure to draw some judgment after it. Forget not that sentiment I quoted last night. "Eternity only can show how a Saviour freely

offered and deliberately rejected affects a man's condition in the eternal world." To this let me add the remark of an ancient divine,—“He that sins against *double light* must expect *double damnation*. We sin against Divine Majesty when we violate the law; but when we disobey the commands of the Gospel, we sin against Divine Mercy. There is no hell like that of those men who sin against DOUBLE LIGHT.” Now, that is the sort of light which many of you are sinning against. Hear what another said upon this subject.—“If there was *justice* in the punishment of sin in olden times, that justice will be discharged in still brighter manifestation on him who, in the face of such an embassy as that of the Gospel, holds out in his determination to brave it. If it was a righteous thing in God to avenge every violation of his *law*, how clearly, how irresistibly righteous, will it appear on the great day of his wrath, when he takes vengeance upon those who have added to the violation of his law the rejection of his Gospel!” “What do you think of these sentiments? Do they touch your conscience? or awaken alarm? or deepen your convictions? Does not St. Paul speak of our Lord Jesus Christ coming in flaming fire, *to take vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ?*—2 Thess. 1 : 7, 8. If ever a man sins against *double light*, it is when he resists the truth, rejects the offers of mercy, and repels the Holy Spirit, during the outpouring of the Spirit in a revival. Nor is it too much to say he may expect double damnation. The *majesty* of God is sinned against in Sabbath-breaking, profane swearing, committing whoredom, perjury, idolatry, theft, and other violations of the moral law; but the mercy of God is sinned against peculiarly in a revival, for then it is in a peculiar manner that the Holy Spirit is applying to the soul the only rem-

edy. "In his offers and influence God may be regarded as collecting up all that is gracious and solemn in the vast economy of redemption, and coming to bring the whole, as far as you are concerned, to an issue;—as making his nearest and perhaps final approach to your spirit. As you value your eternal life, then, let there be no symptoms of *disinclination* to receive him,"—to repent, believe, and be saved. How do you feel? Is there any symptom of yielding gathering about your heart? Is it man's voice only that you are hearing? Or does the voice of Christ attend it? We have been speaking about *double light*,—law and Gospel. O for the *double voice* to-night,—the voice of God, with the voice of man! Speak, O thou Son of God, speak! and let not my voice alone reach the ear of that sinner over yonder!

3. Again I cry, "*Who hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*" Turn to Isaiah 61:2. There you will find that *the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of the vengeance of our God*, are united. Turn again to Malachi 4:1, 2, and what do you find? The rising of the *Sun of Righteousness* upon some, with healing in his wings, is closely united with a day that is to burn as an oven, when all the proud, and all that do wickedly, are as stubble;—the fire of the Lord of hosts burning them up, leaving them neither root nor branch. Look into Isaiah 81:9, and you will also find that if there is "*a fire in Zion*," there is also "*a furnace in Jerusalem*;"—the LORD'S FIRE of love, power and mercy, burns in the Zion of his church during a revival, awakening, converting, saving, warming, refining and purifying souls,—such a fire has our God kindled among you. But he that *has an ear to hear, let him hear*; nigh at hand, in our spiritual Jerusalem, the Lord has his *furnace* of affliction. If one *fire* fails; then

to the *furnace*, and very thankful should we all be that it is not the furnace of hell. Which do ye choose, O ye sinners in Zion? — for God is evidently giving you a *choice*, — *mercy's fire*, or *judgment's furnace*!

Turn to Rev. 15; and there you behold seven angels, having seven plagues, contained in seven symbolical vials. Hear me! This revival contains more than seven plagues for the ungodly!

A voice out of the temple commanded one of the angels to pour out his vial upon the earth, and sore bodily diseases fell upon sinners, — bad as *cholera*. The next angel poured out his vial upon the sea, and the men in abundance were soon buried in its depths, and blood was there to stain all the sea. Beware, O ye sinners of this sea-girt island! — Keep off the sea, or a storm may send you to the bottom, among the monsters of the deep, whose teeth may rend your bodies worse than the truth of God from this pulpit has torn your consciences!

Another angel poured out his vial upon the *rivers* and *fountains of waters*, and they became blood; — bodies dashed to pieces there stained all the crystal flood, while the angel of the Lord, in that dark hour of vengeance, cries, "*Thou art righteous, O Lord, which art, and wast, and shalt be, because thou hast judged thus.*"

The next angel poured out his vial, and there was a great *fire*, and men were scorched by it; and they blasphemed the name of God for permitting it. But they repented not, nor gave him glory that he had not cast them into hell-fire instead, — burned their souls instead of their goods. Ah! but I have known destructive inundations and terrible fires to follow revivals, and not one of them sanctified to the wicked; — appeared as if just sent to torment the Gospel-despising ungodly. Alas! they repented not, nor gave

God glory, but blasphemed him in the majesty of his terrible providences. O, what darkness and miseries, in both worlds, follow the despised and rejected light of the glorious Gospel of God our Saviour.

Another angel poured out his *vial*, and there was a great drouth. The *river* of commerce was dried up, and *unclean spirits* came up over the land. God can dry up your river, and waste your fountains, and exhaust your springs, and stop your *mills*, when it pleaseth him; or, what is equal to it, *cripple your trade*, lessen the number of your customers, exhaust demand for your fabrics, and bring distress upon the working-classes, and embarrass the affairs of *mill-owners* and *manufacturers*. He can make the heavens brass and the earth iron, and the land all round about powder and dust;—all, all that God has threatened in . . . 28, he can inflict upon Gospel-rejecting, Spirit-grieving sinners. The wise man of old deprecated poverty, lest he should be *poor and steal, and take the name of God in vain*.—Prov. 30: 8, 9. *Poverty* is the mother of prostitution;—may drive you to *uncleanness* for a living. *Unclean spirits* are often companions of poverty. Nine out of ten of those degraded creatures, “the worn-out nuisances of the public streets,” have been driven thus to infamy and ruin. Every large town in England is polluted with them. They spread disease and death among your unguarded youth, and send the *flying roll* of God’s curse and untold miseries into families. “*Who hath an ear to hear, let him hear*,” and beware how he treats the Gospel of Christ.

The seventh angel poured out *his* vial, and there were voices, and thunders, and lightnings, and an earthquake,—and judgments following judgments, as wave follows wave on ocean’s winding shores.

Let critics pause, and lay down the pencil. Save your-

selves the trouble, gentlemen. I am not *vain* enough to suppose I have hit, at last, upon the *right application* and *original intention* of those mysterious predictions in Rev. 15: 16. No, no! But where wise men, and great and learned men, have differed, the stranger may be allowed humbly to use them simply as illustrations. I have used them the more freely, as they belong to our dispensation; and no one is sure that they are yet *fulfilled*. Besides, they vividly illustrate the visions of my mind regarding what lies before the *impenitent* around us. Bear with me, then. I see awful miseries ahead of those who persist in abusing the offers of mercy brought to their doors by this great revival.

4. Again I cry, "*Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.*" Turn to Rev. 8: 5, 7, and you will find that the *coals of fire* which brought *judgments* upon the world were taken from off the *altar* by an angel's hand,—so closely connected with religion do the judgments of God appear. And what is a revival but religion in its glory? In proportion to the glory, look out for the *gloom* of providences and judgments upon this and that family or individual.

Examine Matt. 3: 11, 12, and you will find that the same *passage* which contains a promise of a *baptism of fire* and of the Holy Ghost to penitents and believers, contains also a terrible threatening against sinners and unbelievers, who are compared to *CHAFF*,—and the *chaff* is to be burned with *unquenchable fire*. "*Who hath an ear to hear, let him hear.*" God himself says his *WORD* is as *fire*, and as a *hammer* to break the rock in pieces.—Jer. 23: 29. Just so!—a *fire* to warm, melt down, and refine and mould the souls who submit to its heavenly, and searching, and transforming action. If not, it becomes a

fire unquenchable, to burn up the chaff, stubble and dross, of an unbelieving community. A hammer it is, to break down rocky hearts into repentance, contrition, regeneration, — as it is doing to multitudes around us at the present time. Otherwise, it becomes a hammer in the hand of Providence, to break down the estate, character, family, health, life ; — and, at length, hammers the body into the grave, and the soul into perdition !

Luther might well compare the *word of the Lord* rejected to a sword, a war, a destruction ! — falling upon the children of Ephraim like a *lion* in the forest. “*Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.*” The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the key that opens Paradise to every one who rightly uses it. But it becomes the key eventually to open the prison-doors of hell to every one who persists in abusing it ! Ay, and as one said, it rolls the heaviest stone upon the mouth of the pit that is bottomless !

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOD'S ADVERSARIES ADDRESSED.

THE reader will find some strong and spicy words in the following chapter. They were directed against those who fumed and raged against the work of God in Huddersfield, but are applicable to the same class of sinners in every place.

What God said to the serpent, Gen. 3: 15, "*And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed,*" is receiving some illustrations here;—for the enmity of the serpent's seed is unmistakable!

The old chemists, were they alive now, would be "taken all aback." They squandered wealth, talents, character and life itself, in search of the philosopher's stone, or the secret tincture that would turn base metal into gold. Matters are reversed now-a-days;—gold must be turned into base metal,—the servants of Christ into base hypocrites! How many around us are studying that infernal chemistry,—both in human character and in divine doctrine! The pure gold of the sanctuary under course of transmutation into brass, iron, clay, or something worse; the time of counting zealous Christians the off-scouring of all things has not yet passed away.—1 Cor. 4: 13. However, the thing is not done yet. They will find as hard a job of it as the old

chemists. Alas for them ! they are staking their all upon desperate ventures !

Some, despairing of success, have fallen to the work of *clipping* the names and characters of God's people. Failing in transmutation, they would lessen their weight,—rather unprofitable business, in the long run. Men have been severely punished for clipping the coin of the realm. Our God may yet punish some of you for clipping the current names of his servants. Your *aim* is plain,—to make them weigh lighter in public estimation. With some you may possibly succeed, even to their undoing. But you cannot, without our own fault, lessen us in Christ's balances. Clip on, then ; we shall try, through the merits of Him, to make full weight with our Master now, and in that day !

Your Master is ingenious. He steers you clear of legal troubles, by concealing the press from whence your missiles come. That suits his purpose now. It will not be so always. Your *dupes* may even sell your printed trash without the printer's name ; nay, sell a straw, and take a penny, and give these away ! The devil will leave some of you in the lurch, by and by. He has his eye on a *limbo* not fabulous ! — a *jail* is a matter-of-fact place, and so is a sick-bed, and a *death-bed*, and other hells on this side hell.

God will require it. *Dismember* our influence, and prevent us from doing good, and our God may, for the salvation of others, break all your bones, or your high spirits, or dismember your soul and body,—bone from bone in the grave,—SOUL from peace, from rest, from heaven,—in hell !

Proceed, if you dare ! God will see to it, and judge between us. If so, can it be well with you ? The *Emperor* of China said to Alexander the Great, "The heavens aid you, and I war not with the heavens." He averred that he learned that fact by consulting the stars. We send you not

to the stars, but to that one STAR,— “the only star that rose on time,”—the Holy Bible! There you will find evidence that the heavens aid us. Therefore, if you war with us, you war with the Bible; and, if you war with that, you war with Heaven, and evil will surely betide you.

Look around you, also! Converts to Jesus Christ are increasing as the stars of heaven. Behold these hundreds and hundreds of your hitherto wicked fellow-townsmen, new creatures in Christ Jesus. Who made them such? The Holy Ghost, against whom a certain sin is unpardonable. Let the Chinese consult the stars in favor of an Alexander. In the name of God, consult these new stars which now appear in beautiful order in the firmament of the church, shining resplendently as ever the stars did over China. What is their voice?

“In Reason’s ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine!”

In the mean time, we know how to follow Christ to *Calvary*, as well as to *Olivet*. The Methodists of H— can bear clipping, and be full weight still. They are read and known of the public, as well as of the Lord. They are not afraid of a sharp winter storm in their face, if need be;—their faith will be all the better for it. Hypocrites shrink from such weather, but not the true knights of Zion’s banner, whose motto is, “*All things work together for good to them who love God.*” True, we have some green timber that may possibly shrink in the seasoning; nor are the Demases yet totally extinct in Zion; neither are the Moseses, nor Calebs,—thank our God!—willing, if called to it, to suffer affliction with the people of God,—feeling well

able, by strength divine, to go forward over every Jordan-like difficulty and opposing foes, and possess the land.

That poor woman at the river, the other day, found her clothes would not bear rubbing, they were so rotten. But a servant, the other morning, found the more she rubbed the door-plate, the brighter it grew, and the more brilliantly did the owner's name shine upon it.

Well, there is just this difference between one class of religious folks and another. The rubbings of persecution try the *fabric* of Christians.

Hearken, all of you ! The *name* of Jesus is our tower and talisman. ETERNITY is our *watchword*,— the end of our toil, the *reimbursing* of our losses, the amender of our wrongs inflicted by men or devils. We can say, with a preacher over in Germany, yonder,— blessings on him ! — we are of the order of the *free knights of Zion's banner*, with the inscription on our shields, "*Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory.*" Our *watchword*, "*All things are ours ;*" and on our joyful lips and in our breasts the royal consciousness, "*If we live, we live unto the Lord ; and if we die, we die unto the Lord ; so whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.*" Therefore we are to be tranquil and joyful. That which is *opposed* to and leagued against us he will destroy for us. All that we have to do is to wave our colors and cry "*VICTORY.*" We occupy the position appointed for us. Would anything terrify us, we touch Him who sits by our side ; we whisper in his ear, "*Lord, take thy sword,*"— then are we *confident*, and wait the *deeds* of his arm. The field is unfailingly ours, with such a faith. We wait on the Lord, then, and the promise is we shall "*never be put to confusion.*" Threatening clouds may gather around us ; but our *harps* are attuned to as many thanksgiving psalms as there



are threatening clouds. *Eternal love* covers us with its pinions. We dwell in a fortress of divine protection; and were the world to be stricken to pieces, its *ruins* would only be permitted to form a protecting arch over our abodes. Were the fiery billows of the abyss to whirl themselves over the earth, they would find a barrier around us over which they could not dash and break. We are graven upon the palms of his hands who died for us. We have his ASSURANCES, his PROMISES, which often travel in strange paths. *Circumstances* would seem to contradict them. But still we pass through them. His assurances seem often submerged; but they rise again out of every threatening wave, showing upon them the stamp of eternal truth. Threads of circumstances and events pervade each other manifoldly, — they succeed each other wonderfully. The Lord's providence proceeds on in its quiet and stupendous march. It is not his *power* alone that is to be glorified, but his *faithfulness*, his wisdom, his favor, his mercy.

Opposition demands the exercise of the one; *danger*, that of the other; *intricacy* engages the third; *unworthiness*, the fourth; *oppression*, *distress* and *misery*, the fifth! The *diamond* is variously cut and polished; the more so, the richer will be the colors which the light of the sun reflects upon it when it shines.

Lord Byron tells us of a *thunder-storm* among the Alps,—the live thunder *reverberating* from crag to crag, and echoing from mountain to mountain, till the *Jura* mountains opposite returned the echoes :

“ And Jura answers, from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, which call to her aloud.”

From English shores and hills we echo back those sentiments of the German preacher calling to us aloud from the

ancient hills of Germany,—urging us, besides, to meet him in heaven, when we lose footing upon earth. Hallelujah!

You ask, “Why does God allow such and such things?” He *permits* them, but we cannot tell the *why*, any more than that he permits Satan to have a longer chain at one time than another, to annoy the church or individuals. That which is in man’s heart He permits him to work out in his evil practices. For, although I question Jerome’s sentiment, that the love of sin is worse than the commission of it, yet an affection for it may be so evil in the sight of the Lord, as to provoke him to withdraw restraining grace; then it flows out like water from a pond when a breach is made in the dam,—bursts forth in torrents,—and wickedness overspreads as if the mouth of the bottomless pit had opened.—Rev. 12.

Men may have *restraining grace*, and not *converting grace*. It may be said of some, as of our Lord’s disciples in the days of his visible presence among them; they had partial convictions of his glory and character, sufficient to show that “a new disturbing power was at work within them, which had not, as yet, acquired the dominion of principle and *conviction*.” Thus it is with vast numbers around us.

Man would be a very *devil* without grace. As that Italian lady, Catherine Adorna, remarked three centuries ago, that man, independently of the grace of God, is essentially a devil,—differing from fallen spirits chiefly in the circumstance of his having a material body. And equally true was that sentiment of Coleridge, that if man is not rising upwards to be an angel, he is sinking downwards to be a devil; he cannot stop at the beast; the most savage men are not beasts,—they are worse, a great deal worse. Exactly so; and when *carnality* is aroused beneath revival

artillery, we realize something of the sentiment;—even then we receive but a gentle hint what such would be but for restraining grace and civil law.

Ancient Christians had full proof of this. *They* realized what beasts, and packs of wolves, and roaring lions, and *véry devils* let loose, men were when unrestrained by grace and righteous laws.

A great seal once bore this emblem,—a *tiger* in chains, with this motto, “Let me loose, and you shall see what I am.” When Melancthon was terrified at the violence of the Papists, Luther wrote him that he greatly desired to visit him, were it only to see how *terrible the devils’ teeth looked* round about. Ay, those were the times, my brother, to see the devil’s teeth round about!—we only see his gums now! Protestant laws have nearly knocked all the teeth out of his head! The carnal mind swings pretty wide, even now; but, were restraints taken off, its oscillations would be tremendous. It is by this means one may form some idea of the horrible and terrific state of society in hell.

There are whirlwinds in nature, and there are whirlwinds of the Lord,—Jer. 23 : 19; and whirlwinds of Satan,—Job 1 : 19. There are whirlwinds from hell, and whirlwinds from heaven. *Puzzling* things are whirlwinds, whether from hell or heaven,—from nature or from nature’s Lord!—they turn upon their own axis, regardless of all other centres in the universe.

Jeremiah speaks of a whirlwind of the Lord that falls grievously upon the head of the wicked,—as all God’s judgments do, when they fall. When the *godly* are caught in them, every WHIRL is for good,—Rom. 8 : 28,—like the machinery in your mills, here; for, though the wheels move so contrary to each other, they are all working for the general good. Things the most *contrary-working* work for

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good. Rom. 8 : 22 and Psalms 37 : 4 are *sisters*. The one declares that *all things work together for good to them who love God*. The other says, "*Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thine heart.*" How simple, how cheap and easy, the conditions for such amazing and invaluable advantages! Now, there is some *law* attached to these sweet affections of *love and delight*, as reliable as any law of nature. But we shall better understand them when we arrive at the seat of all power in heaven. Till then, let us love Jesus our Lord, ~~and~~ delight ourselves in him, and he will grant us all our ~~desires~~ consistent with that state; — for when we love him thus, and delight in him, one desire is uppermost of all other desires, THAT HIS will may be done; — as Fenelon sweetly remarks, if there be anything capable of setting a soul in a large place, it is this absolute abandonment to the will of God; *it diffuses in the soul a peace which flows like a river, and a righteousness which is as the waves of the sea.* — Isaiah 48 : 18. If there be anything, he adds, that can render the soul *calm, dissipate its scruples* and dispel its fears, *sweeten its sufferings* by the anointing of *love*, impart strength to it in all its actions, and spread abroad the *joy of the Holy Spirit* in its countenance and words, it is THIS SIMPLE, FREE and CHILD-LIKE REPOSE IN THE ARMS OF GOD! Both of the above promises in Romans and Psalms have done me good in by-gone days, both in America and Europe, and they are good for the present time.

I was thinking, to-day, that the *opposition* gusts we encounter in our revival efforts resemble the WHIRLWIND that unrobed *Elijah*, — 2 Kings 2 : 11, — carried away his *mantle*, but placed himself in a chariot of fire! They sometimes carry away the mantle of one's good name, and

discompose the private feelings a little. What of that? — They lift the soul *into a chariot of fire*, — zeal for God, — to do battle against these lower elements of depravity, and raising one up, at length, Elijah-like, to the altitudes of love and joy, leaving the *mantle* to be looked after and taken care of by the Lord's *Elishas*. What *persecutions* the ancient Christians endured! Those *whirlwinds* not only *unrobed* them of their good names, and property, and all below, but their *bodies* also, — dropping *the mantle of the flesh*, as Elijah did his mantle, and ascended in the Lord's triumphal chariot to receive their crowns of martyrdom!

The Lord *permits* and *overrules*. These *blasts of contradiction* fan the flame of loyalty to Jesus in the hearts of believers. Why does the *blacksmith* allow his *bellows* to be blown so? Why, to make the fire burn and blaze up more intensely. I passed by a shop, the other day, and the smith was dashing black, filthy water on his fire, and with a brush too black and dirty for a *chimney-sweep* to use. Why did he do so? Did he extinguish his fire? No, indeed. An ignorant person might have so feared; — but not so, — it *burned* all the more intensely. The smith expected that. It is thus the Lord allows the devil's children to blow the *bellows* of persecution, and to *sprinkle his fires*. But they burn all the more intensely for it.

Jeremiah, we read, — Jer. 20 : 9, 10, — was assailed with the defaming of many on every side. "*Report, said they, and we will report it.*" Then said the prophet, in a *huff*, "*I will speak no more in his name.*" But that did not help the matter; the *derision* increased daily. The devil's servants kept blowing away at the old bellows, and throwing dirty water upon his character and motives. What next? Did this extinguish the fire of zeal and love in the prophet's heart? No, indeed. Listen: "But his

word was in mine heart AS A BURNING FIRE SHUT UP IN MY BONES, *and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay.*" What next? His words were as hammers, and as balls of fire,—he exclaiming, "*The Lord is with me as a mighty and terrible one.*" And God himself speaks out now to the encouraged prophet, saying, "*Is not my word like as a FIRE, and like a HAMMER that breaketh the rock in pieces?*"—Jer. 23: 29. Glory be to God! So it is now. *Fire and hammers* are going, and the rocks are breaking in pieces on every side of us. Hallelujah!

Bear this in mind. all of you who have ears to hear,—the offence of the cross has not ceased. St. Paul would have questioned his call to preach, had it been so under his ministry. Harken! Gal. 1: 10. — "*Or do I seek to please men? for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ.*" Some do preach so as to please men,—CARNAL PEOPLE,—so as to avoid persecution, and get their good word;— "*A very fine preacher, eloquent, learned and graceful, both in gesture and elocution; that is the preacher for me; he shall have my support, and all the money he wants; there is nothing too good or too much for such a man.*" Just so. Such instances are by no means rare in large towns and great cities, where such temptations are great.

But is it *the* GOSPEL that they preach? The thing seems scarcely possible, if preached as it ought to be preached. That is my opinion. We have seen it was *Paul's* also. Luther thought just so,—*spoke it right out.* In his commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians [which was delivered to his congregations extempore, and reported] I met with the following sentiment:— "*It is not the Gospel that is preached, if it be preached in peace.*"—Gal. 5: 11.

As long as the church teaches *the* Gospel, it must suffer persecution. It cannot but be that as long as the Gospel *flourishes* the CROSS and the OFFENCE thereof must needs follow it; or else truly the devil is not rightly *touched*, but slenderly *TICKLED*; but, if he be rightly *HIT*, he resteth not, and begins horribly to *rage*, and to raise up *trouble* everywhere."

These sentiments, I am well aware, will be very *unpalatable* when reported elsewhere,—to such preachers as Lord Byron mentions, who won more *hearts* than souls. We fear not; neither myself nor the *ministers* who stand by me here *fear*; only report me correctly, and we *fear* nothing. Do not, I pray you, neither, whisper in the ear of a certain great preacher, who is "*somewhat* in conference," — Gal. 2:6,—that I preach whole sermons without once naming the name of *Christ*, and then have it *echoed* all over the kingdom! Let the ocean forget to graduate its tides on England's shores; or the moon, in her season, forget to look at the sun and sway the ocean; — ~~let~~ the sun forget the moon or the earth; let the *star* forget its evening, or heaven forget its God,— ere I can so forget thee, O Jesus Christ, my Lord!

Once for all, let me tell you, you cannot stop this revival. It is quite out of your reach. At the beginning I do not say what you might or might not have done,— when we seemed to have little help from above. A small cord will hold a SHIP lying quietly in dock, and perhaps aground. But let her get fairly under weigh, and she would drag the mightiest anchor, or snap the cable that would violently stay her. The church of the living God is now in motion. Satan may assist you in writing epistles and twisting your *cables*, but none so strong as to stay her course.

Arrest to-morrow's rising sun, if you can; or stop the

earth in its motions; roll back the tides from your Ham-
ber, or end the ocean's throbbings in your Thames, sooner
than say to this work of God, Thus far shalt thou go and no
further, and here shall thy waves be stayed; — at least,
while we are faithful to the Gospel. *Oppose* it, and it may
sweep you from the earth; or, what would be better for
you, bear you as a trophy into the arms of Redeeming Love.

Your old river *Thames* rushes upon the sea as if he
would drive it out of his channel forever. But what be-
comes of the *Thames* when he leaves his intrenchments to
fight with the 'SEA? — "lost and undistinguishable in the
vast immensity of waves." I was present, some time since,
when old ocean and old *Thames* grappled, set on by a hur-
ricane, — and surely the commotion like to have sent our
Wilberforce steamer to the bottom; one or two fine ships
were dashed on shore; but the *Thames* had to "*knock-un-
der*" and disappear forever, just there. But such is human
opposition to the work of God, — to the tide of God's power,
and the hurricane-like influences of the Holy Spirit, when
that prayer of the church is being answered.

"Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That Faith and Love may make all one." *

Human nature may oppose for a little, but it must change,
assimilate, or perish. The former will be best for all you
who still remain in an attitude of defiance.

This is about all I have to say, just now. With *Christ*
within, the hope of glory in my soul, my heart lodged in
the *tree of life*, a cross on my shoulder, the sword of
truth in my hand, souls for my hire, and a *crown of glory*
for my reward, — through the alone merits of *Christ*, my

Lord, I advance for VICTORY, in defiance of earth and all the powers of hell!

"I have a SHIELD to quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back,—
Portrayed it be ~~as~~ a bleeding Lamb,
I dare believe in Jesus' name."

My shield is a double one,— Eph. 6,— "*the shield of faith.*" Ay, but a shield can protect on one side only at the same moment. But my soul has another shield. The Lord God is a shield to those who walk uprightly, says the Bible. I feel him to be such to me. And hearken to a verse in the fifth Psalm: "*For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favor wilt thou COMPASS him, as with a SHIELD.*" Wonderful shield that, which encompasses one all around! Satan would not honor it with the name of a shield, in Job's case, but called it a "*hedge.*" Any name you please, Satan; but it was high enough and strong enough, all round about Job, to keep thee out, till the Lord, for his glory, permitted thee to make a *gap* in it, and with little credit to thyself eventually. Amen.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MORE PENCILLINGS OF THE REVIVAL.

WE now resume our selections from the more personal portions of Mr. Catghey's journal.

Feb. 6.—INDIFFERENCE is gone from the public mind, and remembered only as chilly waters gone by;—gone, as the darkness of the night, or the clouds of the morning. Opposition and success are onward together. Be it so. I have not changed my preference between indifference and persecution. No,—willing to bear anything for success in soul-saving. But my *health* is giving way;—bad cough, and repeated attacks of hoarseness. But my soul rejoices, and is glad and lively in the Lord. When it goes *well* with me, I will praise him; and when *ill* with me, I will praise him. The *well* with me calls for thanksgiving, and the *ill*,—and, O, how little of that have I had from my Lord! But, while it magnifies his justice, it may insure my holiness.

Ever since the temperance meeting in the Philosophical Hall, I have been ailing,—inclining to hoarseness, cough and debility. Was not *prudent* in speaking on that occasion, or exposed myself to some chill in coming out of so warm an atmosphere. If this be a *rod* in my Lord's hand, O for a *hymn of praise* to fill my mouth, and *adoring love* to

fill my heart, with well-proportioned repentance and humiliation for the past! That was a sweet and seasonable remark of one, that God's spiritual plants, when they are cut and do bleed, drop thankfulness. Lord, let me be one of those plants; if I must endure cutting! He added, the *saints' tears* cannot drown their praises. Amen, my Lord. Was struck with what an old writer says about Job. He compares him to a musical instrument; whether the Lord smote him, or the devil struck him, or men, he sounded forth those sweet notes,—“*The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*”—Job 1: 21. A beautiful thought! No matter who strikes the notes of a well-tuned piano, it will give forth sweet sounds from

“The soul of music sleeping in its strings.”

Well, I have been sounding forth notes, lately, rather *warlike*, and *trumpet-like*, and *defiant*, against the devil and sinful men, to have much sweetness, I fear. O for more love! That is the grace which imparts a sort of melodious, melting softness to the sharpest and harshest truth; and it will pierce just as deep. There is music even in the *battle-trumpet*; but that does not take the edge off battle's sword. Love is a *burning* principle; a *hot iron* will pierce sooner and deeper than a cold one, even though it be blunter.

Feb. 7.—About *thirty* young people brought to God, the last few days. These, with others, and those saved at Buxton-road Chapel, make a noble company of young men and women, the trophies of divine grace,—more than *three hundred*, perhaps. The work is progressing signally in the Sabbath-schools, also. I should think as many as sixty children have tasted that the Lord is gracious. These latter have not been registered with adults, to avoid swelling num-

bers, and very properly, too; but they will be cared for, and trained for the church and heaven.

A poet might well compare such *young hearts* to playing fountains, flinging their bright, fresh feelings to the skies they love and strive to reach,—which I hope they will, by and by. They sing with *great sweetness and power*,—fine, intelligent children, and truly and intelligently alive to God.

Friday afternoon. — *Christ and peace*, says Fenelon, are undivided. So have I found it. My soul rests in the pure love of Jesus, although my poor body is sadly shaken. But my SOUL increases in health; reminds me of what St. Paul says about the *outward man perishing, while the inner man is renewed day by day*;—like the two laurels which it is said once grew at Rome, side by side, when one decayed the other flourished;—saw nothing of them there, — *fabulous*, perhaps, — *fact*, in my case, blessed be God! But the Gospel is not weak; no decline in its power, because it is "*the power of God*."—Rom. 1: 16. Scores and hundreds are falling under its power around us. Luther, I remember, used to say, "When a preacher so preaches that the word is not fruitless, but *effectual* in the hearts of the hearers; that is to say, when *faith, hope, love and patience* do follow,—then God gives his Spirit, and works *miracles* in the hearers." Well, bless the Lord, O my soul, miracle follows miracle here, as wave follows wave on ocean's sounding shore!

Feb. 8th. — Saturday morning. A great time on Holiness, last night;—many entered the land that flows with milk and honey.

Afternoon.— Out for a walk. What a blessing is rest of mind for a weak and wearied body! "*To you who are troubled rest with us*," says Paul; and again, "*There*

remaineth a rest for the people of God; for he that is entered into his rest hath ceased from his own works, as God did from his."—Heb. 4: 9, 10. "*Hath ceased from his OWN WORKS,*"—that is, looks no more with complacency upon them; has ceased to trust in them, to derive comfort, confidence, hope or life, by them; his life is hid henceforth with Christ, in God. To cease from working for, having a tide of life from Christ; and yet to work from an impulse of life within, as the stream must necessarily run, attached to a living, overflowing fountain. This is true Gospel liberty,—"*rest*" *γῆρανασις*, which may be rendered *tranquillity*; some give it in the word *recreation*. It is both, really and truly; but never found in mere *works*, however pure, exalted or multiplied; only in Christ:

"This all my hope, my only plea,
For me the Saviour died."

Faith in Christ, life from Christ, works from a living, active faith, flowing therefrom as water from a fountain, or sunshine from the sun; faith bearing good works, as the tree bears the apples; and love, kindled by Christ, and kept alive by him, nourishing the tree of faith that bears the rich fruit of good works. The soul, like the planets, beginning and ending, not changing place, but running still, —as some writer observes, motion at rest, and rest in motion; freedom, activity, repose,— "the initials of eternal rest!" —excursioning over the past, the present and the future, without tire, fret or uneasiness, because the soul centres in God, and reposes in his bosom by faith. "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1 John 4: 16. Jesus does make good that promise. "I will give you rest," or "I will REFRESH you." It is a refreshment, indeed. I enjoy this rest, both in possession and reversion,

—*promises* already fulfilled, and promises to be fulfilled ; no bonds or notes ever issued by man *surer*. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." What an *estate* ! what a *mine* of wealth in that one promise ! O, it is sweet to live a poor *recumbent* by acts of faith and *affiance*, till this and that have their fulfillment !

Monday, A. M. Feb. 10. — The *atonement of Jesus* ! — a glorious Sabbath theme. It is the *corner-stone* of *revelation* ; ay, and of every penitent sinner's hope. It stands close to the *faith* that *justifies* the soul ; is *inseparable* from it. Luther's remark had a fine illustration in the salvation of many,—that justification by faith is a *bright sunbeam* coming down from heaven, to lighten, direct and guide ; that, as all the *world*, with its wisdom and power, is unable to stop or turn away the *beams* of the sun from coming down from heaven to the *earth*, so neither can it hinder the *bright sunbeams* of justifying faith to enter and renovate the believing soul ; that the doctrine of faith is like a *sunbeam* in this, that nothing can be added to or taken from it, without an utter *being*, or overthrowing of the whole. This he said in reference to the efforts of the Roman Catholics to *deface* or destroy the doctrine of justification by faith alone, by an intermixture of *the merit of works*.

O, there were scores and scores realized the beauty and truthfulness of the sentiment ; for the *beam* of faith did penetrate their benighted hearts ; nor could earth or hell prevent its force-intensity, renovating power, creating a summer feeling, a paradise in hearts hitherto as dreary as the *icy regions* around the poles. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. 5 : 1. Glorious words ! worthy of being written in letters of gold ! — the only means of

becoming a Christian, and the *best definition* of a Christian !

The crowning act of *human wickedness* was the *crucifixion* of the *innocent Saviour* of the world. The *permission* of it was the crowning act of divine mercy to the world. And that which crowns the whole is *justification by faith* alone, without the merit of works ; and the first crowning proof of it, the conversion of the dying thief upon the cross. This three-fold climax has a fine effect upon an audience,—comes down upon disconsolate penitents like a burst of sunshine from the skies. Who could doubt the power of Jesus, and of *faith* in him, when beholding that dying malefactor receiving pardon at the very mouth of hell, and a *passport* for Paradise when the devil was all but sure of his prey ? If this worst specimen of humanity was saved, surely none need despair !

But what a *crowning act* of human wickedness, in the Roman Catholics, when they blotted out of their creed this doctrine of justification by faith !

An awful time on the *General Judgment* at night,—that great day, which many hope will never come ; — and well would it be for them were it so. But multitudes, believing it will come, are getting ready for it.

Had free and ready access to the *scenical imagery* of our Lord and his apostles. No language equal to theirs when one wants to invest that day with the pomp, *attractiveness* and terrible grandeur, which belong to it. "*Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him : and all nations shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen.*" Rev. 1: 7 opens up a wide vista of contemplation, and enables one to draw largely on *domestic feelings and sympathies* ; — those *separations* occurring then, lasting as eternity, sound to

the depths of paternal, maternal and filial hearts;—the sentiment of *approval* for one portion of a family, and of condemnation to another; the *parting scenes*; “*these never again to weep,—these never again to smile;*” the father and mother ascending to regions of eternal joy, and all hopes of safety or delay of damnation, to children left behind, forever departing with them! O, there are elements of thought, just here, sufficient to break down and melt very hard hearts!

But, when one comes to describe the coming in the clouds of heaven, and every eye beholding, *tears cease*. Why should *sublimity of description* have the same effect upon the eyes of an audience that cold weather or dry weather has upon the streams? The waters disappear, and the streams forget to flow; so, I have noticed, the domestic sympathies would be an antidote, hard to carry them so high; they are like clouds,—cannot rise above a certain height in such sublimities, perhaps;—“*all things are possible with God;*”—must make this a matter of prayer and thoughtfulness. However, *conviction* for sin may be just as deep and penetrating as if tears flowed,—more so, perhaps, and more painful, and impressions more lasting. But I like to see the *tears* flow;—*could not be put to a better use* than to weep for sin, or weep over our Desire and Hope,—Jesus, my Love, my Life, my All!

Nor is it easy to climb those *sublimities* to which the text invites; to where a fine writer would lead the daring thought,—to where “the VAST PROCESSION is sailing on the bosom of the troubled air, filling the concave of the sky, and *flanked* with the thunder-clouds of wrath, and opening its front on an astonished world!” There is wanted, just here, in one’s soul, a combination of *natural and supernatural power*. Philosophers speak of the “*dew-point,*”

— that precise state of the atmosphere essential to the formation of *dew*. So the mind needs a DEW-POINT,—a certain *divine temperature*, a stand-point, a position of power, a *point d'appui*, as a Frenchman would say ; — a point of *support*, a coalition of the divine and human ; the spiritual and intellectual and physical giving a *rallying-point* and a base of strength, where *ideas* rally and form like troops on a battle-field, condense into *language*, *file off* from the lips in squadrons of *fit words*, to do battle for the King of kings and Lord of lords !

Well, after all due preparation, I did attempt the sublime, with a single eye and pure intention. The Lord enabled me to take sure footing,—not, indeed, upon the sublimities of airy speculations, upon which *sinners* are not unwilling to gaze, nor where the Lord would not walk with me. No ; but high amid the *strong-holds* and “mountainous fastnesses” of Jesus Christ, and his apostles ; I found them like the *tower of David*, where are hung a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men !—Cant. 4 : 4. And the Lord enabled me to lay them about me,—not as one beating the air, but upon the souls of the people,—scores and scores of whom were the slain and the saved of the Lord,—husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, all knocking at Mercy’s door, and none of them rejected.

CHAPTER XXV.

NOTES OF THE HUDDERSFIELD REVIVAL, CONTINUED.

THE following chapter continues the record of the great revival in Huddersfield, which is interspersed, after Mr. Caughey's manner, with meditations, reflections and suggestions, which cannot but be profitable to candid and spiritual readers. *One thousand* souls had found Christ at the date at which this chapter commences.

Feb. 11.—What a glorious work of God among the young people, many of whom were saved on Sabbath and last night!—Not the world's leavings! not Satan's remnants, depreciated by his iniquitous clippings! No. Dry-goods merchants have what they call remnants,—ends of webs, leavings of whole pieces,—sold cheaper than the rest. OLD *sinners* are but remnants of their former selves. Numbers of such saved, but the devil had nearly used them up, body and soul. But these young souls, from seventeen years to twenty-five old,—fresh, vigorous, beginning their day's work for eternity in the prime of life's morning. O how much good they may accomplish, if faithful, before they enter their rest above! Mr. Wesley used to say he loved and venerated a young man, because of the good he would be doing in the world when he was sleeping in the dust.

Feb. 15, Saturday morning. — The work advances with amazing swiftness and energy. To look around and see one hundred new faces in the audience, saved within a few days past, many of whom are heads of families, melts the heart and the eyes. "The trembling gates of hell" seem to be shaken. *The strength of the mighty is given to those who turn the battle to the gate.* — Isaiah 28 : 6. Our troops seem as fresh, when they "*stack their arms*" for the night, as in the beginning of the fight. Abraham had his "*trained servants*," or soldiers, — Gen. 14 : 14, — born in his own house, *three hundred and eighteen of them*; with them he obtained a great victory, and returned from the slaughter of Chedorlaomer, and brought back the souls and the goods he and his army had carried away captives. The Romans also had their *Fabricii*, — brave warriors of a high order, who graced their battle-field, and who had never learned to spell the word *retreat*! Well, Methodism has in Huddersfield her trained soldiers, born within her ramparts, who never fail, in their encounters with the old *Chedorlaomer* of hell, to come off victorious, bringing all the souls back with them for which they fought, and which he had led into captivity; — the brave *Fabricii*, who are determined never to spell, define nor illustrate, *retreat*! Amen.

Monday, Feb. 17. — *Faithfulness* and *tenderness* in preaching yesterday; — *truth* and *sympathy*. O, may my preaching never be wanting in either! They are the life and soul of an effective ministry; *truth colonizes truth*, and *sympathy begets sympathy*, — as love begets love; and fair PERSUASION becomes what the ancients assigned to eloquence, *queen-regent* of the affections.

This seems a gift of grace. I have no power to *persuade* sometimes, but my words are light and uninfluential

as *floating feathers*. It was not so yesterday. My soul was filled with God. Persuasion, with sympathy, as a gushing, overflowing tide, *passed over, reaching even to the neck, filling the breadth of thy land, O Immanuel*,—Isaiah 8 : 8,—not, indeed, with the desolating rush of the Assyrian, but refreshing and fertilizing as *the waters of Shiloah, that go softly*.—Isaiah 8 : 6. There were few eyes that refused the waters, few hearts that did not feel; hearts bowed unused to bow, and eyes wept not apt to weep,—*willing tears*, as if they would not part with them “for all the smiles that dance about the cheek of mirth.” How tears do follow some appeals to the natural affections,—as water followed the rod of Moses! Hallelujah! A sweet sight! The seal of truth stamps deeply through tears, and

“The rainbow tints are only made,
When on the waters they are laid!”

That was a sweet text for all this,—Psalm 103 : 23, 14,—“*Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him : for he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust.*” *Fathers ! mothers !* How the sentiment moved them,—that all the parental tenderness that has ever existed in the bosom of parents towards their offspring, from the days of Adam till now, is but as a drop to the ocean, when compared with the tenderness of God towards those who truly FEAR him, and who are in any sore trouble.

Brothers, sisters, children! How sweet to watch the effects of those words of Jesus,—“*Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto*

your children, how much more shall you, Father, who are in heaven give good things to them, that ask him?"

Matt. 7: 9, 10, 11; — followed up with Dr. Chalmers' fine comment, that Jesus presents God the Father, stepping forward from the dark recesses of his greatness, to tell us that amidst all the darkness and mystery that enshrouds the *how* and *where* of his existence, as well as providential dealings, [he cannot call up the exact words of the doctor] he has the feeling of a parent still. We are thrown back upon the days of our childhood, and when we call to mind all the tenderness and solicitude of our parents, we are brought to know what is in God our Father. He steps forward amid all the awe which the consciousness of his greatness cannot fail to inspire; and, instead of a master at the head of his servants, he reveals himself as a parent in the midst of his family. How could he do this better than by reminding us of those who stood by us in our infancy, who protected us from danger, and who cared for our wants? He lets himself down to the level of our understanding, takes hold of that good that has survived the ruin of the fall, and tells us that there is a parental tenderness in God our Father, even surpassing what is found in an earthly parent.

Such sentiment, however, should be guarded better than my introduction of yesterday; though I spoke some sharp things regarding the *devil* having *children*, as well as God. — John 8: 44. 1 John 3: 10. — But the question whether any of the *wasps* sucked poison out of that domestic flower; or, if they did, they received an antidote at night that may serve.

And the little ones of this world; and the hidden ones; and the faint and weary ones, who have felt their heavenly Father's *rod* and *discipline*; — there was something for

them. And many a pale and care-worn face brightened at the illustration of the emotions of that American father whose son had gone to a far-distant land, had been sick, long sick, and all his money spent: "but we have sent him *funds*, and we expect him home." The Lord sending his poor, afflicted ones *funds*,—peace, love, joy and providential succor,—and expecting them home to heaven before long, was almost too much for some of them to bear. O, how it does delight my soul to see a poor saint happy,

"Over all the ills of life victorious!"

Some one has said, "Tears are God's rivers for carrying away our troubles." If so, a good deal of trouble floated off yesterday.

That *incident* touches a fine chord,—of a *father* sitting in his study, and deeply moved with the cries of his child below, under *chastisement*; could hardly bear it, till a whisper reached his ear, that it was maternal correction. His heart was instantly at rest, saying, "*It is the mother*; she cannot be unkind, or cause her darling and mine a needless tear." That other anecdote of a father who, if he heard his favorite boy cry for "father," waited to see whether some plaything, or cordial or other, from some family hand, would *satisfy* the child; but when all failed, and nothing would satisfy but his presence, he ran to it directly. So does our Heavenly Father, when nothing will suffice the soul but his presence and his blessing.

A host of sinners saved yesterday, old and young;—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands, and wives. Glory to God in the highest!

Feb. 22, Saturday evening.—A week of salvation; but fatigued with hoarseness,—a feeble pulpit effort and suc-

cess; but the work goes on. The *Lord* reigneth. In *self*, all weakness; in Christ, all strength. "Naked faith is the death of nature," says some old writer, "because it leaves it no support; when we are convinced that all is lost, that very conviction is the evidence that all is gained." This is that *faith*, that, with a broken voice and feeble body, and weak in soul besides, *believes* what God has promised,—that he *will make a worm thrash a mountain, and beat the hills to chaff*. How unlikely an instrument for all this! Had he promised a tornado, or a thunderbolt, or such elements as played around Elijah upon Horeb, which *rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord*, there would be no difficulty. But for a "*worm*" to do so and so, — hush, Unbelief! down, Reason! — Faith, loving, naked Faith, speak out! It does speak within my soul, and saith, "A *worm*, in the hands of an omnipotent God, is as effective, any hour he pleaseth, as tornadoes or thunderbolts." Amen! Hallelujah! That *worm* is my poor *spirit*, that clings to the arm that moves the world.

Took dinner to-day with an agreeable company, at the mansion of Mr. Swain, a few miles from Huddersfield. After dinner we visited the tomb of that celebrated outlaw, Robin Hood, close by, on the neighboring heights, from which there is a very fine prospect.

Feb. 24, Monday morning. — Yesterday I preached at Buxton-road Chapel in the morning. I was *extremely hoarse*, but gathered strength towards the close. At night, to an immense crowd in Queen-street Chapel; text, Rev. 20 : 11, 13. *Ninety* saved, afternoon and night.

Last Friday evening, 21st, rode to Holmfirth, and preached on Heb. 7 : 25; chapel crammed, aisles and all. The Lord saved twenty-six souls, some seven or eight of whom were cases of sanctification, the remainder justifica-

tion. My soul enjoys deep quiet and rest, but voice quite giving way,—and more than voice, I fear. "*Spare me, O Lord!*" is the cry of my heart. *Prudence* cries, "*Spare thyself!*" Hard to do so midst scenes like these. Every God-called preacher has usually some great *harvest-time* in his ministry. This is *mine*, and I want to improve it to the uttermost, not knowing how long it may last. "*The night cometh when no man can work,*" is the hint of Him who called me!

March 8d/ Monday morning.—Yesterday, *Dr. Beaumont* preached in Queen-street Chapel in the morning, and at Buxton Road at night; while I preached at Buxton in the morning, and at Queen-street at night. Our sermons were in behalf of "*The Trust Fund.*" But precious little about "*funds*" were in any of the sermons. "*The unsearchable riches of Christ*" had far more attractions than all the gold and silver in H——. However, we succeeded very well; the collections amounting to £246,—over twelve hundred dollars.

My acquaintance with the doctor commenced in Liverpool, October, 1848, where, during four or five months, we had *thirteen hundred* sinners converted, and *four hundred* believers purified. Since that time he has been warm, unflinching friend, both in Conference and out. He is a noble mind, and an eloquent preacher. Have not had the pleasure of hearing him over twice or thrice. Heard him in *Hull*, a few months since. A rich and beautiful discourse,—"*apples of gold in pictures of silver;*" masses of sterling thought, like ingots of gold; his sentences texts for common preachers,—yet simple and easy of comprehension, full of beauty and power.

"His words bore sterling weight; nervous and strong.
In manly tides of sense they rolled along."

He used a fine figure on the stability of the Christian's peace. "You cannot touch the deep foundations of the *Christian's peace*. When the winds are up and raving loudly, you see the trees torn up by the roots, the *waves of the sea boiling*, and ships dashed to pieces upon their surges. You are, perhaps, inclined to say, How tempestuous it must be, a thousand fathoms down! Ah! the winds have never reached those waves,—there all is peace. There is a large mass of waters the wind cannot reach,—it is all on the surface. And so let wealth depart, let political influence decline, death come,—let all the winds from hell be unloosed,—you cannot touch the deep foundations of the *Christian's PEACE*. You have only seen the surface; in the deep within all is *peace, peace*." Equally so was his figure illustrative of the mysterious destiny of the soul after it leaves the body. "All that we know is, that the soul *never dies*. Like a mighty river, the track of which you cannot follow from region to region, and from soil to soil, but which at last, bewildered, you lose, by the river entering a deep and embowered wood—you can follow it no further. The wood is so thick, the forest is so dense, you cannot go after it; but you hear it dashing on by the furiousness of its roar. So is it with the human soul. You cannot follow it after death, but you know, by the intimations that reach you, that it is *immortal*." And, on another occasion: "I know that it is in the order of nature for parents to teach their children; but I know that it is an order that the God of nature and grace often smiles upon and blesses, for the children to teach their parents. I do not mind how the matter goes on, so that it goes on. It is with this as it is with the *dew*; some say that the dew falls down,—that it comes from the sky; but, according to the most recondite philosophers, dew rises up from the earth; it

ascends, but does not descend. I do not care whether it is down or up, or up or down, or both, so that it does but come, and enough of it to refresh all the waste places of the earth. So with regard to *knowledge*. I do not care which way it is; whether it goes from the parents to the children, or from the children to the parents, or both ways—any way, every way—the more the better!" He is exceedingly happy in his choice of *words*, which come, like nimble servants, at his bidding. His power of iteration, or repetition, struck me as singularly unique,—piling sentence upon sentence, expression upon expression, word upon word, syllable upon syllable, epithet upon epithet, and all to glorify some *noun* or other, and that noun illustrative of something higher and nobler. There is something in it like *comparative tautology*, it is true,—the same meaning in different words,—therefore hazardous in a speaker. But not so with Dr. B. — To the *hearer* there is no *needless repetition*; he would not have a single word absent,—wishes him to go on *piling*! — for he feels the "main thought," — the thought of thoughts sinking deeper and deeper into his heart! It is like the repeated strokes of a hammer upon the same nail. Thus, in illustrating the *pain* endured by our Redeemer when the nails penetrated his *hands*; that, as it is by the *nerves* we have the sensation of pain, and, as a *tissue* of them meet in the hand, the rending nail must have produced pain the most excruciating. The power of the *nerves*, then, to cause *pain*, was his idea; upon which he observed: "The *nerves* are the centres of feeling, the rivers of feeling, the canals of feeling, the railroads of feeling, the telegraphs of feeling. But the source of feeling is more remarkably placed in the hand; there are bundles of nerves, families of nerves, congregations of nerves." What one said of a famous English orator and statesman, is truly applica-

ble to Dr. Beaumont,—for he does possess all that *masculine vigor, and full-grown robustness of mind, with an equally diffused intellectual wealth*. In private intercourse, you see nothing of the great man; but the social, humble, unassuming Christian friend, happy himself, and making everybody else easy and happy around him. God ever bless *Dr. Joseph E. Beaumont!* Blessed be the Lord! he has given us a good Sabbath, if we never spend another together in the same town, till we meet in the Jerusalem which is above. The Lord smiled upon our united labors, and gave us seventy souls converted, and *forty* sanctified. All glory be to the high and lofty *One* who inhabiteth eternity! Amen.

March 4th.—I omitted to note that last week I preached two sermons to the youth of the town. A great gathering of them, and the power of our God was present among them; many were saved,—from seventeen years of age, to twenty and twenty-five. May this young, warm, soft and tender wax, receive the fairest impression the Gospel seal can imprint! These opening flowers must be very precious to Jesus,—“*saints in the bud*,” as one called them;—the *almond-trees* of prophetic vision; the *hastening tree*, the *early blossoming tree*, the *first awake*, when all the other trees are locked in repose of winter; the first in *bloom* of all in the eastern forests; covered with blossoms in *January*, while all others are budless; and bearing *fruit* in *March*, when other trees are but just beginning to bud. Perhaps this was the reason why the Lord selected this tree as a symbol in prophecy, because of its early nature, indicating speedy fulfilment. “Jeremiah, what seest thou?” “*I see a rod of an almond-tree*,” replied the prophet. Then the Lord said, “*Thou hast well seen: for I will hasten my word to perform it.*”—Jer. 1: 11, 12. God

has a work to perform by these youth; these early blossoms of piety indicate a speedy accomplishment. May his purposes concerning them never be frustrated!

But Jeremiah only saw the *rod* of an almond-tree; as if God, according to some, intended the speedy infliction of those judgments he was about to announce to the prophet. The Lord has long waited for the repentance of some old sinners in this town, and waited in vain. Alas! but these young people, like the almond-rod symbol, may indicate the speedy going forth of that sentence, "Cut them down; why cumber they the ground?" Must speak out on this, trumpet-toned. The Lord is giving the middle-aged and the aged a loud and significant call.

March 7th. — A few nights since we had a stirring scene in Queen-street Chapel. My theme was *restless Jacob*. — Gen. 32: 26. Arriving at that point where the angel asked Jacob, "What is thy name?" and Jacob's reply, and its signification, — deceiver, the supplanter, — felt a sudden impulse to be *personal*, and described a couple of characters, greatly crossed by providence with many sorrows, and conflicts, and battles with life's difficulties, and the why and the wherefore, — had not been faithful to the grace of God, and his light upon their consciences; said many things which I cannot recall, for all was unpremeditated. But *power* was upon me. Features of characters were before me. Words, like paint, were given, touched and re-touched, till the likenesses were complete; felt like a painter who has done his best, and lays down the brush! And now came the dread call for the originals! Bold and daring man! Amidst a tempest of emotion, I cried out, "Stand up upon your feet!" Instantly, uprose a man. "Now the woman! — where is the woman?" "*Here she is!*" cried a voice from the congregation. *There she*

stood! both of them, now, trembling with emotion. I addressed them a little, and made a fresh appeal. Others arose,—*their features* also had appeared in the pictures! The congregation was taken by surprise. We went to prayer, and about a dozen of souls were saved.

After prayer-meeting, a middle-aged man solicited an interview; said he had found peace some time since; that one night I had drawn his picture so complete, there was no mistaking it; that I declared it as my faith, I should yet hold the original by the hand. "Now, sir, has any one else owned up to that picture?" No. "Well, sir, I am the man." He was happy in God.

Old Humphrey says, "When we want an *arrow* to go right home, there is nothing like taking a single aim. This is what a good friend of mine calls using a *rifle-barrel* instead of a scattering blunderbuss!" I have often found it so in preaching. "*A single aim*" is surer to bring down a *soul*, than a *scattering, indirect, aimless discourse*. Many hear the voice of *man only* in the Gospel, but some the voice of God; then it is the *power of God* unto salvation. It comes *direct* then, as to fallen Adam in the garden,—"*Adam, where art thou?*"—and wakes the dead. When Saul of Tarsus was struck down on his way to Damascus, the men who were with him saw the light, and heard a voice,—perhaps a *thunder* only,—no more; they distinguished not the words. Saul did. The *articulate* voice was for his ear alone. He understood it. They did not. There was a voice within a voice, so to speak,—"*a still, small voice*," may be, such as *Elijah* heard in Horeb.—1 Kings 19: 11, 12. Saul both saw and heard Jesus. His *mind* had a *new* era from that hour. There is something of this in every awakening under the Gospel. So Paul reminds those converted under his ministry of this.

"For this cause also we thank God without ceasing, because when ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it NOT AS THE WORD OF MEN, but, as it is in truth, THE WORD OF GOD, which effectually worketh also in you that believe."—1 Thess. 2:13. Illustrations of this have been remarkably numerous in Huddersfield during this revival.

The hand of God finds that within man which vibrated to his touch, which echoes to his voice,—CONSCIENCE. Then, and not till then, is the *truth* of God heard *savingly* above the clamor of the passions; nor can the most discordant of them drown it at such a time. Conscience is a singular faculty. In some it strains at a gnat and swallows a camel. In one, scrupulous and garrulous; in another, silent when it should speak like thunder. Quiet and asleep under the most alarming pulpit artillery; at other seasons, under the same, it is trumpet-tongued. *Supernatural influence* may explain the phenomena. The fact proves its necessity.

Ambrose, I remember, remarks that when the voice of Jesus Christ is effectual, it usually singles a man out; the voice of the minister is indeed heard, but the voice of Christ speaks the word directly to the heart, with a marvellous kind of majesty and glory stamped upon it, and shining in it.

However, it is something of a *crass* to preach this. It looks *wild* and *imaginary*,—out of the common order of preaching. People do not know what to make of it. Subjects one to severe criticism; forfeits the good esteem of the cool, prudent, judicious,—whose friendship and confidence one is unwilling to lose.

But why is it people do not understand? There are variations in divine influence, as in the temperature of the weather, or changes in the wind. These things, in nature, have their law and their principle; not left to *fickleness*

and chance, as some suppose. We are yet children in the mysteries of nature; too much so in the mysteries of grace and the influences of the Spirit. St. Paul tells us there are *diversities of gifts, differences of administrations, and diversities of operations*,—all by the same Spirit, Lord and God;—assuring us, at the same time, that *the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal*.—1 Cor. 12 : 4, 11. Such hints as these should lead Christians to expect startling variations in the Spirit's economy. But they do not discern them when they come, but impute them to human eccentricities. It is because they are not expected, or not credited, that they are not more frequently manifested. The Holy Spirit is grieved, and will not be *despised*; is unwilling, besides, to give Satan an advantage to tempt the church to sin thus against divine influences.

Ministers are often afraid to yield to the heavenly influence when it comes, and keep straight along in the line they had previously chalked out, plodding along it, perhaps, with very little aid. The Spirit desired them to *diverge*, to convey messages of thought to this and that individual. But no; "that would appear eccentric; would excite criticism; be offensive; displease; lessen my congregation hereafter; embarrass my mind; spoil my sermon; unable, perhaps, to take up the thread of my discourse:—I have little enough time, besides, for what I intended to say." Thus the will of the preacher closes the door against the Spirit. "What I have to say is truth," he soliloquizes; "why may not the Spirit bless this?" It is truth, doubtless, but, as Hushai said to Absalom, "*The counsel that Ahithophel hath given is not good at this time.*" So the counsel that the study has given, or that the manuscript gives, is not good at this time; the counsel of the Holy Spirit is better. I

have often been *tried* upon this point, but of late years the Spirit of God has had free course to do just what he pleases with me in the pulpit. Study counsel or private manuscripts,—fling all to the winds at the bidding of the Holy Spirit of God in my soul! I have been reproached by attached friends for doing so; —“You did injustice to your talent; your esteemed friends were disappointed and grieved, — not on their own account, because they know you, but on account of those they had invited to hear you, and who could neither understand nor appreciate you, and were offended,—wondered at those who had invited them.” Ah! such friends, however dear and well-meaning, are *perilous* to a preacher. O, how painful it is to grieve and disappoint them! But it must be done, if the preacher would not bring a blight upon his ministry. Better grieve a thousand such, a thousand times over, than grieve the Holy Spirit once to please them. It may require *months* to regain what has been lost in a single hour.

The Frenchman said truly, “*C’est des difficultés que naissent les miracles!*”—*difficulties create or give birth to miracles.* It was so with me on the night in question. My soul was shut up to this; something was wanting; was left to beat the air with *idle words*, so to speak,—“*good as idle,*” accomplishing nothing; voice empty sound; soul vacant of *unction*, or *divine power*,—like a *ship*, though not exactly aground, yet quite out of wind and tide, and sails flapping idly to and fro;—thus till the characters started into life before my spiritual vision. My heart stirred, warmed, yearned, yielded to the intimation. Language came in torrents, with power, and intense ardor, and softening tenderness, and thrilling illustration. My soul was like a ship just entered the trade-winds, all sails set, with a prosperous breeze; or, to alter the figure, like a

hunter wearied in the chase, when he sees the *game* anew, and at hand, falters not to pursue, nor to fire when within range of his shot.

Difficulties had made me willing to seize upon any advantage; miracles of mercy ensued. To God belonged all the glory, for my soul was humbled in the dust before God and man. Jesus was victorious and glorified; but I sought for a place to hide my poor head. Amen, my Lord! So let it ever be. Amen!

Christians should be taught to understand. A *confidence* in them, thus, would give a mighty advantage to a Holy Ghost preacher. He could then preach the preaching that God bids him, free as *Jonah* on his first day's journey, crying, on the walls of *Nineveh*, "*Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown.*"—*Jonah* 3. *The word of the Lord would then have free course, run and be glorified.*—2 Thess. 3 : 1. Paul, we see, asked their prayers that it might be so. He expected a *four-fold advantage*. 1. Their influence with Heaven to have it so. 2. Their *honest faith* assisting them to *believe* obstinately that it shall be so. 3. *Predisposing* their mind to understand and appreciate the MEANS employed by the Holy Spirit to cause it to be so. 4. *Acknowledgment* and *coöperation* with the *Spirit* when it is so;—owning and approbating his wisdom and power, without a whisper of the Peter-like "*Not so, Lord:*" and *working together* with Him, to have it as extensively and gloriously so as their enlarged and strengthened faith might desire.

It is with the *ministry* of the word as in *archery*;—when there is sympathy among the spectators with the archer, when his *aim* is understood, the mark seen, intense interest excited for the success of the arrow about to speed from the string, it thrills the archer, and puts him to his

best: And when the arrow leaves the string, sympathy follows it; they may not see it in its flight, but their eyes are on the mark, and when they perceive the arrow sticking in the white they are prepared for an acclamation. The preacher is the archer. Christians are the spectators. Their sympathies are with him. They understand his aim. They may not, indeed, see the invisible heart at which he is taking aim. But they sympathize; the preacher, like the archer, feels that they do,—that they are *expecting* results. It energizes his soul, spurs him to do his best,—the Spirit of God aiding. Sympathy increases every moment, like electricity from the friction of an electric machine; and, as arrow after arrow speeds from the Gospel-string, they bid each *flight-shaft* a "*God-speed*." What next? They are prepared to hear the cry of some pierced sinner, "*Save, Lord, or I perish!*" "*The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit: the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me.*"—Job 6:4. "*God be merciful to me a sinner. Heal my soul, for it hath sinned against thee.*" Then, such *well-instructed Christians* are quite prepared, with prayer and acclamations of joy, to coöperate in the *healing of the wounded*.

But, alas! the church, in many places, has got so many delicate ears, and nice tastes, and such trembling respect for the opinions of the world, that scenes like this would quite outrage them. But such was the preaching on the day of Pentecost, and *scenes*;—such, in after, *primitive times*; and such is Holy Ghost preaching, with its effects, in our own times, when people are prepared and willing to have it so. And were people properly educated in the Gospel, such scenes would occur under our ministry as would astonish earth and hell.

The *fact* is,— deny it who can,— the Gospel is usually preached in such a manner as that the immediate effects may square with the tastes and prejudices of the majority of the hearers, professors especially;— a rich, influential one, here and there, a *host* in himself or herself, against any *sudden outcry for mercy* among alarmed and wounded sinners, or a hearty “Amen” or “Glory be to God” among happy believers, and, of course, against the sort of preaching that is about sure to call such expressions forth, in spite of the devil, pride, and sin.

Were it otherwise with the *people*, it would be otherwise in the pulpit. I have known and felt it to my sorrow. The Gospel is in bonds in many congregations of our Israel. The word of God is bound, because the preacher is “*bound over to keep the peace*” with his congregation and church for two years, beginning with Conference date. Deny it who can. And yet there are *exceptions*,— *noble exceptions*, both among preachers and people, in European and American Methodism; but they are tremendously in the minority.

There are *exceptions*, too, with regard to “revival effort” in protracted meetings, when *strong things* are expected and said, and *winked at*. “It is an *extraordinary time*. It will soon be over, and then we shall return to our good old quiet times of *bearable* and worth-hearing sermons!”— which, alas, too soon return! “*Prudence*” returns to the preacher as he cools down. The sermon once more becomes *elegant* and *un-exciting*; he is *bound*, and the word of God is bound once more, until *another annual spasmodic effort to be free*. And yet people wonder why it is that the revival does not continue. Do they not see? Do they not understand? The preaching has changed its tone! The church is allowed to go asleep; sinners are let alone, or spoken to “*kindly, smilingly and encouragingly*,” as if the pulpit

would make amends for its late *misbehavior*. The devil is only *tickled* now; to use Luther's idea, "*slenderly tickled*," not "*rightly touched and hit*, till he begins horribly to rage, and to raise up trouble everywhere." No, no, Luther! How can you expect us to be touching, hitting and stabbing, that old spirit, and keeping ourselves in hot water perpetually? May we not allow him and ourselves a little peace in our assemblies? May not the *offence* of the cross cease? Alas! it may; but the *cross* is not preached, otherwise the offence would not cease. And so, when the offence of the cross ceases, the *conversion* of sinners ceases also. And then the poor revivalists and protracted meetings come in for their share of the blame; — "They teach our people *bad habits* and wrong views, — that we cannot have a revival until a certain season of the year, when our minister must give us a protracted meeting and turn revivalist himself, or call in the aid of one, — then, and not till then, shall we have glorious times!" And so the preacher sets his face against these annual efforts, without changing the style of his preaching; and so things settle down into stagnation and death, — not a sinner converted nor a believer sanctified. Often it is, though not always, the style of the ordinary preaching necessitates the extraordinary efforts in the protracted meeting. *Not always*, however, for sometimes there is not *enough* of a good thing. It is with *mind* as with *matter*, — repeated strokes, in quick and continuous succession, are necessary to break it in pieces. It is with a congregation as with an enemy in *war*; if a few skirmishes are unsuccessful, there is nothing for it but a pitched battle; — "stack arms at night," may be, or "lie under arms" and fire away by morning dawn, — and so on till victory. It is with the sinner as a *fortress* in war time; if it cannot be taken by storm, there is

nothing for it but a regular siege! But much has been previously done in the ordinary preparation for war, before the pitched battle or the regular siege.

Those words of the apostle are near my heart to-day : "*Wherein I suffer trouble as an evil doer, even unto bonds ; BUT THE WORD OF GOD IS NOT BOUND.*"—2 Tim. 2 : 9. He was a close prisoner at Rome when he wrote the above words ; and if that was his dungeon which they showed me there a few months ago, he was a prisoner bound indeed,—with chains, impregnable walls, below ground, amid solid darkness. Yet, glorious Paul, the word of God could not be bound, even there! Preach it he would, to his fellow-prisoners and keepers ; and doubtless it was the power of God unto the salvation of many of them.

Happy, thrice happy is that preacher who refuses to have the word of God bound, but preaches it in defiance of hell, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. Signs and wonders are sure to accompany his ministry with *persecution*. O for deliverance! a general *jubilee* for the Gospel, throughout the churches of the land. *Free course* for thy word, my Lord and my God!

Why is there such a work of God in Huddersfield? It is because *the word of God is not bound*. It has free course, and is glorified. So long as the Gospel is preached, free from error,—true to the New Testament,—these noble people are willing to give it the latitude of the WINDS OF HEAVEN,—*blow high, blow low*, in *zephyrs* or in *breezes*, in gales, hurricanes, tornadoes! *Hallelujah!* And yet, Methodism cannot boast of stronger minds, richer intelligence, purer taste, deeper piety, than old sturdy Huddersfield possesses. This is my impression now. Blessed be God for *Yorkshire Methodism!* If Methodism retains its

primitive character anywhere on this round world, it does in old Yorkshire.

The people read *Wesley's Journal*, and thus keep themselves in constant remembrance of what primitive Methodism was; and thus they are always prepared for anything that tallies with the old landmarks,—*the wonderful works God wrought in the days of their fathers*. If now and then "a new-fashioned Methodist" grumbles, they set him to read *Wesley's Journal*, for fear he has mistaken his church.

This is a long journal item; but, having thoughts on my heart, and no better place for them, concluded to insert them here; they may be *useful* to me in future. Did not think of writing so much, but just let the heart and pen run on till they said Amen.

March 10, Monday morning.—Yesterday a day of salvation. What a rich theme is *the Lamb of God*,—the sacrificial Lamb, that bears the general sins away! How appropriate for a sacramental occasion, especially! Was enabled to preach a Christ crucified, in a crucified manner. And then the *fact* of it!—a *real fact*, at the top of all facts in the universe,—*Jesus Christ, the Son of God, died as an atonement for the sins of the whole world!*

We administered the Lord's Supper at Buxton-road Chapel. The crowd of believers was so great we despaired of having them around the altar. It was therefore concluded to distribute the elements to the people in the pews; so, dispersing the communicants below and in the galleries, leaving every other range of pews empty, we succeeded in giving the sacrament to about *fourteen hundred* people, with great quietness and order, but with an extraordinary influence from above, many expressions of praise and thanksgiving to *Him who died and rose again*.

A few days since I received the following letter from a young man who is deaf and dumb.

*"Dalton Hall, Feb. 25, 1845, }
"Near Huddersfield."*

"REV. SIR: I am both deaf and dumb; but I am not sorry, for I know it is the will of God. I go to chapel on Sabbath days, and I often feel it very good, although I cannot hear what is said. I am very thankful I have been taught to read and write, and have received many favors from *Dr. Watson*, of London. I often admire the works of *Christ* — love to read my Bible, because it tells me of *God* and teaches me my duty to my fellow-creatures, — to be grateful to my friends and kind to my enemies. I sometimes walk many miles to different parts of the country, to teach poor deaf and dumb persons to avoid bad company, such as Sabbath-breakers, drunkards, &c. I went to chapel last Sunday evening, and was astonished at the crowd of people, and at the meeting; wished that I could hear you. I know that I am a sinner, but hope in God's mercy. I should be very thankful if you would be so kind as to write and tell me the plan of salvation. I want to love and serve God, so that I may get to heaven and sing his praises throughout eternity, when I shall no longer be deaf and dumb. I hope you will forgive the liberty I have taken.

"I beg to remain, dear sir, your unworthy servant,

"HENRY ROXBY."

He found mercy, yesterday, at the altar. The Lord had sweetly provided for his case by converting a young man who had learned to converse with mutes by signs. Yesterday *Henry* was deeply touched and moved by the Spirit's power, so wonderfully diffused through the assembly. He

came forward for prayer, with many others. He is a fine, intelligent-looking young man. His mother immediately went to him, and began to teach him the way to be saved. After a while he found he was unable to speak. A strange weakness came over him, and he began to shrink back out of sight. But the new convert was at hand, knelt before Henry, preached Jesus to him by his fingers, and explained thereby the way of faith so clearly, that Henry instantly believed in Jesus for the remission of sins, and was filled with peace, and love, and joy! The spiritual translation from death unto life — from the power of Satan unto God — was in a moment. Christ became his conscious Saviour, and he praised him well as he could!

There were *eighty or ninety* sinners converted yesterday, and *twenty-eight* or more sanctified; — *one hundred and eighteen* in all. About *sixty* saved during the week. Glory be to God on high! on earth peace!

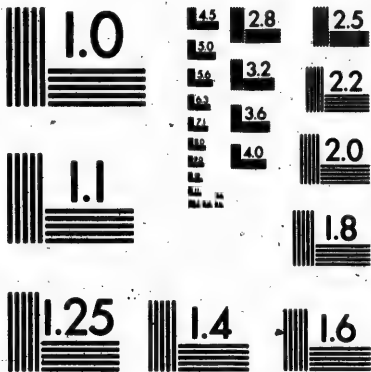
March 13th. — Another mute converted, — a middle-aged man. He came forward for prayer; *deep groans* was his language to his Heavenly Father. The Lord knew the import, and said, "*Peace, be still,*" and all was calm. He trusted in "the slaughtered Lamb," and was not put to shame.

"He had no garment for the thought that sprang to meet its sin;
No tone to flush his glowing cheek, or fan devotion's fire;
Yet, surely, to the eternal throne the spirit's sigh may soar,
As free as if the wing of speech its hallowed burden bore."

One of my spiritual children, a young lady *twenty* years of age, died happy in the Lord a few days since. She resided some distance from here. Heard of the revival, and came to see and hear for herself. The text, "*This year thou shalt die,*" — Jer. 28 : 16, — alarmed her spirit. She







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sought mercy in great haste, believed, was saved, lived long enough to test its reality and illustrate the beauty of religion to others, took sick, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, praising him to the latest breath. Nor did she forget the stranger who sounded in her ears the trumpet-like alarm of the swift approach of the *king of terrors*,—not such to her, in her final hour! Glory be to Jesus!

March 14th.—The *infidels* are stirred like a wasp's nest. They have called forth a *champion* into the field, and procured the Philosophical Hall, as "*The Hall of Science*" has lost its influence of late. His name is Mr. B., a rather clever opponent, belonging to that class of whom an old English writer speaks, "who make it their business to delude the simple, by inventing and setting to sale the devices of their own heads, and the deceit and visions of their own hearts." This man is a mournful instance of unfaithfulness to the light and grace of God,—once a popular preacher of the Gospel. Now he ridicules its doctrines and the divinity of Christ, and advances errors that should make his hearers shudder. By means of a printing-press he has got hold of, he has been scattering his opinions broad-cast over the land;—has been going on from bad to worse, until a society of infidels in this town have taken him under their patronage, and called him to their aid. He has done the cause of God much injury elsewhere, and may here. He is a man of considerable talent, and having once preached the Gospel, he knows how to gild the pill of "*free inquiry*." *Foxes* that have been tamed, I have heard say, do more mischief, if they break loose and become wild again, than those which have always been wild.

There is much truth in what one said: "In the hill of God, where the prophets dwelt, there was a *garrison of the*

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Philistines,—1 Sam. 10:5. The devil wants to be near ministers. If there is any mischief to be done, he will want his will if one of our cloth is not in it. Dathan and Abiram could not rise up against Moses, but Korah, a Levite, must be in the conspiracy, and stand first as the ring-leader in the business,—Num. 16:1." The *plague* of the man seems to be in his head. The *leprosy* in the head was a bad affair, very *infectious*,—rent clothes, head bare, covering on the upper lip, and to cry "UNCLEAN, unclean,"—as so many safeguards for the protection of the public.—Lev. 18:44, 45. There is a great deal of *spiritual head-leprosy* in Yorkshire, as the number of "*independent thinkers*" is very great. That was a shrewd remark of one, that if all who have the *plague in the head* were to die, it would much increase the bill of mortality.

However, the sword of the Spirit *gleams fearfully* in Queen-street, and is *wielded fearlessly*. The *crowd* is increasing still. The *Philosophical Hall* operation is doing us no harm. Sinners leave there and come over here, and as the Spirit's sword slashes only into those errors and sins which have damnation in their front, they listen and acknowledge the truth, and fall down and cry for mercy, and find it. From all I hear of the errors at the Hall, they have that ugly word on their front, unmistakably. To deny the Godhead of Christ, the virtue of his blood, the merit of his death, and scout the Bible, is to strike at the very foundation of Christianity, and all religion, and damn sinners by wholesale.

A few days since, matters becoming rather discouraging, they sent up to London for help. The *results* may be gathered from the following, which I have clipped from a London paper:

"A most dastardly advertisement, headed 'Fanaticism

not Religion,' appeared last week in Huddersfield, announcing that 'A Gentleman from London' would lecture in the Philosophical Hall, on Thursday evening week, against the late proceedings of the *Rev. James Caughey*, a man, it stated, who was sunk up to the eyes in fanaticism. And, after some other gross assertions, made in that insidious and cowardly attempt to malign the servants of God and to bring their operations into contempt and ridicule, it stated that Joshua Hobson was the printer, a well-known demagogue of the Chartist movement, as well as other kindred operations, and editor of the *Northern Star*, which has lately set in the north and arisen in the south. Imagination was then rife, who this 'Gentleman from London' would be; and not a few conjectured Mr. Lloyd Jones; however, it turned out to be Mr. Macintosh, the author of the 'Electrical Theory of the Universe.' The hall was crowded, as was natural, when the name of Mr. Caughey had been dragged into the affair; and, moreover, it was currently reported that that gentleman would be present, — which was altogether false and unfounded, and circulated, as is supposed, to get up an audience, in order to increase the money to be received at the door, as they charged one penny each. Mr. Caughey, however, attended to his special revival service on that evening, and his congregation was not at all diminished. The lecturer professed not to have come to Huddersfield to undervalue or speak against religion, but, on the contrary, to advance it, by repudiating the present movements in Queen-street Chapel, as derogatory of and dangerous to civil and religious liberty, and regarded it as a mere animal excitement and fanaticism. He remarked that we had imported cotton, &c., from America, and now we had begun to import religion; and that they had raised a religious steam in Queen-street Chapel, and Mr. Caughey

was the engineer, and he had about half a dozen firers-up. He denounced public competition and free-trade in religion, regarding the Queen-street special revival services as such, and the awful threatenings of Mr. Caughey to the impenitent; and said that he was not at all imitating his Lord and Master, who was a bright example of charity, which loveth one another. The lecturer was certainly right in one sense, notwithstanding his jesting about it, that we had begun to import religion; for it is a well-known fact that Mr. Caughey was a bright example of that religion which he professed in America, and he brought it with him right across the Atlantic, and imported it with him into this country; and it is now not put under a bushel, but set in a candlestick in England, imparting light and life to all around, to the wonder and astonishment of thousands of men, and the joy of angels. It is also matter of rejoicing that there is 'free-trade' in religion, for it is limited to no sect or party under the canopy of the heavens, but recommends itself to the attention of every one, without money and without price, irrespective of parties or names. That there is a religious steam in Queen-street Chapel, we will admit; and that Mr. Caughey is the engineer, directing its movements with his — the lecturer said — half a dozen firers-up; but he was wrong; he was too cramped in his ideas upon that point, for he has scores of firers-up, or more properly indefatigable and zealous assistants, which is one of the great secrets of his success; and by such an engine, — the Gospel, — guided by such an heavenly and godlike engineer as Mr. Caughey, the machinery of the devil is first overthrown by working down the 'shoddy' — (a term well known in the manufacturing districts, used as a substitute for wool) — of Infidelity, Atheism, Scepticism and Deism, and thoroughly converts the man who comes under the operations of this glo-

rious engine, and clothes him with the wool of the Gospel,—righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; that he gives credence to the existence of one Supreme Being; the immortality and immateriality of the soul; a state of final retribution; the atonement as the only means of salvation; and he can love that God who first loved him, by the redemption of lost mankind, in the gift of that inestimable blessing, Jesus Christ. Such is the glorious steam and magnificent engine, and the workings and doings thereof, which Mr. Macintosh repudiated. After Mr. Macintosh's lecture, a chairman was elected, and a discussion ensued between the lecturer and his friends the Socialists, and one Luke Bradley, a Primitive Methodist, who was decidedly the successful opponent, having truth on his side. Some of the Socialists made a great noise about Mr. Caughey's awful threatenings, and stated that some men had been dismissed from their employment through Mr. Caughey's awful threatenings against their erroneous opinions. The conduct of Mr. Caughey in this matter is in perfect accordance with his Divine Master, and he has a perfect right to pour out threatenings and slaughter against the impenitent; and even charity (with which, by the by, Mr. Macintosh says they are discordant) to the perishing souls of his fellow-creatures demands it. And as to certain masters who have discarded some of their workmen,—if such be the case, which is a query,—instances may be imagined, in the absence of facts, where charity demands the expulsion of a workman. Though such expulsion is an evil, yet, considering that the continuity of such workmen in his employ would be fraught with dangerous consequences, by his sowing his erroneous opinions among his fellow-workmen, the master is perfectly justifiable in expelling such workman. Of two evils,—the one of dismissing,

and the other of continuing (which is the greater),— he chooses the least. It is matter of regret that we have had to enter into a controversial detail on this unimportant lecture; but duty demands it, inasmuch as the servants of God must not be maligned, unnoticed and without vindication, and at the expense, too, of their Christian character,—a character which is essential to give weight and power to their ministrations. However, notwithstanding Mr. Macintosh's professed superior knowledge and judgment upon the revival of religion in Huddersfield, and his impositions upon a credulous multitude, the Rev. James Caughey and his coadjutors will not, in the ultimate, sustain any injury; and the time will arrive—and, we hope, ere long—when every species of 'ism' contrary to the blessed Gospel will hide its baneful head, and be compelled to give scope and universal power to the bright Sun of Righteousness, and to the operations of that Spirit which 'enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.' On Friday evening week, Mr. Caughey being laboring at Holmfirth, the pulpit at Queen-street Chapel was occupied by Edward Brooke, Esq. His text was, 'And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found to fight against God;'—and he descanted very fully upon the work of the Apostle, and the admirable reasoning of the wise Doctor of the Law, Gamaliel.—*From a Correspondent.*

"The unsuccessful attempt of Mr. Macintosh and his clique to malign and bring Mr. Caughey into disrepute has proved very successful in raising him, more than ever, into celebrity and reputation, and the people are now going to hear and judge for themselves. The con-

gregations last week were unusually large;—in fact, on Tuesday evening the chapel was crowded. Mr. Caughey preached to the young on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings,—on Thursday on the Judgment Day, and on Friday on Holiness."

CHAPTER XXVI.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL.

WE continue our extracts from Mr. Caughey's unique journal.

March 17th, Monday morning. — Satan suffered great loss yesterday. There were about sixty converted, and thirty sanctified, besides many children from eight to fourteen years of age. It is a blessed sight to see so many heads of families entering into life, and here and there a gray head. But my heart rejoices to behold Jesus winning possession of these young souls! *Congreve* speaks well of early virtue, its pleasures and its advantages:

“YOUTH doth a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepid age will fly;
The flowers that flourish in the spring
In winter's cold embraces lie.”

RELIGION has *pleasures* by the thousand; but it is in *youth*, like morning flowers, that they are enjoyed in all their *freshness* and *sweetness*.

There is a great melting down among sinners. Of many it may be said, as of Jerusalem of old, “*She weepeth sore in the night, and the tears are on her cheeks.*” It is easy preaching now, though my health is so shattered. Sinners seem to say, “*Make haste, and take up a wailing for us,*

that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters."—Jer. 9: 18. As one remarked, "Sugar laid in a damp place turns to water; so all the sugared joys and pleasures of sinners turn to the water of tears at last." Well, thank God, the "*at last*" has happened here, and not in a hopeless hell, where there is *weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth*, as Jesus declares. *Queen-street Chapel* is a dampening place, just now, for sinners; a great place for turning the sugared joys of sin into the salt tears of repentance. It is a hell to some, as yet,—and yet thousands and thousands crowded in and around the place last night. And there were the tears that told of sins forgiven. Hallelujah! But, alas! what could we do to comfort such weeping and alarmed multitudes, if we had no Jesus,—no Christ crucified to preach unto them?

March 22d, Saturday afternoon.—Last night on Holiness, the usual theme on Friday night; great results. Praise our God in Christ!

Weak in body. Open air, out-door exercise, is doing me good. A little grove, near town, has been my walking-place lately; but a "trespass-board" has suddenly glared among the trees, threatening law and penalty against trespassers! Poor gentleman! if we had you in America, its mighty forests might, possibly, give your heart a sense of larger room! It is well, I suppose, to take good care of trees, where they are not over plentiful. The "warning" has no reference to me, in particular, I suppose; however, must keep the highway now. But I am fond of solitary places, where one can "walk back and forward" for exercise—and meditation, without being stared at. But let it be so; one is never at a loss for garden, park or grove, if possessed of the PARADISE of a good CONSCIENCE! Into this one

may enter any time, in company with *memory*, and *thoughts* and *affections*, like angels and seraphs ! nor ever look out for "*trespass-boards*,"—where one may walk, and sing, or pray, or shout the praises of our God, or listen to music within sweeter than all the birds of song. *Conscience* is a bird of Paradise, and is a sweet singer when all is well with it,—gives the soul a *festival* longer than that given by King Ahasuerus in Esther's time.—Esther 1. He who called a prison the paradise of a good conscience realized the sweetness of its music ; and so also did he who compared it to a bird that can sing in a *cage*. Paul and Silas had a great time of it in the prison of Philippi,—Acts 16,—backs bleeding from many stripes, and feet fast in the stocks ; but conscience sang melodiously within ; nor could their tongues be silent, for they held a concert at midnight. O that we had their hymns and *tune* ! We may, possibly, in heaven. The concert ended with an earthquake that *shook* the prison to its foundations and their feet out of the stocks, threw open the prison-doors, and loosed the bands of every prisoner. It was a great time, and the jailer, wife and family, were converted before morning, and Paul and Silas had their stripes washed by the happy converts. Thank God for music, both of conscience and voice ! and thank God for earthquakes following, proclaiming liberty to those that are bound,—as at this day, even in Huddersfield !

A Fort Royal of strength is a happy conscience to an active minister of Jesus ! He whose heart dances to the music of a reconciled and triumphant conscience,—a sinner saved by grace,—is sure to see prison-doors opened, and mountainous obstacles skipping like rams, and little hills like lambs,—seas of difficulties fled, Jordan driven

back, and earth with her sons trembling in the presence of the mighty God of Jacob—Ps. 114.

On my return, our little dog "*Spring*" [who, by the way, has taken a great fancy to my society,—accompanies me in all my walks], tired with his excursion, and thirsty, withal, spied a little cascade by the roadside, and turned down for a drink. I paused, curious to see how he would make out. At first he tried nose up stream; but, finding that raised *spray* and wet him, without wetting the interior, he gave that up, and seemed puzzled, still looking wistfully where there was water enough and to spare. After a moment, an idea seemed to strike him; so, turning his *hind quarters* up stream, and setting the nose with the torrent, he succeeded to his satisfaction.

Spring is a singular dog. I am now entertained at the house of Mr. Mallinson; but, happening to leave Mr. Webb's without apprising *Spring*, he became very disconsolate,—would not be social with any one,—stood for hours at the corner of the road, looking intently. Giving the matter up as a lost case, he betook him to the cellar, and out of it he would not come. After an absence of two or three days, I returned. No sooner did he hear my voice, than he raised an outcry in the cellar, and, coming up, he seemed utterly unable to control himself! He kept close by me while I remained, and, on rising to leave, it was evident *Spring* had resolved to know *where* I had made my home, and accompanied me to Mr. Mallinson's. Satisfying himself that all was right, he quietly returned, as if to bid farewell to all at home, and came back, giving most significant intimation that *two* must be entertained instead of *one*,—and here he has remained ever since. The affections of such creatures are very strong. We were about to take a ride, the other day, and I told "*Spring*" he must stay at home. He

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dropped his head, walked away into the kitchen. After the coach had started, I felt something pressing against my feet. It was Spring! He had slipped round, darted into the carriage, got under the seat, and waited company. It is often difficult to mark where instinct ends and reason begins!

March 24, Monday morning.—I am fond of "taking time by the forelock, to measure the marks of his footsteps." Let me bless God for activity!

"Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe;
It leaves no opening for the lurking fiend!"

At it morning, noon and night,—*pen* or tongue busy for God,—head, and heart, and hand, all the day long, with a single intention to glorify *Him* whom my soul loveth. *Worldly men* are busy; why should not I? It was the sound of a blacksmith's hammer, early and late, that aroused one to become "great in action and in deeds,"—made him resolve that at the *flaming forge of life* he would shape his fortune in each *burning word* and deed. And so he did. *Difficulties* gave way before his burning touch, as they always will when a determined spirit walks up to them.

Exemption from temptation is a usual privilege of *activity*. The mind is too busy to listen to Satan's lies. An active mind perplexes Satan's fiery darts;—they miss their mark by the rapidity of its volitions. I have often found it so. But "*the shield of faith*" can never be dispensed with. However, a bird on the wing is not easily shot. The bird that sits still is the prey of the fowler.

A great work of God last week,—scores and scores the saved of the Lord. He still supplies me with sharp, if not polished, arrows;—fills my *quiver* with them, and directs

their flight to the hearts of his enemies. And yet, all the while, my soul walks in the valley of humiliation,—weak in myself, strong only in the strength which God supplies through his eternal Son. John Bunyan tells us, in his “Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners,” that “when as Samson I bowed myself with all my might to *condemn* sin and transgression, even then I was horribly assured I was preaching against myself.” Ah! how often have I felt something of this! When the *Word* has been most *searching* to others, it has been most *piercingly felt in my own* soul. How has it scintillated like lightning over all my pathway, through by-gone years! But this, though humbling and painful, creates great tenderness and sympathy for those among whom the *bolts of truth* are falling.

March 26.—We have enjoyed an excellent *love-feast*; testimonies for purity many and very clear, with great depth and propriety of language. What a rich experience does this blessing confer upon the soul! Here and there one “with awful tempest shook of happiness,” and which also shook others in circuit wide around,—and with such a shout up from the depths of many hearts, and

“Joy in the widest commonalty spread.”

The new converts spoke humbly and well; clear as sunbeams in justifying faith, and the witness of the Spirit to their adoption. How lovely the equality in a love-feast! The rich and the poor testifying to the goodness of the same *Father*. The poor of the flock were present, rich in faith, and strong, giving glory to God,

“Over all the ills of life victorious!”

Edward Brooks, Esq., a popular Wesleyan local preacher,

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preached an excellent sermon, a few nights since. He is a wealthy gentleman, residing close by. He travels thousands of miles annually, at his own expense, and preaches the Gospel free of charge to multitudes, and wins many souls to Christ. He has a fine, *off-hand* method of preaching, full of genius and tact, wit, sarcasm, and rich Gospel truth,

"Decent pleasantry and sterling sense."

His text was, "*I will work, and who shall let it,*"—that is, *who shall hinder or turn it back.*—Isaiah 48:18. He is truly an *original*,—no man's copyist. And, being my warm friend, and deeply interested in the revival, opponents had their eyes opened in no very gentle manner. After sermon he laid in for souls like a giant, and had them, a goodly number.

March 31st, Monday.—Health very poor. A bad cough. A general debility and sinking of voice. Loss of strength,—constitution threatens to give way. A great day yesterday; *fifty* souls found mercy at the feet of Jesus, and nearly thirty experienced the cleansing efficacy of his blood.—1 John 1:7. There were also forty children had their little tongues unloosed, to cry, "*Hosanna to the Son of David! hosanna in the highest!*" Is there anything too hard for God? He has not forgotten his power to save, nor ceased out of the mouths of babes and sucklings to perfect praise.

The work is advancing with great power. Was thinking of what Dante, the Italian poet, said of faith: "*It is true faith that renders us citizens of heaven. Faith is the principle of life; it is the spark that, spreading daily more and more, becomes a living flame, and shines on us like a star in heaven.*" It is really and truly so in this town. Hundreds, lately sinners and dead in trespasses and

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in sins, have found in justifying *faith a principle of life* in Christ. The spark of faith, kindled in a few hearts, has spread from heart to heart, till the living flame has become general over the place, and the citizens of heaven are springing up, and showing their faces everywhere! What a German writer said of the Reformation, one may very well say of this revival,—“It is a *joy merely to be alive*, to see this *new life and motion*.” Glory be to God alone for all we see and hear, and for all that my poor soul feels of his love and power.

Have been entertained, the last few weeks, in the hospitable mansion of Thomas Mallinson, Esq., surrounded with comforts, and perfectly at home. Brother and sister M. are blessed with a family of fine children. The Lord reward them and theirs for their kindness to me, his unworthy servant!

“When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, — no wanderer lost, —
A family in heaven!”

Have had some pleasing conversations with his venerable father, *George Mallinson, Esq.*, an aged local preacher of many years' standing,—the oldest local preacher on the “Plan,” I believe,—a gentleman of large and liberal views, well read, a richly-cultivated mind, and an acute theologian.

“Fresh in the strength and majesty of age;
A sparkling eye beneath an aged brow
The veteran shows, and, gracing a gray head
With youthful smiles, descends towards the grave,
Sprightly and old, almost without decay.”

He has a large family of sons and daughters, married

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mostly and settled around him, and nearly all converted to God, and members of the Wesleyan church.

Bank House, Mirfield, April 9th.—My birthday. Held a private watch-night. I hail my natal hour. Blessed be God that ever I was born to be born again! But my soul is deeply solemn, not knowing how this attack may terminate. Cheer up, my soul! thy body is immortal till thy work is done. Can say, with the old poet *Marvell*,

“ But at my back I always hear
Time’s wingéd chariot hurrying near ;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.”

No, not “deserts,” blessed be God! but fields and gardens of paradise, beneath unclouded skies.

But my *health* is all broken; general weakness and sinking of the system, with cough,—so for a month past, but worse now. The *power* of God was so present to save, knew not how to abandon the field. Knew and felt my constitution was giving way;—might get my *crown* the sooner by laboring on,—perhaps with some loss in heaven. Was struck with that anecdote in *Rollin*, of the young Spartan Isadas, who, during battle, lost his prudence, rushed naked, sword in hand, upon a wing of the enemy’s army,—sword in one hand, and a spear in the other,—dealt death everywhere, hewed down all who opposed him, without receiving a single wound. It became a question whether he was *preserved* by the *dismay* which the sight of him created, or whether the gods took pleasure in preserving such extraordinary valor. When the battle was over, the Ephori decreed him a *crown* in honor of his exploits, but afterwards fined him a *thousand drachmas*—about *twenty-five pounds sterling*—for his IMPREUDENCE!

This incident illustrates a great truth. If every man, *hereafter, is to be rewarded according to his own labor*, — 1 Cor. 3:8, — according to, not for his own labor; then, to *shorten* life's labor by *overtaxing* the body, is, certainly, to lessen the reward.

At length, however, there was no arguing against *weakness* and disease; had to yield to seek a *quiet harbor*, — no, had not to *seek* it, — one was offered, and I was *besought* to enter it. My present host and hostess, Benjamin Wilson, Esq., and his excellent lady, would have me retreat to their sweet solitude, a few miles from Huddersfield. They said it would not do for me to stay in H., as it would be difficult to preserve me from company and excitement, and that it was rest and quiet I needed. So here I am, possessing what an *old writer* considered a greater glory to the *soldier* than noble lineage, blazonry of arms, bravery of clothing, and abundance of plunder, — a *torn buckler*, *cracked helmet*, a *blunt sword*, and *scars* and *wounds* received in the defence of his country.

The air is sweet and pure, scenery soft and tranquil, finely diversified, and full of "rural beauty and sanctified repose." The grounds around the mansion are laid out in walks, overshadowed with trees and deep quiet. My host and hostess, like those I left in Huddersfield, full of kindness and sympathy. Thou shalt carry away *pleasant memories* from here, my soul, lasting as time, "both theirs and mine," growing evermore.

The last two weeks in Huddersfield were equal in success, I believe, to any period of the revival. I hope to be able to return soon, and renew the glorious strife.

Last Sabbath, the 6th, I spent in *solitude* here, in reading, meditation and prayer, in the shady walks around. Was blessed and refreshed, yet a *solitariness* rested upon

my spirit,— a sort of *réaction*, such a contrast between the stillness and inactivity of that and the Sabbaths of the last four or five months. However, rest had become an imperative necessity. Could sympathise with Rev. Rowland Hill, who said, "Let me rather be shut up in my coffin, than shut out of the pulpit." When writing a letter to a friend, the other day, space became short, and I had to crowd as much as possible into it; so *life* looks short now, and it rouses to crowd all I can into it,—all that the feeble body will allow. Well, last Sabbath night I ventured to Dewsbury, a few miles off, and preached to a multitude on Luke 15:10. The Lord helped me, and more than a score of souls were saved; thought of that sentiment of a poet:

" Each age that ripens power in man
But subjects him to power."

The poet intended it not, but it is a fact that as one's power ripens in soul-saving, subjection to that power becomes a ruling passion; the probability, nay, *certainty* of success, renders it harder to *rest* than to *work*. The possibility of what the *wielded* sword might be doing causes it to *chafe* in the scabbard, especially in Sabbath seclusion. But, as the wise man says, "*There is a time to be silent, and a time to speak; a time of war, and a time of peace.*" Alas! I find the *silent* time requires more grace than the speaking time. *Peace* consumes more grace than *war*. Activity is easier than *passivity*. But it is good to say, The will of the Lord be done.

April 10.—Ventured to preach at *Mirfield*, this evening, on "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." *Ten* found peace, and *four* purity.

April 16th.—Rode to *Halifax* in company with Mr. and

Mrs. Wilson, and preached to a crowd. Took dinner at Mr. Soutters; he has a rare collection of ancient coins:

"Gold, silver, copper, consular, imperial and Greek!"

Preached again at night. The chapel was a perfect forest of human heads; aisles, galleries, every available spot. Some women, away toward the door, behaved in a very unbecoming manner. I paused and told them I feared they would damage their character if they persisted; that it might create a surmise that they belonged to a certain class of unfortunate women not often seen in a place of worship. I had little faith the hint would take effect, for they appeared to have little character to damage. However, they seemed to think differently, and behaved very well afterwards, and, I trust, felt the sharpness of the word. The Lord gave me words of power; truth flashed, and struck here and there.

"——— words, like a wheel of fire,
Rolling and burning this way now, now that."

There was a great cry afterwards in the prayer-meeting, and the slain of the Lord were prostrated on every hand, and lay along like wounded men on the day of battle. The *praying men* were at their work in true Yorkshire style, and many were the saved of the Lord.

It seemed to resemble a season which Mr. Wesley speaks of in his journal thus: "May 29, 1788.—Preached at *Halifax* in the evening, when it seemed as if the windows of heaven were opened. Also at five in the morning, when I took a solemn leave of this affectionate people." Mr. Wesley, in one of his letters, quotes the remark of *Luther*, that a revival of religion seldom continues over thirty years, and added: "The truth of this remark has been verified

many times in several countries. But it will not always hold good. The present revival of religion in England has already continued *fifty years*; and, blessed be God, it is likely to continue as it was twenty or thirty years ago. Indeed, it is far more likely, as it not only spreads wider, but sinks deeper than ever; more and more persons being able to testify that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. We have, therefore, reason to hope that this revival of religion will continue and continually increase, till the time when all Israel shall be saved, and the fulness of the Gentiles shall come." Well, old Halifax stands as a witness that the great revival under the Wesleys still continues; and, after *fifty-seven* years more, the windows of heaven are still being opened over Halifax. Were Mr. W—— alive now, how would he rejoice in the continued progress of the work in various parts of England! I consider those revivals in which I have been engaged in this kingdom but as a continuation of the great revival begun under the preaching of Wesley, one hundred years ago!

The collections, after the two sermons at Halifax, were for the Wesleyan Missions; amounted to £24, or one hundred and twenty dollars.

Last Sabbath morning, 14th instant, preached at Mirfield; and rode over to Huddersfield at night, and preached to about *three thousand* people in behalf of Wesleyan Missions; the collection was noble, and spoke well for the revival,—£88 sterling, equal to *four hundred and forty dollars*. There was no *effort* about it, such as we see in the United States sometimes,—for life-memberships, etc. etc.,—but simply "a general *plate-collection*." The number saved I did not learn, as I returned to Bank House after the prayer-meeting got well begun;—many forward for prayer.

April 19th.—To-day kept much out of doors in the grounds. Body still weak, cough continues, soul happy; sweet communion with Jesus, conscious purity. Was thinking of St. Paul's words, "I *obtained mercy*," or, as some have rendered it, "*I was be-mercied*,"—covered all over as the *rose* with morning dew and sunshine!

Attended the *Missionary meeting* at Huddersfield, the other evening. Was called upon for a speech; attempted it; *short and feeble enough*. It is all right, praise the Lord!

April 21, Monday.—Yesterday preached twice at Huddersfield to amazing crowds. There were *thirty* converted, and twenty sought and found purity of heart.—Matt. 5: 8. Thus the two revivals keep going on together.

A few evenings since, I had a sweet time there on the "*Witness of the Spirit*."—Rom. 8: 15, 16. The Lord helped me. How sweet to my soul are those lines of the German poet:

"Chosen thy guidance to display,
A witness of thy truth to be,
My heart and all my powers now say,
'My God, I live and die for thee!'
Thee will I faithfully confess,—
O, grant me courage, strength and power,
And neither suffering nor distress
Shall part us in the trying hour.

* * * * *

"Till then, let power divine protect,
And heavenly peace my spirit cheer;
My footsteps here below direct,
Till I before thy face appear.
The present seed I now shall sow,
To ripen for eternity,—
O, let it to perfection grow,
Then take thy *pilgrim* home to thee!"

April 25th. — A letter from the deaf and dumb young man converted in Huddersfield, mentioned in another part of my journal. He writes with sweet and humble assurance that his sins are forgiven; that he meets in class, enjoys a sense of love divine, much blest in private prayer, and in the public means of grace.

April 26th. — Last night I preached my farewell sermon in Queen-street Chapel, Huddersfield. The crowd was immense. It was with the greatest difficulty I could get away from the new converts,—dear souls, their *emotions* were overwhelming! I finally, through the ingenuity of one or two of the brethren, escaped by the basement. Such *tenderness* is harder to be endured than *persecution*!

I omitted to notice we had previously the usual meeting for the new converts, similar to that at Buxton-road Chapel, — when they received "*heartly counsel*." May these sentiments be written upon their memory and heart as with a diamond: — Harken to conscience, consult the *Bible* as your living oracle, be much alone with God in secret prayer. Endeavor to learn the Spirit's voice, and obey it; but, remember, it will never direct you contrary to the written word. Forsake not the public and private means of grace. Be *holy, useful, happy*. Let God steer your little barks in storms as well as in calms; he loves to be trusted. Live upon *Jesus*, — draw succor from him as the branch from the vine. Love the *brotherhood*. Be not ready to take offence; avoid giving offence as far as possible. Detest *back-biting*. Grow in KNOWLEDGE, as well as in grace and holiness. In order to this, provide yourselves with suitable books. Consult your pastors and leaders as to your reading. Be *active*; do something for God. Methodism has work for every member, if he will do it,—in Sabbath-schools, tract distribution, visiting the sick, missionary col-

lectors, Bible-classes, etc. etc. If you would be *warm* and *happy*, WORK. Above all, aspire after holiness.

Bear with what I am going to say : for my *motives* are perfectly disinterested and pure. Take an interest in the *constant expenses* of the society. *Bear your part in them*. Never be a mere *sponge*,—a *hanger-on*, as they say,—enjoying the privileges of the house of God, *while others pay for them*. That is *dishonest*, and brings a *curse* instead of a blessing. Bear your part according to your ability. Let no man prevent you ; otherwise you may bring the *frowns of Providence* upon your own temporal affairs. It is possible, as Solomon hints, to *withhold more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty*. But, he added, *there are those that SCATTER and yet INCREASE* ; — scatter their increase in works of charity and benevolence, and yet *they increase* ; their means to do good are increased, instead of being diminished, by their *liberality*.

These hints I have thrown out *freely*, because, you know, I ask nothing from you but your *earnest prayers*. But I want to have *the principle* of helping to bear the expenses of the church planted in you, as a part of your religion, to grow with *its* growth, and to be strengthened with its strength. Harken again ! Should you fall into temptation,—*which may you never* ! — *lie* not there, nor wallow in the sin ; but up, and forsake it forever, repenting in dust and ashes ! Run not away from Christ, nor his people ; — forsake not your *class*. Fly back to Christ by repentance, faith, and earnest cries for forgiveness. Try not to *forget it*, and to *feel better*, before you are pardoned. No, no ! Fly directly to Christ, saying :

“ To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly !
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.”

HOLINESS, also, may be *lost* and *regained*. Should the *evidence* of it become *dim* or *lost entirely*, reason not with the enemy; *return* to the *blood instantly*; renew your entire consecration as at the first; *desire* the blessing, pray for it, offer the blood of Christ as the price,—the full equivalent which God accepts; believe this, and believe that *He doeth it*; and, if one act of faith is not enough, keep on believing, *obstinately*, that *he doeth it*,—ay, though it should be a thousand times,—nor *cease* till you *KNOW* that he has *reestablished* the dominion of holiness in your soul.

The *blood of Christ*! HOLINESS cannot *dissolve your dependence upon it*. You will need its merit and cleansing efficacy from moment to moment, while in these bodies of clay. The standard of our perfection is *love*. That of Adamic and angelic perfection is almost infinitely higher, excluding errors of judgment and other infirmities,—demanding, in fact, sinless obedience. But *we* are constantly liable to *unavoidable mistakes* and *involuntary infirmities*, though the single eye of the soul be steadily intent upon pleasing God. These, in view of the holiness of God, and of the higher standard which that holiness demands, need to be covered with the merits of Christ. *Faith* appropriates that covering, and the soul is accounted holy through the merits and perfect obedience of Him. "*Love is the fulfilling of the law.*"—Rom. 13: 10. You are young in religion, and you may not fully comprehend my meaning in these deep things of God. But, as you grow in grace and knowledge, both of Christ and yourselves, you will more clearly understand. Though your heart may be pure and full of love, and every thought, word and work, may spring from pure love to God, yet your liability to make mistake, and yield involuntarily, so to speak, to many infirmities,

will ever necessitate you pray "Forgive us our *trespasses*," and to say, with the poet :

"Every moment, Lord, I need
The merit of thy death."

None makes more constant use of the blood of Christ than he who is truly sanctified and cleansed from all sin.

And now may the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, bless you and keep you. May you never forget the saying of *one* now with God,—that your *life* is a *race*; eternal glory is the prize, *grace* and *corruption* the antagonists; and, accordingly as either finally prevails, eternal life is *lost* or *won*! Amen.

The Secretary of the Revival informs me that about *eighteen hundred and seventy-nine* souls have been justified, and *seven hundred and fifty-five* sanctified,—1 Thess. 5: 23,—during this great work of God, making a total of *two thousand six hundred and thirty-four*!

To God be all the glory. He has said, "*My glory I will not give to another.*" 11. My soul says, Amen; and will be as *conscious* as *sterling* honesty itself, not to appropriate any of it to myself. Such an *intimation* as this should sound in every preacher's ears like the voice of a trumpet from heaven. God will give us health, honor, if need be, and love, and friendship, and happiness, and as much of the *world* as will be good for us to possess; and pardon, and joy, and holiness, and will even share his heaven with us; but he will not give us his glory. *Pharaoh*, I have been reminded, took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck, and gave him a chariot, and much honor, with this reservation, "*Only in the throne will I be greater than thou.*"

— Gen. 41 : 40. God reserves his "GLORY," and let all that is within me, and without me, say, Amen and Amen! *His glory and our good!* O, how delicately and sweetly has the hand of our God twisted and woven these together!

In journalizing the conflicts of *truth* and its victories, through the power of the Holy Ghost, the *glory* of God has not been forgotten; has not, I trust, been *misappropriated*. My soul would tremble at the thought, would detest and abhor the word, or fine, or sentence, that would rob him of a single particle or ray of his glory. *Huddersfield* has a noble population,— *citizens* generally, and the *Wesleyans* in particular. Christ our Lord has *diamonds* in veins of gold in *Huddersfield*,— which an old author pronounced a *miracle*,— Christians abounding in the good things of this world, and yet sparkling with the glory of Christ. It is not with Christians generally as with a certain *jewel* I once read of, which lost its virtue unless it was set in *gold*. Alas! many lose both their virtue and religion by being encased with much of that metal. What is called *precious* among men, becomes *pernicious* to them. They rise in the world to sink from God. *Huddersfield* presents many noble exceptions. Glory be to our God for this also. Among the most devoted and zealous are families of high respectability, intelligence, and influence. These, and the people generally, showed me much kindness, as also the three Wesleyan ministers. My heart is full of gratitude. May they all, and the excellent families who entertained me so many months, be rewarded greatly while they live, and at the *resurrection of the just*. Amen.



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APPENDIX.

THE two following letters from Mr. Caughey contain his views on Church Architecture. They exhibit the results of his observations on the influence which certain styles of architecture exert over the voice of the preacher. They are worthy of consideration.

"Hamilton, C. W.,

"Wednesday Morning, May 8, 1853.

"To ————

"MY DEAR SIR: Yours is to hand. I rejoice in your prospects. You needed a better church in ———. You say, 'As we are about to erect an elegant and costly temple to our God, we desire the internal plans and fixtures to be as conducive to easy and effective speaking as possible. You know, sir, tastes differ as to order and general style of church architecture. We have our tastes and notions here, which, I suppose, we would not alter for anybody. But it is our wish, for all that, to avoid everything, in the internal construction and arrangement of the edifice, that would be prejudicial to an easy and successful delivery of the Gospel message. You, sir, have had considerable experience in these things, on both sides the Atlantic. You have noticed, doubtless, that some churches have been harder to speak in than others, and possibly you have detected the cause or causes. Would you do us the favor to state them, or, at least, what you would have us avoid?'

"To this I reply: Those churches which I have found most exhausting to voice, strength, &c., have had one or more of the following defects:

"1. POSITION OF THE CHURCH.—Painfully close to low houses and noisy children, mechanic shops; too near the street, especially if rough and much travelled, so that every passing carriage duly announced itself, and even the passing segar-smoker; so flush upon the sidewalk as to allow no fence, exposing the prayer-meetings in basement to outside gazers, if windows open,—if shut, ruining the meeting for want of ventilation.

"From such defects as these your good sense, I trust, will preserve you,—ay, even though the site should be offered as a gift.

"2. CHURCH PROPORTIONS. — Want of internal symmetry; either out of proportion in length or width. The wall of galleries too wide, placing the audience at a painful distance from the preacher, — tempting him, perhaps, to pitch his voice too high to begin with, and to speak louder than he need to. Ceiling too lofty, allowing the voice to ascend too high before receiving a returning impulse, such as a properly-constructed ceiling always affords. Concave ceiling always bad; but more on this by and by.

"3. THE PULPIT — *Its Position and Fixtures.* — Position: At the entrance, where winds and noises may annoy the preacher the readiest, whether administering in pulpit or altar. Too low, if ceiling lofty; too high, if ceiling improperly low. Fixtures: Steps too near for safety or comfort, leaving the preacher no choice but submit. Recess behind: Too deep, always bad; or, if shallow, so abundantly supplied with whitewash as to leave the preacher no alternative but sit 'bolt upright,' like a boarding-school miss, or lean back for a moment, to rise like a powdered beau or liveried servant of other days. Drapery behind the pulpit: A nuisance evermore; it absorbs sound without returning it, as black absorbs the sun-rays without separating them; detains and deadens the voice. Foot-board: Too high or low for the desk or habit of the preacher, without means of lowering or raising his standing to taste; and so uneven and shaky, withal, as to 'creak time' with his motions. Times not a few I have had to fold my cloak and stand upon it, to avoid one or other of these disadvantages. Kneeling board or stool: Too low, so as to bury him to the shoulders when at prayer. Times without number have I been forced to press cloak or Bible under knees, as a remedy, or have prayed standing.

"These are small matters to some, sir, but they are often very annoying and weakening to a preacher.

"4. WINDOWS. — In particular, two or three facing the pulpit, dazzling the preacher's eyes on a bright or sunny day, without remedy. Windows, in general, uncorded, or but one here and there so honored; and so large as to require two men to lower or raise them for ventilation; or so tight that but one or two out of half a dozen could be opened at all upon an emergency; or so loose as, when winds were on parade, to remind the boys of drum-beat on training-day; and so open as to give them lessons in the whistling science.

"5. DOORS. — Perhaps I should have spoken of these first — but so wakeful as to announce arrivals and departures by creak or slam, with great faithfulness.

"6. Pews. — Backs capped with a projecting ridge, or shoulder protuberance, and so upright and so narrow-seated, withal, as to force wearied hearers to sit sideways to the preacher at length, and with that wearied and displeased expression by no means inspiring to the preacher. And, besides, so inconvenient for kneeling as to induce a general habit of sitting or standing at prayer-time.

"7. LIGHTS. — Dim, or badly arranged; twinkling here and there like a stray star in a gloomy sky.

"8. TEMPERATURE. — In extremes of heat and cold, owing to want of judgment in the sexton, or absence of that invaluable appendage to our American churches, a good thermometer.

"9. VENTILATION — *Neglected or Mismanaged.* — Neglected: Air left unchanged after the congregation has retired, to be reinhaled by the next audience, — perhaps on a Sabbath morning, after having been imprisoned through the week, exhausted and poisoned on the previous Sabbath, and now to be breathed over again; voice making its heavy way through a loaded and leaden atmosphere, into the ears of yawning or sleepy hearers. Ah me! what sorrowful times have been my portion from this cause! Not one sexton in twenty has any rule against this evil. Mismanaged ventilation: Windows kept closed till the atmosphere becomes insufferable; then opened without judgment, wide and to windward, spreading discomfort and uneasiness in the vicinities. I have not found one sexton in ten who makes it a rule, in such emergencies, to open the windows the sheltered side of the church, keeping those to windward shut, or but very slightly open. What next? Windows re-closed; 'better bear the ills we have,' than suffer others to fly to us, 'that we know not of.' Thus the pure air — a friend, indeed, if prudently managed — has made 'cowards of us all.'

"10. A few words about CHURCH CEILINGS. — A ceiling immoderately high may have some advantages. It may, in the eyes of some, perhaps, look imposing. In hot weather, or when a large audience is present, may be somewhat refreshing, enclosing, as it does, a larger body of air for the breathers beneath. But, depend upon it, the preacher pays the tax upon such slight advantages, in an increased outlay of both voice and strength, besides a sensible diminution of his ordinary power, enjoyed under a ceiling of medium height. He feels it, sinks by degrees, or loses heart, and closes under the impression of 'a hard time.' Let him realize the same difficulty again and again in the same pulpit, and the apprehension will go far to weaken his faith in his usual preparation.

"If the ceiling be concave, or arched, the difficulty will be increased ten-fold.

"There is a singular sympathy, if I may use the word, between the voice and the ceiling. At least, the voice is singularly aided or retarded by the character of the ceiling. If it has to ascend high in space before it meets a substance to arrest, steady and react upon it, by a returning impulse, the preacher will sensibly feel the loss. It will force him to unusual exertion, risking the unnatural both in tone and manner. And this will exhaust. Remember this, my dear sir; every foot you poise your ceiling above an ordinary and reasonable height, you are preparing a proportionate tax upon the strength of your successive pastors.

"Above all, sir, let me caution you and your colleagues of the 'Building Committee' to reject, once for all, any plan which contemplates a sloped, or concave, or arched ceiling. I may not be using the proper architectural phrases, but you comprehend me. Either of

these is almost ruinous to easy and effective speaking. I have tried them to my sorrow, and would warn you against them. Whatever advantages they might afford to *oratorios*, they are the bane of oratory, — that, especially, that *moves the soul* or *melts the heart*. He is a rare preacher that succeeds in hewing down sinners under such a ceiling. If it does not create an echo, — and it is sure to do so if the congregation be small, — it will attract the voice away from the audience assuredly.

"It goes far to rob the voice of its unction and power, returning an empty sound to the ears of the people. Vacant looks will tell the laboring preacher there is something wrong or wanting. Solomon says, 'If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then he must put to more strength.' Just so! And he who preaches under such a ceiling will soon find voice and sentences blunt enough. If he love souls, — if he desire to constrain sinners to feel that they have need of everything that Jesus has purchased for them on Calvary, — he will 'put to more strength.' But 'there's the rub!' This is just the extra tax he is paying to the ignorance or caprice of the architect, or his advisers.

"I was holding a series of meetings, some time since, in a church of this sort — contending with these difficulties till my heart ached. And, to add to them, a recess behind pulpit, — not deep, but wide and lofty, in the form of a Gothic window, of 'dead wall,' — large as the eastern window of some Roman Catholic cathedral, and abundance of dead wall on either side of it — never better ally to the slopes above. I advised drapery, though opposed to it in general, hoping thus to interfere with the alliance. One evening, noticing the architect present, I consulted him. He doubted whether drapery would help the matter much; said he was aware such ceilings did attract the voice away from the audience, and recommended a sounding-board over the pulpit, as the best remedy.

"A couple of years ago, when travelling in the States, I preached in a small church of this sort, — seemed as if one was standing between two abutments of a bridge, underneath a high arch. It required the greatest manœuvring to coax the voice down to its office in the ears of the audience. I happened upon two others in the States somewhat similar — both bad; one has since been demolished.

"Happily, churches cursed with such ceilings are not numerous; but they are increasing, both in the United States and Canada. The Gothic has become quite popular of late years, — a style which offers the architect strong temptations to pitch his ceiling not only unduly high, but somewhat in conformity with the window-tops.

"Methodism has lately come into the possession of several specimens. Windows well enough for the Gothic; but the architect, not contented to extend his ceiling at the height which their extraordinary altitude demanded, sloped it parallel with the rafters, clear up to the vicinity of a roof-top by no means humble in its aspirations! Others I have noticed, — windows semi-Gothic, lofty, of extraordinary width and height, — all well enough, if made to raise and lower easy; which was not the case, for they required the strength of two

men, and frequently in vain. But the architect, instead of spreading a plain ceiling at a reasonable height above the windows, sprang an arch a considerable height, carried it all around the edifice, as if contriving how best to tempt the voice to vagrancy, and suspended thereon a strip of common ceiling, affording 'a pretty play-ground' for the voice to excursionize before doing the work in the ears and consciences of the hearers.

"A preacher careless of effects — indifferent as to immediate results, not laboring for a revival, not anxious, not expecting sinners to be instantly awakened and converted under his ministry — may exhibit his talents in such places, with some satisfaction to himself, and to others, perhaps, of like mind. But he who has been groaning, weeping and agonizing, in secret places, for the conversion of sinners, will be made to feel there is an enemy overhead, bad as the devil and human depravity. Nor will he preach long there without becoming shorn of his strength.

"For my part, I avoid such churches for revival efforts, if notified beforehand. I have had souls given me within their walls, but with a will at fearful strife with things, and at a great expense of physical and intellectual strength.

"And now, sir, I have given you the result of several years' observation on both sides of the Atlantic. Please read this reply to the members of your 'Building Committee.'

"There is not one item in the above catalogue of defects which has not cost me sorrow or defeat, in one place or other, the last score of years. To such things, sir, rather than diabolical agency or human resistance, have I traced 'many a hard time,' which has sent me to my room to groan the night away!

"I have written this letter in great haste, without time to prune or polish sentences, as I have preached twice to-day, — and, for that matter, ten times a week the last seven months. But you may gather some 'cautions' from the above facts, — facts they are, and mournful defects, from which I pray God to deliver all ministers who are toiling day and night for the conversion of sinners. The work of God is advancing here in glorious majesty.

"With affectionate regards to yourself and family, I am, dear sir,

"Yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,

"JAMES CAUGHEY.

"P. S. The further you project your pulpit into the congregation, if the chapel be large, and you can afford it, the better. It is that advantage which renders the large Wesleyan chapels in England so easy to preach in. On that account, I have no objections to the orchestra behind the pulpit, if its front be a couple of feet higher than the preacher's head when standing; if lower than his head, it is injurious, as it divides and weakens the voice. Such an orchestra, besides, has this advantage: If the choir be disposed to whisper or 'read' music, they will not annoy the preacher by seeing them, nor he offend them by reproving.

J. C."

Mr. Caughey, in a letter to us dated London, C. W., Feb. 3d, 1855, adds:

"The Wesleyan Methodists in Quebec, L. C., have erected a large, noble and elegant Gothic church, at an expense of fifty-five thousand dollars, ay, and at a further cost, not to be estimated by dollars and cents, or pounds, shillings and pence, — the *strength, voice and effectiveness*, of their preacher, in attempting to fill 'waste and unoccupied space' spread around with surprising prodigality.

"First of all, the *CEILING*, — to say nothing of the liberality of *pew-room*, and *aisles* roomy enough for an English cathedral, and the 'waste places' on the galleries, three or four cavern-like breaks for 'grand stairways,' which the voice is allowed to sound to the depths; and 'far in the distance,' where scores might stand, is an *empty space* in rear of the gallery sittings, as if designed to give importance to a prodigious Gothic window, — like an *area* before some palace façade; another tax upon the preacher's capabilities. But the ceiling! what shall I say of the ceiling? Imagine a succession of semi-hoops of a mammoth hogshead, plastered between tight as a drum, and bent to the altitudes, — a vast *magnet* to the voice, drawing it up and away from the audience, as the magnetic influence commands the direction of the needle in the mariner's compass — to say nothing of the devouring disposition of the vast space through which it has to travel and ascend before it receives a *return action*, and then to be waylaid and led into captivity by ruffian echoes, hardly noticeable, indeed, to the hearers, except in some loud key, but cruelly felt by the baffled preacher, especially if the church happen not to be well filled, — an evil too frequent in large churches. But, if he set out to *move* the people, and raise his voice like a trumpet, 'he will find his match'; the voice will not *go down* with point and energy among the people, but reverberates and runs to and fro, — a sound of words and sentences tripping upon sentences, void of the secret *unction* that moves and melts and wets the cheeks of an audience; at length he is forced to modulate and manage his voice as best he can, and be content to make them *hear*, and let *feeling* alone for this time. And so he hobbles on, restrained and embarrassed, to the close. So it was with me last winter, till my health gave way, and was confined to my room. When able to venture out again, a few friends had taken the matter in hand, and covered the *well* of the galleries with two large sails of a ship, lent for the occasion by Mr. Henderson. I stood in the altar and to fine audiences preached the word of life, until we had *hundreds* of souls converted and sanctified, an account of which you may one day meet in my printed journal."

Mr. C. adds: "I am now in London, C. W., preaching in a new and beautiful Gothic Wesleyan church, lately erected at a cost of *thirty thousand dollars*. But, alas! with an *extravagance of space* almost equal to that in Quebec. The ceiling, indeed, is somewhat different, reminding one of — pardon me, ye architects! — a *great flat-bottomed scow*, inverted, and poised to an extraordinary height, 'the

hold thereof painted in imitation of oak; — an accomplished *light-absorbent*, by the way, — which, aided by galleries of like color, renders the house sombre and gloomy, although enlightened by *one hundred 'gas-burners'*! O, gentlemen of 'the Building Committee,' how much more lightsome and pleasant had been your temple, had you draped it in modern, modest *white*, — and a saving on your gas-bill, withal! — a thing you might have readily anticipated by a little *REFLECTION* upon a similar talent *more or less* distributed among *colors*.

"The same difficulty is felt here as in Quebec, as regards the unsteadiness and vagrancy of the voice; unless the church is perfectly filled, it seems like '*beating the air*.' A minister remarked to me, the other evening, 'When I pray in that pulpit, it seems as if that vast vacancy above eats up my words.' Yes, and quite exhausts and disheartens before one is half through with prayer or sermon, especially if one desires to have '*power with God and with men*,' and to *prevail*. — Gen. 32 : 28. The pulpit does not project into the audience, after the manner of 'the home Wesleyan pulpits,' and which afford the English preachers such a manifest power over their vast audiences, but is set back to the wall. The *orchestra* is, indeed, *behind* the pulpit, but in a recess built to the church, to which there is a vast Gothic opening in the wall behind the preacher's head. This recess is lofty, and vaulted like the main building, which, with the organ, seats fifty or sixty persons, — another draft on the preacher's strength, in a wasteful and voice-dividing direction; and uselessly expended, for most of the choir leave it after singing, complaining that they cannot hear there.' Directly opposite the pulpit, at the other end of the church, is a large Gothic window, and a wide, lofty, empty space to keep it company, — another demand upon the voice.

"Now, all this inconsiderate tax upon a preacher's strength I consider '*simple folly*,' — nay, *sinful*. O ye people of Canada! have mercy on your preachers! Betray not thus the cause of God! Weaken not, dishearten not, destroy not, the health and effectiveness of your ministers. Tempt them not thus, or the time may come when '*the twenty-five minutes' sermon*' may be as rife in Methodist churches as in English and Continental cathedrals; '*the long-drawn aisles*' and stately columns, and '*avenues of pillared shade*,' vaulted like another sky, discipline the preacher to

The clear harangue, and, cold as it is clear,
Falls soporific on the listless ear;
Like quicksilver, the rhetoric they display
Shines as it runs, but grasped at slips away.

"After preaching a few times in this church, and baffled and disheartened, I began to repent my visit; felt strongly inclined to retreat to some other town, where my labors might be more successful in winning sinners to Christ, without *shattering my health* as last winter. It was suggested that a *sounding-board* over the pulpit might relieve from the difficulty some, — and has *considerably*. The error is *regretted by the trustees*, not only from the fact of having wasted a

thousand dollars upon this misconstrued ceiling, — and which only a perverted taste could pronounce ornamental, — but because it would require seven or eight hundred dollars to replace it with a proper ceiling. Perhaps, brother Wise, these remarks, going forth with the book, may be useful elsewhere, in this church-building age. As the Methodist people grow rich, it is to be feared such-like vagaries in church architecture will be neither few nor far between, — when the eye will be more consulted than the ear, when pulpit effectiveness must give way to architectural appearances, — a fact which has contributed largely to the heartless preaching which prevails in English and Continental cathedrals. One has only to listen to a sermon in one of them to be convinced of the truth of the remark.

"But to return to my subject. To add to the disagreeableness of the place, no ventilation could be had from a single window; the 'design' of the architect forbade such a vulgarism! Gothic throughout, every window was as solid as lead and glass could make it. A little fresh air might be coaxed in by the doors and through some auger-like perforations in a few small pendants in the ceiling; fresh air from the attic! — foul air, ascending there, cooling, and accumulating, to be returned and re-breathed again, unpurged of its noxious qualities, — and so in process continued.

"The large lecture-room below was in a similar 'fix.' After holding meetings a week or two, the air became intolerable, and I protested. So the architect had his 'design' marred by determined men, who cut a passage to the pure air through his 'majestic Gothic windows,' and fifteen hundred people may now breathe comfortably, and hear the word with profit.

"They have also kindly 'closed in' the space in front of the large window, leaving an outline thereof upon the cloth screen. This alteration, with a sounding-board of extraordinary dimensions, has lessened the difficulty considerably. Nevertheless, it is still an exhausting place to the speaker, and will so continue while the lofty curve hangs overhead, and the cavern-like orchestra, as it is, behind.

"However, the Lord has poured out his Holy Spirit upon us the last few weeks, and hundreds of souls have been converted, and scores of believers sanctified. But, O, how exhausting and wearying is this effort! Affectionately in Jesus, thy Lord and mine,

"JAMES CAUGHEY.

"London, C. W., Feb. 3, 1855."

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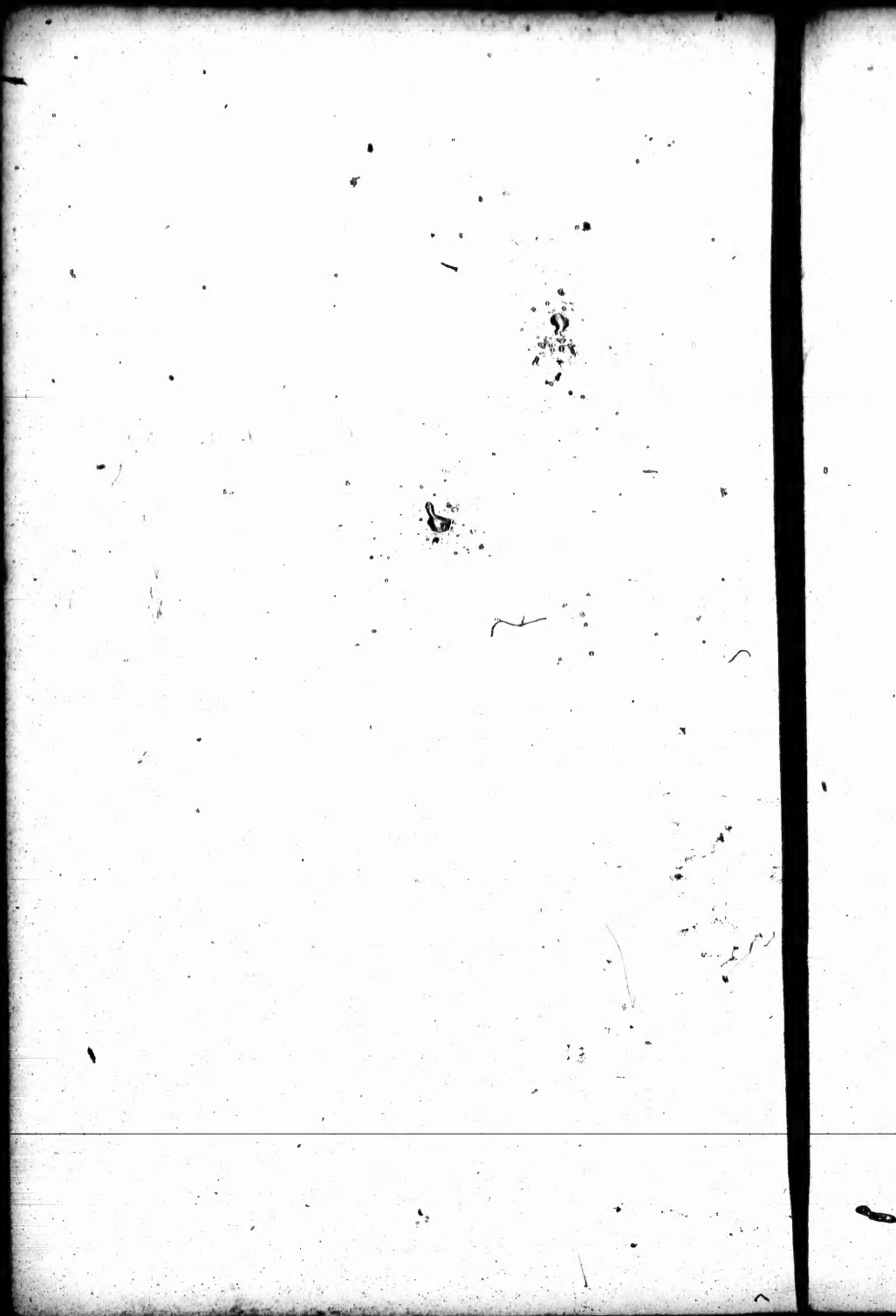
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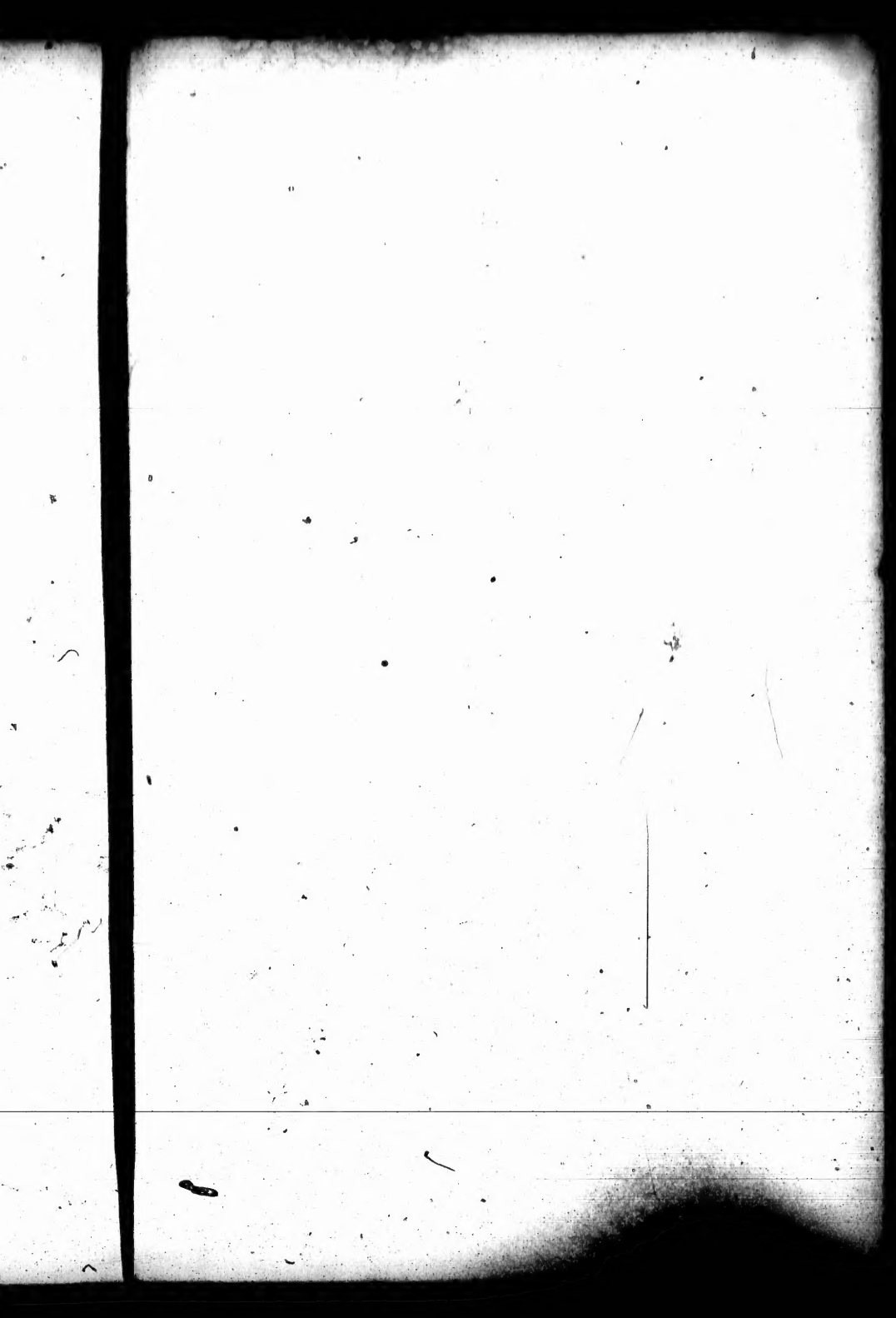
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